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THE
WORKS,

In VERSE and PROSE,

OF

LEONARD WELSTED, Esq;

SOME TIME CLERK IN ORDINARY AT THE OFFICE OF
ORDNANCE IN THE TOWER OF LONDON.

NOW FIRST COLLECTED.

WITH

HISTORICAL NOTES,

AND

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR,

By JOHN NICHOLS.

"—— JUVAT IMMORATA FERENTEM

"INGENUIS OCULISQUE LEGI, MANIBUSQUE TENERI." HOR.

L O N D O N,

PRINTED BY AND FOR THE EDITOR,
IN RED-LION-PASSAGE, FLEET-STREET.

MDCCCLXXXVII.

W O R K S

IN VERSE AND PROSE

OF

LEONARD WELSTED, Esq.

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CUSTOMS IN THE TOWN OF LONDON.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF THE AUTHOR

BY JOHN NICHOLS

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L O N D O N

PRINTED BY AND FOR THE EDITOR,
IN THE ROYAL-PALACE, WHITE-HALL,
BY ORDER OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

ADVERTISEMENT.

HAVING had occasion lately to enquire minutely into the Genealogy of the Family of WELSTED; I was not a little astonished to find that the Author of the Pieces here collected had been so wantonly traduced in his fair fame, both as a Gentleman and as a Poet.

The ridicule attached to his *supposed* "Inspirer*" has had the effect of a magic spell, in depressing what to WELSTED himself seems to have been matter of little concern. The poetical trifles which in 1724 he superintended through the press, he tells his early friend the Duke of Newcastle, were "the production of a few days out of a very few years. I did not therefore," he adds, "think it necessary, in the printing of them, to have any regard to the order of time in which they were written, but sent them to the press as they fell into my hands

* "Flow, Welsted, flow, like thine Inspirer Beer!"

POPE.

"from

iv A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

“ from among my papers, and as I
“ could get them out of the works of
“ Authors that had published them for
“ me.”

With this perfect indifference for the fate of his literary bantlings, we need not be surprized if some of the best of them were overlooked; or that he never took the trouble to make a new arrangement, though he lived more than twenty years after the appearance of that imperfect volume.

The Works of Mr. WELSTED are now brought forward in a mode that will at least enable the Publick to form a judgement on their merits; and to that verdict I am content to submit my Author's literary reputation. His credit as a Man, which is certainly of far superior importance, the following memorials endeavour to place in a proper point of view.

OCT. 16, 1787.

J. N.

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BRIEF MEMOIRS

O F

The AUTHOR and his FAMILY.

L EONARD WELSTED, M. A. the father of our Poet, was elected from Westminster school to Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1677. He enjoyed the rectory of Abingdon* in Northamptonshire from 1685 to 1692, when he resigned that preferment on being presented to the vicarage of St. Nicholas, at Newcastle upon Tyne †; where he was buried Nov. 15, 1694. He married Dec. 12, 1686, Anne ‡ the second daughter of Thomas Staveley §, Esq; a celebrated lawyer and antiquary, and steward of the court of records at Leicester; and by her left two sons and a daughter. By his

* The following extracts are taken from the parish registers of Abingdon:

" 1686, Dec. 12, " Rev. Leonard Welsted of Abington, and Anne Staveley of Cossington, married at Abington.

" 1688, June 3. Leonard the son of Leonard Welsted, rector, and of Anne his wife, was baptised.

" 1689. Thomas the son of Leonard Welsted and Anne his wife was baptised.

" 1692. Anne Welsted, daughter of Leonard Welsted, rector of this parish, and Anne his wife, christened Aug. 21."

† He was succeeded at Abingdon, in 1692, by W. Davis. See Bridges's Northamptonshire, vol. I. p. 400.

‡ This lady, who was baptised May 19, 1663, was buried July 18, 1624.

§ Of whom see a full account in the History of Hinckley, p. 373. His lady, it may be proper to mention (our Poet's grand-mother), was one of the four daughters and coheiresses of John Onebye, Esq; of that town.

last

last will, dated Nov. 7, 1694, and proved Oct. 1, 1695, he says, "As to my worldly estate, I give, devise, and bequeath the same unto my three children, Leonard, Thomas, and Anne Welsted, equally to be divided amongst them, share and share alike; and I do hereby commit the tuition, guardianship, and care of my said children, until they shall attain the respective ages of one and twenty years, unto my loving brothers and sister, Joshua Walker, rector of Great Billing in the county of Northampton; George Staveley, clerk; and Mary Brudenell, in the New-work in Leicester, widow; whom I make executors of this my will, in trust for my said children; requiring my said executors that upon all occasions, and as need shall require, in any thing relating to my said children and estate hereby bequeathed them, that they do consult with, and pursue the advice of, my worthy friend Nathan Wrighte, of Leicester, serjeant at law, who I doubt not but will be aiding and assisting to my said executors and to my children."

LEONARD WELSTED, the eldest son, admitted a King's scholar at Westminster in 1703, was thence elected to Trinity College, Cambridge, June 12, 1707*. There is reason to think he did not remain long at the university; as he was very young when he married a daughter of the famous Harry Purcell. Early in life he obtained a place in the office of one of the secretaries of state, by the interest of the earl of Clare, to whom, in 1715, he addressed a small poem (which Jacob calls "a

* "Junii 12^o, 1707, admissus Leonardus Welsted pens. annos natus 18, patre Leon. Welsted, generoso, de Abington, in agro Northampton', defuncto. In hoc collegium cooptatus e scholâ regiâ Westmonasteriensî, sub præceptore Doctore Knipe; Magistro Baker Tut." College Register, "very

“very good one”), on his being created duke of Newcastle. Mr. Welsted was afterwards * appointed one of the clerks extraordinary to Leonard Smelt, Esq; clerk of the deliveries in the office of Ordnance, and consequently had a house in the Tower of London, which he celebrates in a poem, inscribed to the duke of Dorset, intituled, *Oἶκος γραφίας*, dated Nov. 30, 1725, lamenting the emptiness of his cellar. The Duke took the hint, and sent him a handsome present of Hermitage-wine; and this is called, in the notes on the Dunciad, “a poem either in praise of a cellar or a garret.” Pope has in other places strongly wrested some things, even against his own knowledge, for the sake of insulting Welsted †. The poem itself, however, is highly characteristic of our author, and descriptive of his friends. In 1730 he was advanced in the Ordnance-office (probably through the interest of Bishop Hoadly ‡) to the office of clerk

* I do not know the exact date of this appointment. It is plain that he enjoyed it in 1725; and I believe he had it not much sooner.

† For example, Orator Henley published a piece called “Oratory Transactions,” written by Mr. *Welstede* spelt with an *e* at the end, as an evasion, if Mr. Welsted should call upon him for using his name, when he knew nothing of the piece; and that Mr. Pope could not but know; and yet he quotes Welsted in several places as the author of these Oratory Transactions.

‡ In the “Letters of Eminent Persons,” vol. III. p. 72, is the following from Mr. Welsted, dated from his office in the Tower, Jan. 18, 1730-31, expressive of the utmost gratitude to Bishop Hoadly:—“Though I do not think it proper at this time to trouble my great Patron with a letter on the subject we lately talked of, I cannot however excuse myself from letting you know the sense of his goodness to me. I do not remember, he ever refused me any thing I asked of him; but this last instance of his favour came unasked, and was indeed in itself, and
“ in

clerk in ordinary; and May 18, 1731, was appointed one of the commissioners for managing the state-lottery. Both these employments he enjoyed till his death, which happened in the Tower, in 1746-7.

By his first wife, Mr. Welsted had one daughter, who died about August 1726, at the age of eighteen, unmarried; and whose loss he lamented in "A Hymn to the Creator; written by a Gentleman on occasion of the Death of his only daughter *." Mr. Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, addressed to him, on this melancholy event,

"in the manner of it, so generous an exertion of humanity, that nothing can come up to it except my own gratitude. I am scarce able, as things now are with me, in any way to express to you what I thought or felt in that favourable instant when I received by your hands so gracious a mark of [the] lord bishop of Salisbury's friendship; but be assured, that when I recount the days of my adversity, I shall leave that out of the number; and when I call to mind what I most approve of myself, I shall dwell with pleasure on the sentiments I then had with respect to him. The happiness he is possessed of in the consciousness of such actions is sincere and inviolable, and the memory of them will fit sweetly on him in extreme old age. I beg, Sir, as I doubt not you have inclination for it, that you will take all opportunities to cultivate in this great and good man those kind dispositions, of which I so lately received so great a proof. Occasion may probably bring it in your way to throw out, in conversation, somewhat of more force and happiness for expressing my acknowledgements, than I can say myself. I would fain appear to him, at least, to be of a sincere and grateful spirit; and nothing would go nearer me than to be thought either not to see when I met with handsome and kind usage, or not to have a heart that was duly affected with it. I am, &c.

"LEONARD WELSTED."

* Published by J. Walthoe, Dec. 5, 1726, price 6d. Of this poem I have not been able to meet with a copy.

the

the following epistle, accompanied with a poem inserted in the present volume, p. 207.

"DEAR Sir,

Sept. 27, 1726.

"I perceive you are still obstinate in your grief
 "for the death of your daughter : a crime, I can
 "never pardon in you ; and a misfortune, I can
 "never enough regret, to myself. While you are
 "lavish in your lamentations for the dead ; for
 "the dead, who is insensible of all your woes, who
 "is beyond the reach of the calamities we are sub-
 "ject to ; you make the living mourn. What
 "comfort can I propose to you, otherwise than to
 "advise you to make use of, what you are always
 "master of, Reason ; the sovereign remedy, to
 "which we must all apply in the hour of distress?
 "But, methinks, you answer, there was not an
 "hour of the day that was not full of some pleas-
 "ing action of my child ; an action peculiar to
 "each hour ; so that every hour paints her in
 "your mind. I grant you all : the most tender
 "images which can be formed ! But those are
 "excuses only fit for weak and vulgar minds ; for
 "men who have nothing superior to their passions.
 "Livia was inconsolable for the death of Drusus ;
 "but Livia was a woman, without the aid of phi-
 "losophy. How did Cato bear the loss of his
 "son, and Brutus that of his wife ? They were
 "men of exalted souls, like you ; like them should
 "you bear the common accidents of life. Cato
 "shed a tear, and then again was Cato ; in that
 "Cato superior to you : Brutus shed none ; in
 "that is Brutus superior to Cato. Let me prevail
 "on you to read that scene of Shakespear, in Julius
 "Cæsar, where Brutus receives the news of his
 "wife's death ; I am sure you will approve of
 "both the Hero and the Poet. What lectures
 "could I give you from your darling Classics !
 "How redundant is your favourite Horace with
 "those

" those wise and wholesome lessons ; at the same
 " time shewing the necessity of death, and the
 " folly of excessive grief ! Mistake me not in what
 " I have hitherto said, nor think I have been
 " speaking against the workings of nature. I am
 " sensible they will have their vent ; and I can
 " weep an hour, or a day ; but more would be
 " offensive to myself : and doubtless the Stoicks I
 " before mentioned had these workings, at the
 " same time they had a greater strength of spirits
 " than ordinary to suppress them. I have nothing
 " more to add, than to beg you would esteem the
 " inclosed copy of verses as a token of my sincere
 " respect ; and to believe me, dear Sir, your most
 " faithful friend, and humble servant,

" THOMAS COOKE."

Mr. Welsted's second wife, Anna-Maria, a remarkable beauty, and the ZELINDA of his poems, was sister to Sir Hoveden Walker, and to Dr. George Walker the defender of Londonderry *. She survived him but a few months.

Thomas Welsted, the poet's only brother, who married Alice Throne †, widow, was buried in the church

* Dr. Walker, rector of Donoghmoore, in the county of Tyrone, and governor of Derry, published " A true Account of the Siege of Londonderry, 1689," 4to. By this gallant achievement, for which he received a letter of thanks from King William, he acquired such a military taste, that he sacrificed his life at the battle of the Boyne. It was thought that, had he lived, he would have been promoted to the see of Derry, vacant by the death of Bishop Hopkins three days before. The late Dr. Brown, who did all he could to reform and revive us, republished his account of this siege, Lond. 1758, 8vo, " as an useful lesson to the present times, with a prefatory address to the public." See British Topography, vol. II. p. 807, 808.

† A native of Ireland, and daughter of Edward Cloyne (who was buried at St. Martin's, Leicester, April 26, 1713, aged

church of St. Mary, at Leicester, May 2, 1713*.

Their sister Anne, to whom administration of the Poet's effects was granted Nov. 1747, died Oct. 9, 1757; and was buried at Halloughton in Leicestershire, where the following epitaph preserves her memory †:

“ANNE daughter of
the Rev. LEONARD WELSTED,
late vicar of Newcastle upon
Tyne, having lived in this parish
the last 20 years of her life,
in exemplary piety and charity,
and a most intimate friendship
with ELIZABETH widow
of the Rev.
BENJAMIN BEWICKE ‡,
desired to rest here—with
her—in the hope of
a joyful resurrection through

aged 64). By Mr. Thomas Welsted she had an only daughter, Mary, baptised Jan. 3, 1711; married Jan. 5, 1732, to Edmund Basset, son of Henry Basset, of Blaby, in the county of Leicester; buried Jan. 5, 1733. Her husband (who had afterwards a second wife, and two daughters, Elizabeth and Eleanor) was buried Dec. 19, 1766. Their daughter, Mary-Welsted Basset, baptised Jan. 5, 1733, was married, Feb. 4, 1759, to Mr. Joseph Moor of Syston, by whom she has three sons and five daughters.—The widow of Mr. Thomas Welsted had afterwards (April 18, 1714) a third husband, John King, senior. She died Jan. 26, 1753; and her husband on the 11th of October following.

* Administration to his effects, with a will annexed, was granted at Leicester, 1714.

† Her will was proved in the Archdeacon's court at Leicester.

‡ The Rev. Mr. Bewicke, rector of Halloughton, died, aged upwards of 70, Aug. 21, 1730. His estate, which was considerable, descended to his nephew Mr. Calverley Bewicke, a Portugal merchant in London.

Jesus

Jesus Christ; and
in that hope departed.
Oct. 9, 1757, aged 63."

Whilst yet a boy at Westminster, Mr. Welsted wrote the celebrated little poem, called "Apple Pye *," which was universally attributed to Dr. King of the Commons, and as such has been by mistake incorporated in the last edition of that facetious Author's Works.

In 1709 he published "A Poem occasioned by the late famous Victory of Audenarde; humbly inscribed to the Hon. Robert Harley," folio; and addressed some lines to the Earl of Mulgrave, in his "Essay on Poetry," which Jacob mentions, but I have not been able to meet with. In 1710 he published "A Poem to the Memory of the incomparable Mr. Philips, humbly inscribed to the Right Hon. Henry St. John;" folio.

In 1712 he was editor of "The Works of Dionysius Longinus on the Sublime †; or a Treatise
"tise

* These verses, written, as Welsted tells us, while he was at school, or very soon after, "were not inserted in the Collection of his Poems out of any fondness for that trivial part of Poetry, but merely because they had the fortune to be liked, and had by mistake been attributed to another person; a piece of good luck (adds Welsted) I never much envied him." Preface, p. lxiii.

† It is not at all surprizing that this edition should never have been seen by the learned Dean of Chester; who gravely tells his readers, that "he had finished his own translation before he knew of any prior attempt to make Longinus speak English;" that "the first translation he met with was published by Mr. Welsted in 1724;" and that "he was much surprized, upon a perusal, to find it only Boileau's translation misrepresented and mangled; for every beauty is impaired, if not totally effaced, and every error most injudiciously preserved." This candid declaration of Dr. Smith is followed by an acknowledgment,

"tise concerning the Sovereign Perfection of Writing; translated from the Greek; with some Remarks on the English Poets," 8vo; inscribed, in a handsome dedication, to that noble patron of literature, Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Lord Bishop of Winchester.

In the beginning of the year 1714 he attempted an imitation of Horace, Book I. Ode XV. addressed to Mr. Steele, under the title of "A Prophecy." A fragment of this little piece is preserved, in p. 306, from Boyer's "Political State." The Ode itself, after diligent enquiry, I cannot find. It was afterward again imitated by Tickell, in "The Prophecy of Nereus."

In 1714 also Welsted published "An Epistle to Mr. Steele, on the Accession of King George."

He addressed a poem, in 1716, to the Countess of Warwick, on her Marriage with Mr. Addison.

In 1717 he wrote "The Genius, on Occasion of the Duke of Marlborough's Apoplexy *;" an Ode much commended by Steele, and so generally admired as to be attributed to Addison.

In the same year Mr. Welsted published "The Triumvirate, or a Letter in verse from Palemon to Celia from Bath," which was a direct satire on "Three Hours after Marriage," the unsuccessful dramatic attempt of Gay, Arbuthnot, and Pope. This was an inexpressible offence † with the Bard of Twit'nam;

ment, that he had since *accidentally* met with *two other* versions; one by J. Hall, Esq; 1652; the other, anonymous, at Oxford, 1698.

* See hereafter, p. 33, 34, a curious correspondence between Mr. Hughes and Earl Cowper, occasioned by this Ode.

† In the "Letters of eminent Persons," Mr. Duncombe observes, "If Mr. Welsted had written nothing else, or at least if he had not offended Mr. Pope by his 'Triumvirate,' he would scarcely have been pilloried in 'The Dunciad.'—It was to this poem, rather than to the 'One Epistle to Mr. Pope,' that a polite allusion is made in

the

xviii BRIEF MEMOIRS OF

Twit'nam; who took his revenge by giving Welsted a conspicuous niche in "The Dunciad *." Speaking of the dull lordly Patron, on whom

"With ready quills the dedicators wait,"
he says,

"*Welsted* his mouth with classic flattery opes,
"And the puff'd Orator bursts out in tropes.
"But *Oldmixon* the Poet's healing balm
"Strives to extract from his soft, giving palm;
"Unlucky *Oldmixon*! thy lordly master
"The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the
"faster †." Book II. ver. 197. ed. 1729.

And

the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," published in Jan. 1735-6.

"Full ten years slander'd, did he once reply?"

"Three thousand suns went down on *Welsted's* lye."

"It was so long," adds the note, "after many libels before the Author of the *Dunciad* published that poem, till when, he never writ a word in answer to the many scurrilities and falsehoods concerning him."—Again, "This man [*Welsted*] had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occasioned a Lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libeled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds: the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great Man* whatsoever." POPE.—The circumstance of "the lady's death," (see p. 198), did not appear till two years after the provocation given in the *Dunciad*. How far the insinuation might be grounded, I confess myself unable to develope.—On the present from the Duke of Chandos, I shall leave a much abler advocate to speak. See p. xxviii.

* *Welsted*, in his turn, retorted in several of the squibs which speedily followed the publication of "The *Dunciad*." See p. xxvii.

† To shew the versatility of Pope, take the lines as differently applied in later editions:

"*Bentley* his mouth with classic flattery opes,
"And the puff'd orator bursts out in tropes.

"But

And after plunging Concannen to the bottom of that fable stream, where

"Th' unconscious flood sleeps o'er him like a lake," he adds,

"Not *Welsted* so : drawn endlong by his scull,
 "Furious he sinks, precipitately dull.
 "Whirlpools and storms his circling arm invest,
 "With all the might of gravitation blest.
 "No crab more active in the dirty dance,
 "Downward to climb, and backward to advance.
 "He brings up half the bottom on his head,
 "And boldly claims the Journals and the Lead *."

Book II. ver. 293. ed. 1729.

Again, Book III. 173. ed. 1720 (ver. 170. ed. Johnson, 1779) he thus parodies a passage in Denham's "Cooper's Hill :"

"Flow, *Welsted*, flow ! like thine inspirer, beer ;
 "Though stale, not ripe ; though thin, yet
 "never clear ;
 "So sweetly mawkish, and so smoothly dull ;
 "Heady, not strong ; o'erflowing, though not
 "full."

"But *Welsted* most the Poet's healing balm
 "Strives to extract from his soft giving palm ;
 "Unhappy *Welsted* ! thy unfeeling master,
 "The more thou ticklest, gripes his fist the faster."

Book II. 205. ed 1779.

* "The strength of the metaphors in this passage is to express the great scurrility and fury of this writer, which may be seen one day in a piece of his, called (as I think) "*Labeo* †." POPE.—This passage in Pope's note, and the eight lines of poetry which it served to illustrate, were so injurious, that Pope himself appears to have been ashamed, and omitted them in subsequent editions.

† Q. To what does this allude ? Mr. Cooke, in one of his Epistles, June 1726, observes of England, that,

"— as at once the fertile country breeds
 "The golden harvest, and the rankest weeds ;
 "Among the British Sons of Verse we find
 "In *Pope* & *Bowen* and a *Labeo* join'd."

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In the Notes on the above curious extracts, it is said, "He writ other things which we cannot remember. Smedley, in his *Metamorphosis* of "Scriblerus, mentions one, the Hymn of a Gentleman to his Creator: and there was another "in praise either of a Cellar or of a Garret. "L. W. characterised in the *Περὶ Βάβυλός*, or the Art "of Sinking, as a Didapper*, and after as an "Eel*, is said to be this person, by Dennis, Daily "Journal of May 11, 1728. He was characterized under the title of another animal, a "Mole, by the author of the ensuing simile, which "was handed about at the same time:

"Dear *Welsted*, mark, in dirty hole,
 "That painful animal, a Mole:
 "Above ground never born to grow;
 "What mighty stir it keeps below!

* "*Didappers* are authors that keep themselves long out "of sight, under water, and come up now and then, where "you least expected them." *L. W. G. D.* Esq; Sir *W. Y.*— "The *Eels* are obscure authors, that wrap themselves up in "their own mud, but are mighty nimble and pert. *L. W.* "*L. T. P. M.* General *C.*" I have given the above extracts from Martinus Scriblerus, Chap. VI. to shew that *Welsted* was at least abused in good company; with George Dodington, Sir W. Young, &c.—In the eleventh chapter of "The Art of sinking in Poetry," the following couplet is quoted from *Welsted's* "*Acon and Lavinia*," as an example of the *Paranomasia*, or Pun:

"——— Behold the virgin lye
 "Naked, and only cover'd by the sky."
 "To which," says Scriblerus, "thou may'st add,
 "To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,
 "She has the whole horizon for her hoop."

Behold the fidelity of this quotation! The couplet, as it really stands in *Welsted*, both in the original Free-thinker, and in the re-published volume, 1724, is,

"——— who saw her, with familiar eyes,
 "Asleep, and only cover'd with the skies." See p. 51.
 "To

“ To make a Mole-hill all his strife !
 “ It digs, pokes, undermines for life.
 “ How proud a little dirt to spread ;
 “ Conscious of nothing o’er its head
 “ Till, labouring on for want of eyes,
 “ It blunders into light, and dies.”

“ But (to be impartial) add the following character of him. Mr. Welsted had, in his youth, raised so great expectations of his future genius, that there was a kind of struggle between the two universities, which should have the honour of his education *. To compound this, he (civilly) became a member of both, and, after having passed some time at the one, he removed to the other. From thence he returned to town, where he became the darling expectation of all the polite writers, whose encouragement he acknowledged in his occasional poems, in a manner that will make no small part of the fame of his protectors. It also appears from his works, that he was happy in the patronage of the most illustrious characters of the present age. Encouraged by such a combination in his favour, he published a book of poems, some in the Ovidian, some in the Horatian manner, in both which the most exquisite judges pronounced he even rivaled his masters. His love-verses have rescued that way of writing from contempt. In translations he has given us the very soul and spirit of his author. His ode, his epistle, his verses, his love-tales, all are the most perfect things in all poetry. WELSTED of himself, Characters of the Times, 1728, 8vo, p. 23, 24. It should not be forgot for his honour, that he

* This is in some degree the case with every decent scholar at Westminster ; it being an equal chance whether he goes to Trinity College, Cambridge, or to Christ Church, Oxford.

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“ received at one time the sum of five hundred
 “ pounds * for secret service, among the other
 “ excellent authors hired to write anonymously
 “ for the ministry. See Report of the Secret
 “ Committee, &c. in 1742 ”

If this pleasant representation of our author's abilities were just, it would seem no wonder if the two universities should strive with each other for the honour of his education. Our author, however, does not appear to have been a mean poet : he had certainly from nature a good genius ; but, after he came to town, became a votary to pleasure ; and the applauses of his friends, which taught him to overvalue his talents, perhaps slackened his diligence, and, by making him trust solely to nature, neglect the assistance of art.

It may not be impertinent to observe, that a gentleman now living recollects hearing of Welsted's fame as a chess-player at the Temple coffee-house.

* A gross misrepresentation. He certainly received 500 l. But, fortunately for his reputation, thus infamously and injuriously branded, it is proved beyond a doubt, by an original letter of Steele, that the sum with which he is thus reproached was received by him as an official man, so far back as the 17th of August, 1715, and was actually issued for the use of Sir Richard Steele. See Steele's " Letters to his Lady," 1787, p. 118 ; compared with the " Report of the Secret Committee" in the House of Commons, vol. XXIV. p. 328 ; where the sum is said to be issued to " Leonard Welsted, Gent. for special service."—In the Appendix to the Report of the Secret Committee of the House of Commons in 1741 and 1742, in a table of money expended by Sir Robert Walpole, among other articles, there is one for special services ; in which is the following article :—" Aug. 27, 1715, 500l. to Leonard Welsted, Gent." But this gentleman some years afterwards declared, to Mr. Walthoe, an alderman of St. Albans, " that he received it " for Richard Steele, and paid it to him ;" a declaration which is now abundantly confirmed by the unsuspecting testimony of Steele himself.

From

From 1718 to 1721 he was a coadjutor of Ambrose Philips, Dr. Boulter, lord chancellor West of Ireland, the Rev. Gilbert Burnet, and the Rev. Henry Stevens, in a periodical paper called "The Free-thinker." Five poems of his, which originally appeared in that work, among which his "Love Tale" of Acon and Lavinia * stands foremost in rank and merit, are particularly pointed out by A. Philips †; who tells us, his friend was then engaged in a translation of Tibullus ‡, of which a specimen was printed in the Free-thinker.

Another Elegy from Tibullus, Book III. iii. is given in p. 55; and two more poems by our Au-

* It will scarcely be deemed poetical hereby when I venture to assert, that to this "Love Tale" Thomson was indebted for more than accidental hints in his beautiful episode of Palemon and Lavinia.—The names were evidently suggested from a sight of "Palæmon and Cælia," and "Acon and Lavinia;" and even *Acasto* seems to have taken rise from *Acon*.—This resemblance might have passed for accidental, had not many internal marks confirmed the conjecture. Not to multiply instances, which those who think it worth while will easily discover for themselves; I shall only remark, that the limbs of Lavinia's Welsted are "unveil'd;"

"She boasts more envy'd graces unadorn'd;

"As lilies, clos'd in crystal, court the sight,

"With a new lustre, and a purer white."

The "polished limbs" of Thomson's Lavinia are

"Veil'd in a simple robe, their best attire,

"Beyond the pomp of dress; for loveliness

"Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,

"But is, when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."

"Her form unstain'd and pure,

"As is the lily on the mountain snow."

† See hereafter, pp. 45. 60. 64. 69. 72.

‡ This translation never appeared. Mr. Welsted indeed appears soon to have dropt all thoughts of it, if we may judge by the quotation from the Free-thinker of Oct. 23, 1719. See hereafter, p. 69.

thor originally appeared in the *Free-thinker* a Translation of Horace Book I. Ode XIX. June 29, 1719; and a Song, Dec. 25, 1719.

Another Ode of Horace (Book IV. Ode II.) June 12, 1721, I have ventured, p. 81, to ascribe to him on conjecture.

Mr. Welsted published a poetical Epistle to the Duke of Chandos, 1719.

Sir Richard Steele was indebted to him for both the Prologue and Epilogue to "The Conscious Lovers," 1721; and Mr. A. Philips, the same year, for a complimentary poem on his tragedy of "Humfrey Duke of Gloucester."

In 1722 he wrote "An Epistle to the late Dr. Garth," on the Death of the Duke of Marlborough; and an Ode to Earl Cadogan, which was highly extolled by Dean Smedley, in an Ode which he himself addressed to the same noble Peer—

"So great a theme, so new a song,

"To Welsted only does belong;

"Like Ovid soft is he, like Flaccus strong*."

In 1724 he published an octavo volume, dedicated to his good friend and patron the Duke of Newcastle, under the title of "Epistles, Odes, &c. written on several Subjects; with a Translation of Longinus's Treatise on the Sublime. To which is prefixed a Dissertation concerning the Perfection of the English Language, the State of Poetry, &c." The poems were re-printed, without Longinus, in 12mo, 1725; and produced, in the December of that year, "The Present State of Poetry, a Satire," addressed to a Friend, and dedicated to Mr. Welsted; a pamphlet of which I have not seen more than the title.

Mr. Welsted afterward published, Feb. 17, 1725-6, "An Ode to the Right Hon. Lieutenant

* See the whole Ode p. 84.

"General

"General Wade, on his disarming the Highlands;
"imitated from Horace; to which is added, the
"Fourth Ode, translated from the Fourth Book
"of the same Author;" which is among the *desiderata* * of the present edition.

He wrote the Epilogue to Southerne's "Money's
"the Mistress," 1726; and in December that year
"The Dissembled Wanton; or, My Son get Money
"†," a Comedy, inscribed to the Hon. George
Dodington.

In

* To supply this in some degree, I shall add an inscription placed on a noble bridge built by the Marshal in 1733, when the army under his command made the roads through the Highlands. At the foot of the bridge are four pyramids; on the middle of the parapet four obelisks on pedestals; and the road over it is handsomely paved in figures:

" Mirare
Hanc viam militarem
Ultra Romanos terminos
M. Passuum CCL hac illac
Extensam,
Tefquis & paludibus insultantem,
Per montes rupestque patefactam,
Et indignanti Tavo
Ut cernis instratam.
Opus hoc arduum sua solertia
Et decennati militum opera
A. Ær. X^{næ} 1733 posuit G. Wade,
Copiarum in Scotiâ Præfectus.
Ecce quantum valeant
Regis GEORGIÏ II. Auspicia."

† Of this dramatic performance, a very able judge says, it is "an entertaining comedy, and met with tolerable success; but 'tis probable it might have found a more welcome reception, had it not unfortunately made its appearance just at the time when the town was big with expectation of Smyth's 'Rival Modes,' and therefore paid the less attention to any other new piece." *Biographia Dramatica*, vol. II. p. 88.—It has been ingeniously
"conjectured,

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In 1727 he published "A Discourse to the
" Right Honourable Sir Robert Walpole. To
" which are annexed, Proposals for translating the
" whole Works of Horace *; with a Specimen of
" the

" conjectured, by the Annotator on the TATLER (vol. V.
p. 103, ed. 1786), that it is to this performance Steele al-
ludes, when he says, N^o 182, " I have at present under my
" tutelage a young Poet, who, I design, shall entertain the
" town this winter. And as he does me the honour to let
" me see his comedy as he writes it, I shall endeavour to
" make the parts fit the geniuses of the several actors, as
" exactly as their habits can their bodies. The drama at
" present has only the outlines drawn. There are, I find,
" to be in it all the reverend offices of life (such as regard
" to parents, husbands, and honourable lovers) preserved
" with the utmost care; and at the same time that agree-
" ableness of behaviour, with the intermixture of pleasing
" passions which arise from innocence and virtue, inter-
" spersed in such a manner, as that to be charming and
" agreeable shall appear the natural consequence of being
" virtuous." It is true, this friendly announce is somewhat
premature, as the comedy was not printed till 1726; but
it may be added, in confirmation of the above conjecture,
that it was probably acted some time before it was pub-
lished. It came out at the theatre in Lincoln's Inn Fields,
and Mr. Quin performed the principal character. In the
prologue, which was written by a Gentleman of the Temple,
and spoken by Mr. Ryan, it is said,

" Our Author, though a stranger on the Stage,
" Has, by his various Muse, enrich'd the age:
" All that are born to Taste (those all, how few !)
" In his terse lines the *British* Horace view.
" Great though he be, he comes with reverence here,
" His entrance, *long delay'd*, avows his fear."

The epilogue, written by Mr. Molloy, was spoken by
Mrs. Younger.

* Another imitator of Horace, Book IV. Ode VIII. (in the
London Journal, Nov. 19, 1726) says, " I would not be
" thought to set myself in competition with Mr. Welfsted,
" who has promised to give us a translation (and by the
" specimens he has published we may believe it will be a

" very

"the Performance," 4to. The plan projected was, to print a translation of the whole Works of Horace in verse, with notes, and a new edition of the Latin, in five volumes 4to, at the price of five guineas, two to be paid at subscribing, a third on the delivery of two volumes, and the remainder on finishing the work. I need not add, that the project proved abortive. The Odes given as specimens were, Book I. Ode I. addressed to Mr. Dodington; Ode III. to the Yacht that is to bring over the Marquis of Blandford; Ode V. and Ode XXII. addressed to the Earl of Pembroke. These several translations are, in Mr. Welsted's pamphlet, respectively contrasted by those of Creech, Dryden, Milton, and Roscommon.

Two of Mr. Welsted's productions are set to music in "The Musical Miscellany, 1729," 6 vols. 8vo; one in vol. I. p. 18. "While in the bower, with beauty blest," &c. And another in vol. IV. p. 17, "The Genius," &c. (See p. 33.)

In 1730 he wrote the Epilogue to Mottley's "Widow bewitched;" and in that year joined his friend Moore Smythe in "One Epistle to Mr. Pope *," occasioned by Two Epistles lately published. This was prefaced by a spirited introduction, in which some account is given of "the original design of the Dunciad, and the real reason for its productions." This Epistle exas-

"very good one) of the Odes of this Author. Give me leave, from a right notion of that Gentleman's great abilities, to apply to him the following verses of Lucretius:

"Non ita certandi cupidus, sed propter amorem

"Quod te imitare aveo——"

And to check myself, with considering what Statius says with regard to Virgil:

"—— Neque tu divinam Æneida tenta,

"Sed longa sequere, & vestigia semper adora."

* See p. xvii.

perated

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perated Pope to the highest degree; and it was followed in 1732 by another, not less severe, intituled, "Of Dulness and Scandal, occasioned by the Character of Lord Timon * in Mr. Pope's Epistle to the Earl of Burlington."

In the same year, 1732, appeared his poem, "Of False Fame, an Epistle to the Earl of Pembroke."

In 1736 he gave the world a treatise, which shewed him to be at least a serious enquirer after truth. It was addressed to his noble friend the Duke of Chandos, and intituled, "The Scheme and Conduct of Providence, from the Creation

* "By Timon he was universally supposed, and by the Earl of Burlington, to whom the poem is addressed, was privately said, to mean the Duke of Chandos; a man perhaps too much delighted with pomp and show, but of a temper kind and beneficent, and who had consequently the voice of the publick in his favour. A violent outcry was therefore raised against the ingratitude and treachery of Pope, who was said to have been indebted to the patronage of Chandos for a present of a thousand pounds, and who gained the opportunity of insulting him by the kindness of his invitation. The receipt of the thousand pounds Pope publicly denied; but from the reproach which the attack on a character so amiable brought upon him, he tried all means of escaping. The name of Cleland was again † employed in an apology, by which no man was satisfied; and he was at last reduced to shelter his temerity behind dissimulation, and endeavour to make that disbelieved which he never had confidence openly to deny. He wrote an exculpatory letter to the Duke, which was answered with great magnanimity, as by a man who accepted his excuse without believing his professions. He said, that to have ridiculed his taste, or his buildings, had been an indifferent action in another man; but that in Pope, after the reciprocal kindness that had been exchanged between them, it had been less easily excused."

Dr. JOHNSON.

† As it had been before in an apologetical letter, prefixed to the *Dunciad*, by Cleland, but supposed to have been written by Pope.

"to

“to the Coming of the Messiah; or, an Enquiry
“into the Reasons of the Divine Dispensations in
“that Period,” 8vo. In this work, among other
things, are particularly considered, the State of
Man after the Fall, and till the Deluge. The Ne-
cessity of the immediate Dispersion of Mankind,
and Confusion of Languages. The Reasons for
raising and separating a particular People from the
rest of the World, with the stupendous Steps and
Procedures preparatory to it. The Nature and
End of the Miracles, wrought in Ægypt; as well
those of the Ægyptian Enchanters, as those of
Moses. The general Grounds and Reasons of the
Jewish Rites and Institutions. The true Purport
and Intendment of the Denuntiation in the second
Commandment, or of God’s visiting the Sins of
the Fathers on the Children. The Force and
Foundation of Porphyry’s Objection, with respect
to the Time of Messiah’s Appearance.

In 1737, he again invoked the Muses, in “A
“Poem to the Princess of Wales, on the Birth of
“a Princess;” and in 1741 published his last
known production, “*The Summum Bonum*, or
“Wiseest Philosophy, an Epistle to a Friend.”

Mr. Welsted was in habits of intimacy with
Anthony Hammond, Theobald, Moore, and
Cooke. The latter of these, in an Epistle to Mr.
Moore, observes that

————— “he has hours of bliss,
“In which he more than seems to live,
“Where Welsted, envy’d Bard divine,
“And Hammond gladdening as the day,
“(Long may they live, thy friends and mine!)
“Conspire to chase the clouds away.”

And in his “Battle of the Poets,” he makes
him one of the principal heroes, and even an over-
match for Pope :

“Foremost

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“ Foremost of this harmonious band is seen
“ A Chief at once adventurous and serene;
“ Firm as his shield the Roman Swan appears,
“ Horace bright shining through a length of years,
“ And there Lavinia by her dream betray’d,
“ And Acon smiling on the blushing maid :
“ Longinus there extends the laurel bough,
“ And with the ivy crowns the Critic’s brow,
“ Thus arm’d the Bard advanc’d in heart sincere,
“ Welsted to Phœbus and the Muses dear.”

After conducting his Favourite safely through the “ barbarous numbers,” and the “ treacherous throng,” who “ conspired his fall,” he prophetically bids him,

“ With patience wait the day when thou shalt
“ shine,
“ In thy meridian glory, all divine !”

The two following Epitaphs, on the maternal grandfather and great-grandfather * of our Author, both men of distinguished eminence in their day, will be no improper appendage to the Life of WELSTED.

* See p. ix.

In the church of St. Mary at Leicester, on the south wall, near the altar, on a tablet of white marble, is this inscription :

“ Near this place is interred the body
of THOMAS STAVELEY, Esq.
who, having faithfully served God,
his King, and Country, many years,
departed this life the 2d of January, 1683,
in the 57th year of his age.
He had issue, by Mary his wife,
who was the fourth daughter of John Oneby, Esq;
three sons and four daughters.”

On a monument in the chancel of Hinckley church, adorned with painted busts of Mr. ONEBYE, his lady, and five children, in the habits of the time :

“ Hic jacet JOHANNES ONEBY Ar. J^{ctus},
Præcipuum ipse
(siqua gratiis, siqua virtuti pyramis debetur)
sui ipsius monumentum.
Conjugem duxit Emmettam Humfredi Byard Gen. filiam ;
Ex qua quinque liberos suscepit ;
Elizabetham, Dorotheam, Emmettam, Mariam,
& Johannem filium unicum.
Elizabetham matrimonio junxit Benjamino King, Gen.
Dorotheam Ezekei Wright, S. T. B.
Emmettam Richardo Mason, M. D.
& Mariam Thomæ Staveley J^{cto},
(pulchro forte consilio ;)
quippe qui primus artes in se omnes, dein in natis maritavit.
Johannes denique Mabellæ
ex illustri Ashbeiorum familia locatus est.
Tandem optimus senex,
cum Deo imprimis patriæ liberisque
longam at fructuosam vitam traxerat,
velut Autumnus messibus & ævo gravis
fere octogenarius quasi fessus,
sexto Februarii, A. D. 1662, obiit dicam vel succubuit.”

On

On a brass plate under the before-mentioned monument :

“ A. D. MDCCLXXXVI.

Monumenti proxime adjacentis,
Viri præstantis virtutibus sacri,
priscum nitorem,
temporis injuria aliquantulum detritum,
officii pietatisque memores,
restituere voluerunt

Thomas Breton, de Northampton, Armiger,
Robertus-Lloyd Breton, Thomæ filius,
Georgius Wrighte, de Gayhurst in agro Buckinghamienfi,
Armiger,
Gulielmus Morris, de Melton Mowbray in agro Leicestrienfi,
Anna Mason, vidua, Gulielmi Morris Soror,
Anna et Sarah Nichols, Johannis Typographi Londinensis
filia,

Catharina, Edwardi Bromhead, de Lincoln, Clerici, Uxor,
Maria-Christiana, Thomæ Pulton, de Windfor, Clerici, filia,
Philippus Blifs, de Doddington in agro Glocestrienfi, Clericus,
Maria-Welstead, Josephi Moore, de Syston in agro Lei-
cestrienfi, Gen. Uxor,
Tilly Walker, de Mears-Ashby in agro Northamptonienfi,
Clericus,

Elizabetha, Richardi Gifford, de Duffield in agro Derbienfi,
Clerici, Uxor,

ROBERTI ONEBYE,

Olim de Barwell, Parochia adjacente,
nuper de Lowdham in agro Suffolciensi, Armigeri,
Jure et ex Testamento
Hæredes.”

On a flat stone underneath,

“ Here lyeth interred the Body of
Dame MERCY ONEBYE *,
Late wife to Sir John Onebye.”

* Sir John's second lady; she was buried Aug. 3, 1698.

P O E M S

O N

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

A P P L E - P Y E *.

OF all the Delicates which Britons try,
 To please the palate, or delight the eye;
 Of all the several kinds of sumptuous fare;
 There's none that can with APPLE-PYE compare,
 For costly flavour, or substantial paste,
 For outward beauty, or for inward taste.

When first this infant-dish in fashion came,
 Th' ingredients were but coarse, and rude the frame;
 As yet, unpolish'd in the modern arts,
 Our Fathers eat Brown Bread instead of Tarts:
 Pyes were but indigested lumps of Dough,
 Till time and just expence improv'd them so.

King Cole (as ancient British Annals tell)
 Renown'd for fiddling and for eating well,
 Pippins in homely Cakes with Honey stew'd,
 "Just as he bak'd," the Proverb says, "he brew'd!"

* This little Poem, which was long considered as Dr. King's, was written by Mr. Welford in 1704, a few months only after his quitting Westminster school.

B

Their

Their greater art succeeding Princes shew'd,
And model'd Paste into a neater mode;
Invention now grew lively, palate nice,
And Sugar pointed out the way to Spice.

But here for ages unimprov'd we stood,
And Apple-pye was still but homely food;
When god-like Edgar, of the Saxon Line,
Polite of taste, and studious to refine,
In the Desert perfuming Quinces cast,
And perfected with Cream the rich repast.
Hence we proceed the outward parts to trim,
With Crinkumcranks adorn the polish'd brim;
And each fresh Pye the pleas'd spectator greets
With virgin-fancies, and with new conceits.

Dear Nelly, learn with care the Pastry art,
And mind the easy precepts I impart:
Draw out your Dough elaborately thin,
And cease not to fatigue your Rolling-pin:
Of Eggs and Butter see you mix enough:
For then the Paste will swell into a Puff,
Which will, in crumpling sounds, your praise report,
And eat, as Housewives speak, "exceeding short."
Rang'd in thick order let your Quinces lie;
They give a charming relish to the Pye.
If you are wise, you'll not Brown Sugar slight,
The browner (if I form my judgement right)
A tincture of a bright vermeil will shed,
And stain the Pippin, like the Quince, with red.

When this is done, there will be wanting still
The just reserve of Cloves and Candied Peel;
Nor can I blame you, if a drop you take
Of Orange-water, for perfuming-sake.
But here the nicety of art is such,
There must not be too little, nor too much:
If with discretion you these costs employ,
They quicken appetite; if not, they cloy.

Next, in your mind this maxim firmly root,
"Never o'ercharge your Pye with costly fruit:"

Off

Of let your Bodkin through the lid be sent,
To give the kind imprison'd treasure vent;
Lest the fermenting liquors, mounting high,
Within their brittle bounds disdain to lie;
Insensibly, by constant fretting, waste,
And o'er-inform the tenement of Paste.

To chuse your Baker, think, and think again
(You'll scarce one honest Baker find in ten):
Adust and bruis'd, I've often seen a Pye,
In rich disguise and costly ruin lie,
While the red Crust beheld its form o'erthrown,
Th'exhausted Apples griev'd, their moisture flown,
And Syrup from the sides ran trickling down. }

O be not, be not tempted, lovely Nell,
While the hot-piping odours strongly smell,
While the delicious fume creates a gust,
To lick th' o'erflowing juice, or bite the crust:
You'll rather stay (if my advice may rule)
Until the hot is temper'd by the cool.
Oh, first infuse the luscious store of Cream,
And change the purple for a silver stream;
That smooth balsamic viand first produce,
To give a softness to the tarter juice.

* Then shalt thou, pleas'd, the noble fabrick view,
And have a slice into the bargain too;
Honour and fame alike we will partake,
So well I'll eat, what you so richly make.

* The four concluding lines are not in the copy reclaimed by Welsted in 1724. The attentive reader will observe many other variations from the copy in Dr. King's Works.

A POEM, occasioned by the late Famous Victory of AUDENARDE*. Humbly inscribed to the Hon. ROBERT HARLEY, 1709.

"Salve, magna parens frugum, BRITANNICA tellus,
"Magna virum: tibi res antiquæ laudis & artis
"Ingredior, sanctos ausus recludere fontes."

VIRG. Georg. ii. 173.

All hail, Saturnian soil! hail, parent great
Of fruits and mighty men! my lays repeat
For thee this argument of ancient art,
These useful toils, rever'd of old, impart:
For thee, I dare unlock the sacred spring,
And through the Roman streets Ascrean numbers sing.
WARTON.

O For that heavenly Voice, that pierc'd so high,
As bore Eliza to her native sky!
Or that no less renowned Bard's, whose tongue
With accents all divine, with musick hung,
Immortal Boyne, and Nassau's glory sung! }
O that my feeble echo I could raise,
To the high pitch of their eternal lays!
But let not all presumptuously pursue
What is so sacred, and reveal'd to few.
Strong must the plume, and daring be the flight,
That would attempt to reach that wond'rous height:
True genuine blood must the young eagle grace,
Who stands the sun, and braves his fiery face.

Yet, since exalted worth may so prevail,
As to create a Muse, though Nature fail;
Since, if these lines to future ages last,
The Poet, not the Hero, is disgrac'd;

* This important Victory was gained by the Confederate Troops, under the conduct of the Duke of Marlborough and Prince Eugene, July 11, 1708. The Electoral Prince of Hanover (afterwards King George II.) was in the thickest of the fight, and gained signal honour on this occasion.

They'll

They'll only weep, to see great Philip's Son
Dress'd up again to Chærilus's tune.

Her meanest Son then let not Britain blame,
Who would commend his country's praise to fame,
Her prowess and her generous might record,
In the fair actions of this valiant Lord.

How swiftly the wing'd Warrior takes his way,
To reach the Foe, and seize the flying prey!
How, like a breaking cloud, portending ire,
With thunder charg'd, impregnated with fire,
He darts through all their files. Despair and Fear
Hang on their flight, and hover o'er their rear.

How Lewis, inscious of his glory lost,
Sees not the fatal blow that Bruges cost*;
Reckons to what vast profit Ghent* amounts,
With haughty pomp his little gain recounts:
Dilates his heart, his swelling pride displays,
Then loudly calls lost Flanders his, and says:

- “ Welcome, thou earnest of succeeding bliss,
“ Of days more happy, more august than this.
“ Fortune, I find, repents her foolish flight,
“ And would atone for having been so light.
“ She, who my youth with constancy did bless,
“ And tickled sweet Ambition with success;
“ Who swell'd my lordly hopes, with equal pride,
“ Lavishly good, and partial to my side;
“ Though once the Wanderer (senseless as she was)
“ Mock'd expectation, and deny'd my cause;
“ Yet now grows kinder, courts me, and appears
“ Just to my later and declining years.
“ Stay then, light Goddess, stay.—Hah!—what
“ news now?
“ Is Audenarde, at last, invested too?

* In the beginning of the year 1708, the French obtained great advantages with little loss. Ghent and Bruges, in particular, being left almost unguarded, surrendered without a stroke; which induced the Duke of Burgundy and Berry, with the Pretender, who this year took the field with the Duke of Vendôme, to attempt the siege of Audenarde.

" Spain, thou art mine, though fought with War's
" alarms;

" Thee, Flanders, will I grasp within my arms.

" Tremble, thou Northern Heresy, and dread

" The fatal ruin hanging o'er thy head:

" I'll shake thee, sure; and, for that Female Thing*,

" Set up my own, my Tributary King†!"

Idle, fantastic rage, delusion all!

The Monarch in his gaudy dream must fall;

For Britain's Chief the little arts disowns,

Of stealing castles, or surprizing towns;

Such abject purposes his soul disdains,

By arms he conquers, and by force he gains;

Flies, like some mighty Minister of Fate,

These to pull down, and those to reinstate;

Right to establish, Justice to decree,

To vanquish, and to set the vanquish'd free.

Like Consuls, who, with generous pity sway'd,

Spurn'd not the Vassal, which their arms had made;

Nor meanly did insult their captives' woes,

But made Free Citizens of conquer'd Foes.

Let France, for violating leagues renown'd,

France, to her promise never faithful found,

Let Her present inglorious actions fair,

And finely call them Stratagems of War.

Britain, 'tis thine to stride among the slain,

To shake the spear, and battle in the plain.

The sword let others for ambition wield,

Or for the spoils and harvest of a field:

Let Interest urge on others to be brave,

To gain new conquests, or their old to save.

Britain, 'tis thine in fields of blood to toil,

And fight, that others may enjoy the spoil.

" These be thy arts," and this thy lasting praise,

To scourge the insolent, the weak to raise;

To fly where-e'er wrong'd Justice calls aloud,

To aid the Injur'd, and subdue the Proud.

* Queen Anne.

† The Pretender.

And see the mighty Champion leads to fame,
 With Victory and Fortune in his name;
 He drives the hunted Gaul from place to place,
 Hot in pursuit, and eager in the chace;
 Bears on the flying foe in full career,
 And shews that Vengeance is as swift as Fear.
 So a fierce tiger in Numidia's plain,
 Breathing out wrath, and boiling with disdain,
 When some ignoble meaner beast he spies,
 Dread in his looks, and lightning in his eyes,
 With furious joy he starts, then thoots away,
 At once secure and greedy of his prey.

At length, with rude indignities o'erborn,
 Vex'd with repeated marks of hostile scorn,
 Like that low reptile, which, when proudly spurn'd,
 Hath at reiterated insults turn'd;
 The Gaul, his hosts drawn up in deep array,
 Resolves to stand the shock, and bear the fray.
 Arm'd with despair, from whence his courage grows, }
 Necessity instructs him to oppose, }
 To face the bold invader, and confront his foes. }
 So the swift stag, when the close chase draws near,
 And thicker cries invade his trembling ear;
 When heavily he pants along the mound,
 And scarce, but scarce, eludes the doubtful wound;
 Relies no longer on his winged speed,
 But trusts his clashing beams, his armed head;
 And, brandishing sublime his shady brow,
 Was not so swift before as desperate now:
 For, since he must become the hunter's prey, }
 He is resolv'd to fall a nobler way, }
 Turns furious on the chace, and stands at bay. }

Now the stout Britons to the charge advance,
 With the shrill clarion, and the trembling lance;
 The wanton ensigns play, and all around
 With glittering armour shines the waving ground.
 Methinks I see in solemn pomp appear
 The beauteous shape and figure of the war;

The decent order in each cohort seen,
 And every haughty warrior's graceful mein;
 The thick embattel'd squadrons in array,
 Lovelily dreadful, and in horror gay.

One of tall stature at the head appears,
 Like a large bull his spacious front who rears
 Amongst the herd, and lords it o'er the mead;
 Majestical his eyes and princely head,
 High, eminent, and all the ranks above,
 Like Mars his posture, and his state like Jove.

The Hero's presence makes the Soldier glow,
 And menace death and vengeance to the foe;
 Each nod's tremendous, as the shock begins,
 Each from the Gallic arms a trophy wins.
 Like a fierce torrent with impetuous sway,
 Through broken legions mowing out their way;
 Slaughter and death around the field they spread,
 And heap the dying on the numerous dead.
 But lo! while horror and confusion join,
 And round each host their sable arms entwine,
 Unchang'd in mind the valiant Leader stands,
 Calmly distributing his wise commands;
 Fix'd on his purpose, and his thought sedate,
 His temper steady and unmov'd as Fate,
 Like that he guides the war, and smiles to own
 What he so soon determines, sooner done.
 But if he finds the dubious battle veer,
 As swift as thought he brings his thunder there,
 And forces back the bias of the war;
 Scatters around the host ten thousand fears,
 And Terror, like a Gorgon, on his crest appears.
 So Jove, enthron'd in peaceful state above,
 Serenely views this lower fabrick move;
 Hears undisturb'd the boisterous winds engage,
 Hears the rough ocean roar, and billows rage;
 On the world's business is sedately bent,
 And guides the most minute, or great event;

But, if mankind with impious rage revolt,
The Thunderer assumes his angry bolt,
With a loud voice comes rattling through the skies,
And deals almighty vengeance as he flies.

O! hadst thou in some former age been born,
The Greek or Roman Muses to adorn;
Had they beheld thy martial deeds of old,
What stories had been rais'd, what fables told!
How blue-eyed Pallas in your chariot rode;
A suit of armour given you by a God;
You'd been deriv'd from some high Dame above,
And could not have been less than Third from Jove.

The Princely Youth* of Hanoverian line,
In whom his god-like Father's virtues shine,
Who cheers Britannia with a distant ray,
Britannia's earliest hopes and dawning day,
Beholds with equal wonder and applause
Thy gallant actions, worthy of the cause
Which mov'd those actions first; urg'd on to fame,
His youthful breast is fir'd with rival flame.
Heroic thoughts within his bosom roll,
And his eyes speak the purpose of his soul.
Somewhat in danger lovely he descries,
Then like a falcon to the quarry flies,
Brisk and undaunted braves impendent doom,
Though young, and all his glory in the bloom;
Through crimson streams of blood pursues renown,
Though to an Empire born, and destin'd to a
Throne.

If the great deeds of Thetis' god-like Son,
So many years in long succession gone,
The Hero dead and moulder'd, could inspire
The seed of Ammon with so bright a fire;
If Homer's draughts could add to every blow
New strength, and make him lead his Persian foe
In captive pomp; well may Augustus feel
His youthful breast with love of glory swell:

* Afterwards King George the Second.

Who

Who no less deeds has always in his fight,
And views upon the plain as great a Warrior fight.

I see my blooming Hero cover'd o'er
With comely dust, and richly clad in gore;
Involv'd in night, and battle's fable shroud;
As the bright sun envelop'd in a cloud.
Like nimble Mercury I see him move,
His feather'd plume shakes like a laurel grove,
While he rides stern and furious on the foe,
Rearing his arm, and bounding from the blow.
Such was young Harry, when, in early days,
From Hotspur's head he pluck'd the envy'd bays:
Equal in youth, and like in arms he stood,
And by his virtue prov'd his title good.

Mistaken Youth, thy flatter'd hopes bemoan,
Proudly adorn'd with titles not thy own.
No more expect to guide the promis'd helm,
That fancy'd kingdom, and that fairy realm;
Behold what laurels, in the Flandrian plains,
Thy great Competitor for Empire gains:
How in his looks the Sovereign's air he bears,
And in each act the royal stamp appears.
Or, if thou'rt bent upon delusion still,
Why wilt thou mimick majesty so ill?
If yet th' ideas round thy fancy play
Of power, dominion, and imperial sway;
Why court'st thou not War's terrible alarms,
To combat, and dispute thy right in arms?
Why dost thou not advance, and bravely dare
That youthful Champion to decisive war?
Thou didst not from our ancient Worthies spring,
Thou Royal Shade, thou Image of a King!
Vain as thou art, like that fam'd Macedon,
Who bade the Priest declare him Ammon's Son.
To scorn thy earth-born Parent's mean abodes,
And claim the lineage of the British Gods.
Such Britain's Chief, such is the Royal Heir,
Who must Imperial Britain's sceptre bear:

Well

Well then may struggling Gallia quit the field,
And well to such superior Virtue yield.
For what can weaker Tyranny oppose,
To British Freedom, and th' united Rose?
How can Oppression singly stem in fight
The force of Union, Liberty, and Right?
Tallard's ill stars on each new Leader wait,
And what was Villeroy's, is Vendosme's fate.

No more let Fortune be arraign'd as blind,
Fickle as seas, inconstant as the wind:
No more let Poets prostitute her name,
To palliate error, and detract from fame.
With Virtue hand in hand the Goddess goes,
And bears the Brave triumphant on their Foes;
She sports with fools, and with the coward plays,
Stoops to the valiant, and the great obeys.
They with superior majesty command,
And teach the wavering Deity to stand.
Thus were great Cæsar and Gustavus rais'd,
Fortune on both with equal wonder gaz'd,
With constant favours did the heroes crown,
And they deserv'd her smile, but were above her
frown.

In vain to arts great Bourbon has recourse,
And specious bribery, his usual force;
In vain he waves his shining gilded spear,
And plays the foolish sophister in war.
Not so the British Chief; with sword in hand
(Like brave Camillus in the Latian land,
When before Rome's high Capitol he came,
Demanding justice in his country's name),
He turns the balance in the Gallic scales,
Not glittering gold, but the keen steel prevails.
Thus shaken as she is, and worn with care,
Can France again her shatter'd force repair?
Will she not sink beneath the fatal blast,
And like a dying taper blaze her last?

Or

Or will these lilies still look pale and mourn,
 Yet with the summer brisk and gay return?
 Will they ne'er fall, that do so often shake?
 How can they always bend, and never break?
 Shall Marlborough's sword still conquer as before?
 And shall there still be room to conquer more?

Yes, still that Ornament of Virtue's name,
 That mighty Favourite and Friend of Fame,
 Shall, like great Cyrus, Heaven's immortal Son,
 Go on successful, as he first begun;
 Make haughty Gallia's proudest turrets bend,
 And o'er the Continent his arms extend;
 A suffering Monarch's injur'd cause maintain,
 'Till he his Empire has, her Freedom Spain:
 That, thus defeating France's vast designs,
 We may not tremble with her Western mines;
 That the new world no more may vex the old,
 Nor Europe's Freedom shake with India's gold.

Then, when fair Liberty triumphant rides,
 And sacred Justice o'er the world presides;
 When smiling Plenty her gay trains shall spread,
 And filken Peace erect her downy head;
 The Victor (as of old the Latian hind,
 That was Dictator, conquer'd and resign'd)
 To those much-fam'd recesses shall retreat,
 The mansion of the Muses, Chaucer's seat.
 Thither the British Scipio shall retire,
 Where once the British Ennius tun'd his lyre:
 Who sung so well of war and martial deeds,
 To his abodes the God of War succeeds;
 That sacred monument of right restor'd,
 Which Gloriana gave the British Lord;
 Where Blenheim's ruins so augustly rise;
 Her humble seat's translated to the skies.

In the fair Palace shall be seen engrav'd
 Kingdoms subdued and sinking Empires sav'd:
 Here breathing Statues shall salute our eyes,
 That boldly from the polish'd basis rise,

Triumphant

Triumphant figures, that at once proclaim
The Workman's skill, and the great Hero's fame :
There curious plans, with nice proportion true,
Shall offer to the pleas'd spectator's view
Each different scene and theatre of War :
Here Marlborough fought ; the brave Eugenio there.
While, in each space elaborately fine,
Descriptions and illustrious mottoes shine ;
Whate'er by th' Architect's device is wrought,
The Painter's fancy, or the Poet's thought.

Strangers shall here, and travellers resort,
To see the beauties of this rural court,
And, ravish'd with delight, and struck with awe,
In miniature the lovely model draw ;
That to each foreign land they may impart
Britain's politeness seen, in Vanbrugh's art.

Near this my Muse a pleasing object sees,
A spacious Park adorn'd with aged trees ;
Where, fall and spring, the deer, a stately crew,
Lose their old ornaments, and teem with new ;
Proud, like unthinking man, and vainly gay,
With things that soon spring up, and soon decay.
The Victor here, his consort by his side,
With gold and glittering trappings deck'd shall ride.
Nimbly the Goddess shall divide the air,
And through the stag transfix her silver spear ;
Which dying will confess the lucky chance,
And proudly fall by fair Diana's lance.

Hard-by, a landskip sweet, a sylvan scene,
Cool artful grotts and shady bowers are seen ;
Through which the whistling vernal Zephyr breathes
An odorous smell, and tunes the trembling leaves.
The crystal streams in wild meanders run,
Glide through the grove, and murmur gently on ;
While Flora spreads her fragrant sweets around,
And richly damasks the embroider'd ground ;
With all we can desire of Eden's stream,
And all the Antients of Elysium dream.

Here

14 ON THE VICTORY, &c.

Here shall the Hero with himself confer,
Of State, of Politicks, of Peace, and War,
Of antient Prudence, nor sometimes forget
Great Henry's love, and Rosomonda's fate;
Her fate, who could a royal heart ensnare:
Beauteous indeed and young; yet happier far,
Had Nature not mistook, but form'd aright
Her mind more virtuous, or her eyes less bright.
How here the Monarch did his passion prove,
Lost in his guilty labyrinth of love;
How in that Charmer's mournful death was seen
The just revenge of his heroic Queen.

Then shall he bless that bright immortal Dame,
Whose equal beauty, but much fairer fame,
Crowns his chaste wishes, and adorns his flame. }

Ye Goddeses, inhabiting the woods,
The hills, the fertile dales, and silver floods,
Mix flowers of various hue with nicest skill,
The rose, the violet, and daffodil;
A shady branch let old Sylvanus find,
The Victor's brow with sacred wreaths to bind;
With burnish'd fruit bestrew'd around his feet,
His wish'd arrival let Pomona greet.
And, Pan, prepare thy shriller notes to raise,
And tune thy oaken reed to Marlborough's praise:
For see, he comes, to beautify the glades,
And spend his peaceful days in rural shades;
Great Marlborough comes, whose ever-conquering
hand

Brings peace and safety home to Albion's land,
Who, like the sun, upon your harvest shines,
Secures your plenty, and protects your shrines,

A POEM

A POEM to the Memory of the incomparable
Mr. J. PHILIPS *; humbly inscribed to the
Right Honourable HENRY ST. JOHN, 1710.

"Ergo Quintilium perpetuus sopor
"Urget! Cui Pudor, & Justitiæ soror
"Incorrupta fides, nudaque veritas
"Quando ullum invenient parem?"

HOR. 1 Od. xxiv. 5.

Quintilius sunk to endless rest,
With Death's eternal sleep oppress'd!
Oh! when shall Faith of soul sincere,
Of Justice pure the Sister fair,
And Modesty, unspotted maid,
And Truth in artless guise array'd,
Among the race of human kind
An equal to Quintilius find? FRANCIS.

"Aggredere O magnos (aderit jam tempus) honores;
- - - - -

"Aspice venturo lætantur ut omnia sæclo!"

VIRG. Ecl. iv. 48—52.

Assume thy state! thy destin'd honours prove,
Dear to the gods! O progeny of Jove!
Behold how tottering Nature nods around,
Earth, air, the watery waste, and heaven profound!
At once they change—they wear a smiling face,
And all with joy th' approaching age embrace!

WARTON.

S I R,

IT is a very pleasant consideration to take a
view of the circumstances of us humble Inscribers.
We are obliged to praise the Patron we make
choice of, and at the same time to tell him we
neither do nor intend it. We must at once ac-
tually flatter, and solemnly disclaim the imputation;
ingenuously acknowledge the meanness of the pre-

* Who died Feb. 15, 1708-9, in his 33d year.

sent we make, and yet formally hope, it will be no longer such, when supported by the authority of so great a man; humbly conceiving, that if he will please to betray his judgement in favour to us, the world must needs do the same in complaisance to him, and that to give encouragement to bad-writing is the very pink of courtesy and well-doing.

Such, Sir, are the comical inconsistencies with which even the politer Dedications are filled; not one in ten, I dare affirm, but is adorned with some or other of the like flourishes and oratorical conceits, which indeed may not be amiss, if the propriety of time and person be rightly observed. But other is my province, and other must be my endeavours, who am to address myself to a Gentleman of equal merit and modesty; to one that knows as well how to laugh at ill performances as to value good ones, and for a dull panegyric might probably reward me with a satire.

Flattery is to Virtue, what Paint is to Beauty; and even just encomiums are little better than works of supererogation; unnecessary at all times, and acceptable at none: for in this the modest and the proud agree, that they express an equal aversion to their own portraits; nor the one nor the other will thank you for a picture of himself.

Hence it is, Sir, that I am persuaded you will think yourself obliged to me for passing over those due praises which you alone had rather not hear, and mentioning no other virtue but your unwillingness to have any mentioned at all. Yet, if you please to give yourself the trouble of reading the following Poem through, I doubt I shall not be able to confine myself within this compass, but must of necessity take in some other good qualities which will be eminently conspicuous on that occasion; I mean, Sir, your patience, long-suffering, and forbearance.

There

There are many who will be at the pains of writing such pieces as they would not think it worth their while to read; and some few who will spend more time in reading dull things than would be required of them to write witty ones. You perhaps, Sir, are in a fair way to be of the latter sort.

But, not to detain your Honour any longer, I submit these lines to whatever treatment you shall think fit to give them; yet hope for some indulgence for the Subject's sake; if not on my own, yet on Mr. Philips's account. No composition could ever yet plead a more specious Title; and on that only, Sir, you very well know, the credit of many Authors is founded. In a word, from your mouth it is I shall expect my sanction or condemnation: as what you disapprove is likely to meet with little esteem from others; so what you praise stands next in honour to what you write. I am, with the most profound respect, Sir, your most obedient, and devoted humble servant, LEONARD WELSTED.

FORGIVE my crime, forgive it, gentle Shade;
 If, by the fondness of my grief betray'd,
 I make that grief inelegantly known,
 In sounds that are but echoes to thy own.
 How can I write? Could Israel's captive band
 Sing Songs of Sion in a foreign land?
 Or do the birds in bleak December play
 Their vernal musick and their notes of May?
 On my cold brow a rising damp appears,
 And all my rhetorick is in my tears;
 What witty sorrow is, I never knew,
 And grief that's eloquent is seldom true.

If, Strephon, from the shades you could transmit
 One pregnant beam of your enlivening wit,
 That might raise all my powers, inform the whole,
 And with harmonious vigour tune my soul;

C

Then,

18 ON THE DEATH OF J. PHILIPS.

Then, like young prophets with new visions blest,
Like lovers of their bridal charms possess,
With pleasing raptures I might fill my breath,
And give ev'n beauty to the face of death;
Nor need, for want of poesy or sense,
Those idle fictions, and that dull pretence
Of weeping nymphs and melancholy floods,
Of pensive shepherds and more pensive woods,
To make my verse emphatically low,
And furbish up a threadbare tale of woe.

But, since that hope is vain, and human art
Can act no other than a human part;
Accept this mute but unaffected tear;
The speechless mourner truly speaks his care;
And, if words here and there confus'd are found
(For grief sometimes will vent itself in sound),
Attribute them to no poetic strain,
Nor the kind dictates of a happy vein;
They're but the signs of sorrow in excess,
The fallies of a dumb but wild distress;
The fruitless efforts of distracted care,
Of grief and passion blended with despair.

O'er thy dear reliques how could I complain,
And in soft murmurs rigid Fate arraign!
Oh, I could languish, till I were become
A breathless shape, a statue to thy tomb.
Yet, lest my silence should be thought pretence,
And or misconstrued want of zeal or sense,
Lest I should seem (when Piso does commend,
Piso at once my Patron and my Friend)
More cold to Virtue than averse to Rhime,
And my excuse itself be made my crime;
I'll give thee what my sorrows will admit,
What may evince my love, though not my wit;
And sing thy virtues in a lowly strain,
Though every virtue makes me weep again.

Each all my tears and all my art demands;
But Modesty the first and fairest stands;

She

ON THE DEATH OF J. PHILIPS. 19

She strove with virgin blushes to conceal
 The charms her Sister Graces did reveal;
 She strove with conscious shame to veil their light,
 But made them shine more eminently bright.
 So when some shade would drive the light away,
 And intercept the gladsome beams of day;
 Taught by the sun to shine, that painted cloud
 Contributes to the lustre it would throwd.

All power of numbers in thy verse did meet,
 Which Learning made correct, and Nature sweet;
 Wit mix'd with spirit through the whole was found,
 And manly sense supported lofty sound;
 Judgement, combin'd with fancy, grac'd the song,
 And all was solid, beautiful, and strong.
 Thy sweet but nervous lines were doubly fair,
 Food to the soul, and musick to the ear;
 To the strong features of a lively face,
 You still the last embellishments did place,
 An easy sweetness and a flowing grace.

With Classics intimate and friendly grown,
 Whate'er you writ, or said, was still your own;
 And, though so fondly Milton's Muse you lov'd,
 His graces were not borrow'd, but improv'd;
 Nor didst thou rob great Maro's sacred shrine;
 But by amendment mad'st his beauties thine.
 They flourish, and confess thy generous toil,
 Like plants translated to a richer soil.
 Thoughts proper, words expressive and polite,
 A judgement piercing, an invention bright,
 In thy great labours all exert their part,
 And much you owe to Nature, much to Art.

How nobly daring in thy pompous page
 The German and the British Prince engage!
 With what impetuous force and rage divine
 The Gallick and confederate squadrons join!
 To worlds unborn our deathless fame is told;
 And Blenheim will be young, when Time is old.

20 ON THE DEATH OF J. PHILIPS.

But hear, oh hear, the mourning Muse relate
Our once* young Churchill's and our Gloster's† fate.
Less sad is Philomel's nocturnal tune,
Less sad the musick of a dying swan;
Involv'd in pleasing pangs the Reader lyes,
And languishing on every accent dies.
Each word revives indulgent Anna's pain,
And makes her act the Mother o'er again;
The mourning Victor drops his laurel crown,
Proclaims thy conquest, and forgets his own.

When of big war and martial fame you write,
War seems your province, conquest your delight;
And, when you choose some peaceful rural theme,
By Nature fram'd for rural lays you seem.
Thy Cyder, thy immortal Cyder, smiles
With richest fragrance through these happy Isles;
Of equal worth, since so divinely sung,
To Maro's vintage, and shall last as long.
Henceforth the pippin shall the grape outshine,
The painted redstreak triumph o'er the vine;
Henceforth this odorous liquor shall be made
The cool refreshment of each lover's shade;
Give the coy nymph a free luxurious air,
And tempt her to be kind as well as fair;
In the brisk gallant's humorous mirth surprize,
And sparkle in the maudlin coquet's eyes;
O'er jocund frolick wit it shall preside,
And raise the wishes of each longing bride;
Rouse the blithe bucksome youth to Love's alarms,
And add fresh lustre to the lady's charms.

Oh, that experience had not taught me this,
And that it were the frantick Poet's guess!
But much I fear the Shepherds told me true,
Who said, Maria, Strephon died for you‡;

* The Marquis of Blandford, son to the Duke of Marlborough, died at Cambridge, 1707, and was buried in King's College chapel.

† Prince William, son to Queen Anne, nominated Duke of Gloucester; but died, before his creation, July 30, 1700.

‡ Philips died of a lingering consumption.

ON THE DEATH OF J. PHILIPS. 21

Cyder improv'd each feature in thy face,
 And gave a softer turn to every grace;
 In thy all-piercing eyes did magick prove,
 And warm'd his willing heart to fatal love.
 Ah! gentle Strephon, was there on the plain
 Such killing beauty and severe disdain,
 A nymph with more than woman's charms supply'd,
 A nymph, was curs'd with more than woman's pride?
 If such there was, oh may the shameful blot
 Be in oblivion's gloomy shades forgot!
 Nor her fair name in envious annals writ,
 A stain to virtuous love and solid wit!

To speak thee generous, loyal, just, and true,
 A constant friend and not unfriendly foe,
 Were with superfluous trouble here annex,
 And but a comment on a canvass'd text.
 But that Religion, Piety, and Zeal,
 Should influence thy life, and guide thy will,
 Was wondrous strange! A Bard devout and good!
 Why 'tis a crime unpardonably rude:
 To the *beau monde*, the polish'd world, a jest;
 Uncomplaisant and singular at best;
 But monstrous in these lewd unrighteous times,
 When the vile Muse's prostituted rhimes
 Become subservient to dishonour's rise,
 Turn pimps to wantonness, and bawds to vice;
 When Priests and Poets are at open breach,
 And the Stage censures what the Pulpits teach;
 When jests indecent female converse stain,
 And none is witty that is not prophane.
 'Twas wondrous strange, in such an age, that you,
 A Wit, a Lover, and a Poet too,
 Should stand conform'd to strict Religion's laws,
 And shun the fashionable sins of those,
 Whose maxims are, to live by Nature's rule,
 That the poor Parson is the Statesman's tool;
 That Priesthood then began to flourish most,
 And find increase, though at the people's cost,

22 ON THE DEATH OF J. PHILIPS.

When subtle knaves and politicians found
Mankind by laws restrain'd, by conscience bound,
Themselves in more security might reign,
And Priests perceiv'd, that "Godliness was gain."
Yet ev'n in this degen'rate æra cast,
Thy Muse was modest, as thy manners chaste;
Whatever, though in sportive mood, she said,
By matrons might be spoke, by virgins read:
An emblem of thyself in her we see;
Wife were thy pleasures, and thy wisdom free.

Thus excellent you was——

But, ah! Such Heaven's mysterious ways we find;
So Providence disposes human-kind;
The most deserving have the shortest date,
And Virtue seems the mark of envious Fate;
The Learn'd, the Good, the Witty, and the Brave,
Find the cold comfort of an early grave:
Bion * forsook us early, Shadwell † late,
And Creech ‡ and Oldham § are surviv'd by Tate ||.

Whether Prometheus' bold attempt above,
To steal th' authentic real flames of Jove,
From fiction wholly or in part began,
Yet sure there's something in the soul of man,
That bears resemblance to material fire;
The brighter 'tis, the sooner 'twill expire.

Blooming and young to fall is thy reward;
While every Mævi^{us} of the age is spar'd,
From stiff Criterio ** to the City Bard ††;
With numerous D'Urseys I omit to name,
Lest that might seem some merit to proclaim,
Implying envy still, and envy fame.

* See in Oldham's Poems "Bion, a Pastoral, bewailing
"Lord Rochester;" who died July 20, 1683, in his 33d year.

† Shadwell died Dec. 12, 1692, aged not much above 50.

‡ Creech died in 1701, aged 42.

§ Oldham died in his 30th year, Dec. 9, 1683.

|| Tate, who succeeded Shadwell as poet laureat, died Aug.
12, 1715, aged 63.

** This can only be conjectured to mean Dennis.

†† "Settle, the Poet to my Lord Mayor's Show."

ON THE DEATH OF J. PHILIPS. 23

Virtue in all regards is Fortune's sport;
 Nor are her days less wearisome than short:
 Each heavier mortal may his wealth increase,
 And sleep out many drowsy days in peace;
 With plenty or with honours blest may thrive;
 If you had what would keep content alive;
 Thanks to your generous Patron, good as great,
 Who, in despite of all the storms of Fate,
 Though the world frown, and swift the billows throng,
 Shall be the subject of my love and song;
 Whose bounties, like the Nile, unweary'd flow
 Through the fair realms where Arts and Learning
 grow,

And always come unfought, yet never flow.

Nor let me pass unfung that boasted name
 Which I and every British Bard should claim,
 Sacred to verse, and heir to endless fame;
 Harcourt, whose powerful rhetoric, when of late
 In solemn judgement Britain's Peerage fate,
 Ennobled Learning and Religion's cause,
 And reconcil'd old truths to modern laws;
 How years erase not foul Rebellion's name,
 That Scripture always was and is the same,
 And loyal just allegiance merits praise
 As well in Anna's as in Charles's days;
 His every word than honey sweeter flow'd;
 His tongue more charming was than Hermes' rod.
 Harcourt, while I thy death ignobly mourn,
 Pays the last office to thy sacred * urn;
 And, rearing with majestic pomp thy tomb,
 Swells the big honours of that hallow'd dome,
 Where their dark gloomy vaults the Muses keep,
 And, lov'd by Monarchs, near those Monarchs sleep;
 Where Royal Heroes, mouldering, justly claim
 Those their Associates that preserve their fame,

* See, in Atterbury's Epistolary Correspondence, vol. I. p. 412. the classical epitaph on Philips, placed in Westminster Abbey at the expence of Sir Simon Harcourt.

24 ON THE DEATH OF J. PHILIPS.

Justly in death with those one mansion have,
Whose works redeem their glories from the grave;
Where venerable Chaucer's antient head,
And Spenser's much-ador'd remains are laid;
Where Cowley's precious stone, and the proud
mould

That glories Dryden's mortal parts to hold,
Command high reverence and devotion just
To their great relicks and distinguish'd dust.

'Tis well a Harcourt in this age remains,
And generous blood adorns a St. John's veins;
'Tis well our annals Trevor can enroll;
And that the Patriot lives in Harley's soul;
Else you, illustrious Virtue, might have seen
What Shakspeare saw before, and worthy Ben.

Under penurious stars are Poets born,
Subject to envy, or expos'd to scorn;
By some strange force and supernatural bent
Ever betray'd to poverty and want;
To lofty garrets by degrees they rise,
And there are truly said to touch the skies;
They purchase dear their idol God Renown,
And still are complimented—and undone.
Alas! Fame's palace in the air is built;
We wooe a mistress, but we find a jilt.

This Cowley and this Spenser felt before,
And honest Butler died exceeding poor;
And when grim Death did tuneful Dryden seize,
He had not what would pay the sexton's fees.
Ev'n he, who sung on yellow Xanthus' shore
The Trojan Fidler and the Grecian Whore,
Whom seven proud cities wrangled for when dead,
Was a poor mendicant, that stroll'd for bread;
And, when kind alms had his wants supply'd!

"Great Jove reward you, Sirs!" in metre cry'd,

Since then much poverty and little fame
Is all the dowry that a Muse can claim;
Since that sublime invigorating heat,
That makes the Poet's pulse divinely beat,

At

ON THE DEATH OF J. PHILIPS. 25

At last rewards him but with barren praise,
Which Envy fullies, and which Want allays;
Here weeping o'er thy tomb in mournful verse,
And shedding roses on thy honour'd hearse,
I'll take my last farewell, and bid adieu
To the curs'd trade and all the jingling crew;
Nay, rather than relapse to write, or strain
A miserable crambo once again;
I'll turn Horse-doctor, bear a Scotchman's pack,
Be Pettifogger, Conjuror, or Quack,
Or any thing you can conceive or know,
All but a Poet, Pedant, or-a Beau.

Ye Criticks, that like locusts vex the press,
With little reason damn, and write with less;
Ye honourable Bards, that sung of old
The mighty stories Greece or Athens told;
And thou, the worthiest of th'inspired host,
The pride of Isis and thy St. John's boast;
Be witness to the sacred vow I make;
And when, by verse debauch'd, that vow I break,
Pure unenlightened Dullness on my head
The soul and quintessence of Blackmore shed!

Sooner shall Players to virtue make pretence,
And learned Pedants condescend to sense;
Sooner shall Country Curates Hebrew speak,
Physicians' noddles be o'ercharg'd with Greek,
Attorneys cease to flock in shoals to Hell,
And Maurus * to write ill, or Prior well;
Sooner shall eloquence in Smalridge † fail,
And humble W—ll—s over Sprat ‡ prevail;
Cuckold and Citizen two senses frame,
And, differing in sound, not mean the same;
Than I the purpose of my soul forget,
His Lordship's titles for true worth admit,
And be a Beggar to be styl'd a Wit.

* Sir Richard Blackmore.

† The celebrated Bishop of Bristol.

‡ Probably some obscure Divine. From the epithet annexed, it could scarcely be Dr. Willis, Dean of Lincoln, afterwards successively Bishop of Gloucester and Salisbury.

AN EPISTLE to MR. STEELE, on the KING's
ACCESSION to the CROWN *, 1714.

"Hic Vir, hic est, tibi quem promitti sæpius audis,
"Augustus Divûm genus : aurea condet
"Secula qui rursus Latio." VIRG. *Æn.* vi. 791.

This, this is he! the Chief so long foretold
To bless the land, where Saturn rul'd of old,
And give the Lernean realms a second age of gold. }
The promi'd Prince, Augustus the divine,
Of Cæsar's race, and Jove's immortal line. PITT.

O GENEROUS Varus, happy and admir'd !
With love of truth and public spirit fir'd,
Esteem'd by Virtue, and by Envy prais'd !
Fill'd with new joys, the sounding string I rais'd :
The Muse's friend, in numbers you delight ;
O ! be my genius, and inspire the flight !

Britain at length asserts her antient name,
And rises glorious with reviving Fame :
A finish'd Prince, a Hero fills the throne,
Grac'd with a genius martial like her own ;
Expert to train to arms her valiant bands,
And lead successful wars in foreign lands ;
Of sinews equal to the regal weight,
The chosen prop of her declining state ;
Proclaim, ye Muses, through these happy plains,
Proclaim aloud, another Nassau reigns.

* This possibly is the poem alluded to by Mr. Hughes, in a letter to Earl Cowper, Aug. 12, 1718; in which, after expressing his satisfaction that "The Genius" by Welfsted, "those excellent verses of an uncommon kind," had been acceptable to the noble Peer, he adds, "This has given me occasion to enquire after what I could further meet with from the same hand, and thought now to have sent your Lordship the Author's first-fruits. I find he mentions an *Ode to the King*, which I am sorry I cannot yet procure." Hughes's Letters, vol. I. p. 199. See hereafter, p. 33.

His skilful choice shall give preferment grace,
And with peculiar beauty honours place ;
Distinguish Britain's worthier friends from those
Who sacrific'd her faith, or sav'd her foes :
Establish'd Law, unmov'd, he shall maintain,
And by that certain standard form his reign.
No smooth seducer shall by flattering art
Tempt his ambition, or misguide his heart ;
No favourite, to unequal greatness grown,
Usurp his bounty, or direct his frown.

Princes, who our Deliverer's friendship prov'd,
Admir'd his wisdom, and his virtues lov'd,
Shall now rest fearless of th' invading sword,
And trust their safety to his valued word ;
Wise States shall wait observant on his Throne,
And by his happier conduct rule their own.

His influence shall extend to farthest shores,
Unite th' Allies, and bind their weaken'd powers :
The pure Religion, the Reform'd, shall share,
Amidst oppression, his protecting care ;
By him and Heaven assisted, spread at length,
Insensibly prevail, and rise in strength :
Refulgent Rome from her proud height shall stoop,
And see her long-supported honours droop :
The worship'd image shall neglected stand,
And boast in vain the work of Raphael's hand ;
Mankind, to freedom wak'd, her pride shall tame,
Restrain her Pontiff, and his laws disclaim.

Brave Confessors, illustrious in your grief !
Look up to Liberty, and hope relief :
Forget the threat'ned flame and servile oar,
Forget the altar stain'd with kindred gore :
Not long shall Innocence unsuccour'd stand,
And wait the stroke from the fierce zealot's hand ;
Not long Religious Rage mankind shall tear,
Nor waiting Zeal her bloody standard rear.
Commerce again prepares to lift its head,
Again to flourish, and its bounds to spread ;

The

The Merchant shall transplant in British air
 Whatever growths remotest regions bear,
 Whatever Art in various lands improves,
 Or the sun ripens, or its climate loves;
 All parts he shall explore, where trade is known,
 And with each country's spoils enrich his own.
 I see disclos'd Augusta's future state:
 Lo! her proud fleets admire their costly freight:
 Her busy mart th' adventuring world employs:
 Confusion greatly splendid! welcome noise!
 Thames, swell'd with wealth, his envious banks
 o'erflows,

Seeks other shores, and a new empire knows.

Th' approaching scenes of bliss attract my eyes,
 And shining images in order rise.

Here smiling Plenty waves her fruitful horn,
 Wheatheafs and clusters her wreath'd head adorn;
 Sweetest complacence guilds her chearful face,
 And all her motions flow with conscious grace.
 Here Credit rises with lost fame regain'd;
 Guarded by Honour, and by Truth sustain'd:
 Her powerful art discloses glittering mines,
 And when she bids, a new creation shines.

These are the glories from this reign shall flow:
 This triumph to our Brunswick line we owe.
 For this, the patriot stemm'd prevailing rage;
 And oft, O Varus, thy applauded page
 With just resentments thy wrong'd country fir'd;
 Greatly, for this, the British youth expir'd,
 Blanamian fields were strow'd with heaps of slain,
 And virtue won on Almenara's plain.
 O Liberty! O Goddess! hail. Thy charms
 Politeness give to Peace, and fame to Arms:
 Great Patroness of arts! thy ripening fire
 Instructs each waking genius to aspire:
 Thou mak'st the Poet's heighten'd fancy glow
 With richest veins of thought; the numbers flow,
 Like

ON THE ACCESSION OF GEORGE I. 29

Like happy streams untroubled in their course;
With clearer beauty and with greater force.

Let wanton tyrants sport in power's abuse,
And barbarous nations to their yoke reduce;
Let them their conquer'd vassals proudly tame:
Our Hero cherishes a nobler flame;

O'er freeborn subjects he aspires to reign,
To govern Citizens, not Slaves to chain;
With scorn he looks on mean despotic arts,
And seeks no Empire but in English hearts,
Accepts a Kingdom with a Patriot's sense,
And in the People's Father hides the Prince.

By these great arts, eternal Reason's law,
Alcides, Pollux, Numa, and Nafsau,
Envy subdued, their native sky attain'd;
Hence rising Politics were first ordain'd,
And the best schemes their origin did claim
From Kings like George and men of Lincoln's* frame.
Before the world was ripe for social ties,
Or docile crouds inclin'd in states to rise;
While men, promiscuous, were to rapine led,
Nor knew the good which just restriction bred;
One rose superior, so approv'd by Fate,
He saw and pity'd Nature's savage state;
Pallas and every Muse his thought inspir'd;
With love of knowledge human breasts he fir'd;
Explain'd, how vice and virtue were defin'd,
What moral good and moral ill design'd,
What man to man in each relation ow'd,
And Reason's use, and whence Religion flow'd.
His strains, ye Gods! th'admiring throng engage;
Their strifes he reconciles, and calms their rage:
To him, as wisest, each submits his cause;
His wisdom, not his will, distributes laws:
Thus he becomes their head, the general choice,
A Prince appointed by the People's voice:

* Henry Earl of Lincoln, father to the present Duke of Newcastle. He died, in his 44th year, Sept. 7, 1728.

36 EPISTLE TO MR. STEELE, &c.

To him the power did, by consent, belong
To compensate desert, and obviate wrong:
'Twas theirs, that power to limit or oppose,
When hurtful to themselves, from whom it rose.

Succeeding Worthies, with like happy arts,
Polish'd rough men, and harmoniz'd their hearts.
Reported hence the stupid rocks to move,
To make the cedars rise, to lead the grove,
Or sooth with magic sound a tiger's breast:
Amphion, Orpheus, Linus, and the rest,
Illustrious names in Poets' works enroll'd,
Were pious Rulers and just Kings of old:
They first to life did beauteous numbers suit;
Each had a city, which he call'd his lute,
And, when to charm descending gods he strove,
The string he play'd on was his People's love.

Thus shall it fare, erewhile, with Britain's King;
As in his reign the future glories spring,
Some Bard in sweetly fabling verse may tell,
How, when our Orpheus touch'd his sounding shell,
The oaks obey'd, the pines forsook the plain,
And rose a floating forest on the main;
Or how the marble, ravish'd as he sung,
Ran into order, and a palace sprung.

We have attempted, in a feebler strain,
To sing the dawning honours of his reign:
But, when its riper greatness strikes our sight,
Clio shall tune the harp, or Garth shall write.
So, on the breaking of a cloudless day,
The little larks their slender notes assay:
But when the Sun his genial warmth has shed,
And a delightful glow o'er Nature spread;
The tuneful nightingales their voices raise,
And charm the woods with more melodious lays.

To the Earl of CLARE*, on his being created
Duke of NEWCASTLE, 1715.

WHEN Justice with her train to Earth
descends,
Parnassus wakes, and every Muse attends:
In chosen ages does she leave the skies,
And in such ages men like Holles rise.
In Holles † hast thou lost thy former name,
And art Newcastle by no stranger claim:
That gem, not worn by thee, would cease to shine;
That flower would fade on any stem but thine.
From genial suns exil'd and softer skies,
In alien lands, the withering vineyard dies;
Nor more the circling tendrils we behold
Luxuriant, nor the grapes that glow with gold;
A foreign soil the faded boughs bemoan,
And languish in a climate not their own.

* This Nobleman was one of our Author's earliest Patrons. By his interest, Welsted obtained a place in the office of one of the Secretaries of State. It was in his official capacity in this department (and not, as Pope injuriously suggested, for any writings of his own), that he received, in August 1715, 500*l.* from the Treasury for the use of Sir Richard Steele. See the Life of Welsted, prefixed to this Collection.

† Thomas Pelham, born Aug. 1, 1693, succeeded his father as Baron Pelham of Laughton, Feb. 21, 1711-12; and on the 15th of July following became the adopted heir of his uncle John Holles Duke of Newcastle; whose name and arms he from that time bore. He was created Earl of Clare, Oct. 26, 1714; Marquis of Clare, and Duke of Newcastle upon Tyne, Aug. 2, 1715; Duke of Newcastle under Lyne, Nov. 13, 1756; and died, after having filled many of the highest offices in the state, full of years and honours, Nov. 17, 1768. He was an early patron of Steele, who dedicated to him in 1715 the Collection of his "Political Writings;" and celebrated his Lordship's "early inclination to find out and encourage the lovers of his country, to comfort them under the neglect of their friends, and support them against the resentment of their enemies."

To

To the Countess of WARWICK*, On her
Marriage with Mr. ADDISON, Aug. 2, 1716.

AMBITION long has Woman's heart betray'd,
And tinsel grandeur caught th' unwary Maid;
The pompous styles, that strike th' admiring throng,
Have glitter'd in the eye of beauty long:
You, Madam, first the female taste improve,
And give your fellow-charmers laws for love;
A pomp you covet, not to Heralds known,
And sigh for virtues equal to your own;
Part in a man immortal greatly claim;
And frown on titles, to ally with fame:
Not Edward's star, emboss'd with silver rays,
Can vie in glory with thy Consort's bays;
His country's pride does homage to thy charms,
And every merit crowds into thy arms.

While others gain light conquests by their eyes,
'Tis thine with wisdom to subdue the wise:
To their soft chains while courtly beaux submit,
'Tis thine to lead in triumph captive Wit:
Her sighing vassals let Clarinda boast,
Of lace and languishing cockades the toast;
In beauty's pride unenvy'd let her reign,
And share that wanton Empire with the vain:
For thee, the arts of Greece and Rome combine;
And all the glories, Cato gain'd, are thine;
Still Warwick in thy boasted rank of life,
But more illustrious than when Warwick's wife.

Come forth, reveal thyself, thou chosen bride,
And shew great Nassau's poet by thy side;
Thy bright example shall instruct the fair,
And future nymphs shall make renown their care;
Embroidery less shall charm the Virgin's eye,
And kind Coquets, for plumes, less frequent die:
Secure shall Beauty reign, the Muse its guard;
The Muse shall triumph, Beauty its reward.

* This lady died July 7, 1731.

THE GENIUS*; AN ODE;

Written on occasion of the DUKE of MARLBOROUGH'S Apoplexy, 1717.

I.

AWFUL Hero, Marlborough, rise:
Sleepy charms I come to break:
Hither turn thy languid eyes:
Lo! thy Genius calls; awake!

II. Well

* The following correspondence between Mr. Hughes and Earl Cowper was occasioned by this Ode: 1. "Having just met with the inclosed verses, which have been but lately dispersed, I think them so very good, that I could not deny myself the pleasure of sending them to your Lordship, who perhaps may not yet have seen them. I am informed they were written by Mr. Welfsted, a gentleman I have heard mentioned by Sir Richard Steele, as a promising genius; and who has written some few short poems before, but is little known."—2. "I give you many thanks for yours, with the excellent verses of an uncommon kind. It puzzled us here in the country to reconcile the 3d stanza, which prepares for a particular enumeration of the Duke's actions, with the 4th, which mentions only two, and no more are enumerated after. But, I take it, the Genius is supposed, after mentioning 'Blenheim,' to see in the plan 'the bloodless wreath;' and, thinking that now most fit for the Duke to dwell upon, alters his design of pointing to his deeds one by one, and proceeds immediately to give him the exhortation which follows. There is one Mr. Welfsted †, Reader of the Charter-house, who is said to have wit in conversation: I cannot tell whether he, or another, be the Welfsted you mention as the author."—3. "With the greatest satisfaction I return your Lordship my most humble acknowledgements for the honour of your letter, and am extremely glad the verses I sent were so acceptable. This has given me occasion to enquire after what I could farther meet with from the same hand, and thought now to have sent your

† The Rev. Ralph Welfsted, B. D. was chosen Reader of the Charter-house in 1707; and died (being then one of the senior fellows of Trinity College, Cambridge) Jan. 4, 1725-6.

II.

Well survey this faithful plan,
Which records thy life's great story;
'Tis a short, but crowded span,
Full of triumphs, full of glory*.

III.

One by one thy deeds review;
Sieges, battles thick appear;
Former wonders, lost in new,
Greatly fill each pompous year.

IV.

This is Blenheim's crimson field,
Wet with gore, with slaughter stain'd!
Here retiring squadrons yield,
And a bloodless wreath is gain'd!

Lordship the Author's first-fruits. I find he mentions an 'Ode to the King,' which I am sorry I cannot yet procure. The person your Lordship has heard of, though a man of 'wit in conversation,' will not be suspected, among those who know him, for panegyrics of this kind; his sentiments and principles being of a different turn. What I have heard of this gentleman is, that he is a young man whom Sir Richard Steele some time ago professed to patronise and encourage, and used to recommend among his acquaintance. I find the 'verses on the Duke of Marlborough' are hitherto very little dispersed; and I wish the Author were acquainted with your Lordship's very just remark on the 3d and 4th stanzas. Perhaps placing the 3d stanza after the 4th might obviate the objection."—The Ode has since been frequently reprinted, and universally admired. It may be found, set to music, in the Musical Miscellany; it is preserved in Dodsley's Collection; and also in the "Letters of eminent Persons," published by Mr. Duncombe; who observes, "If Mr. Wellsted had written nothing else, or at least if he had not offended Mr. Pope by his 'Triumvirate,' he would scarcely have been pilloried in 'The Dunciad.'"

* The Duke of Marlborough was taken so ill, Nov. 10, 1716, that Sir Samuel Garth and two other physicians were sent for express from London. His Grace recovered by the end of the month, so much as to be able to come to town; but soon relapsed into a species of insensibility, in which he unfortunately continued till his death—

"From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow'd!"

V. Ponder

V.

Ponder in thy godlike mind
All the wonders thou hast wrought;
Tyrants, from their pride declin'd,
Be the subject of thy thought!

VI.

Rest thee here, while life may last:
The utmost bliss, to man allow'd,
Is to trace his actions past,
And to own them great and good.

VII.

But 'tis gone—O mortal born!
Swift the fading scenes remove—
Let them pass with noble scorn:
Thine are worlds, which roll above.

VIII.

Poets, Prophets, Heroes, Kings,
Pleas'd, thy ripe approach foresee;
Men, who acted wondrous things,
Though they yield in fame to thee.

IX.

Foremost in the Patriot-band,
Shining with distinguish'd day,
See thy friend Godolphin* stand!
See! he beckons thee away.

X.

Yonder seats and fields of light
Let thy ravish'd thought explore:
Wishing, panting for thy flight!
Half an Angel; man no more.

* Sidney Earl of Godolphin died, at his friend the Duke of Marlborough's house at St. Albans, Sept. 15, 1712.

PALÆMON to CÆLIA, at BATH;
or the TRIUMVIRATE; 1717.

CÆLIA, you rule with such despotic sway,
Though your commands displease us, we obey:
Inclin'd to praise, averse to censure still,
The task, you give me, suits my genius ill:
To paint the Town, requires a fullen Muse;
'Tis the worst-natur'd subject Verse can chuse:
Whatever rises in the mingled scene,
Or makes our virtue blush, or stirs our spleen:
To prosperous counterfeits all arts submit;
And now th' infectious ill has reach'd to Wit:
Wit was ordain'd to recreate the heart,
With sprightly strokes of Nature and of Art;
The charming talent for delight was born;
But now our pleasure is become our scorn;
To lawless licence Fame now owes its rise,
And Dulness brightens when 'tis dress'd in vice.
Of Nature's gifts no excellence we find,
But is resembled in a spurious kind;
Whate'er is shining, has some copy still,
Which imitates the genuine picture ill.
So awkward Mucius, with impure desires,
To elegant Petronio's fame aspires;
So Learning is in S——n and Salter* seen,
And Cloe's amble mocks Clarissa's mien.
One truth I would conceal from Love and Thee,
Ev'n Beauty from imposture is not free:
Our shining Picts † with borrow'd lustre reign,
And o'er our hearts felonious conquests gain:
They buy the artful beauties which they wear,
And every Nymph, that is not poor, is fair:

* Father to the late learned Master of the Charter-house.

† See Will Honeycomb's adventure with a Pict, Spectator, N^o XLI; and see Guardian, N^o CXL.

To blend with skill the blushing red, is known,
 And glaze the neck with lilies not its own,
 To teach the coral on the lip to stand,
 And polish with eburnean white the hand:
 The swains, whose souls in dying murmurs waste,
 See not, they pine for wash, and sigh for paste:
 Each the complection, that she loves, can frame,
 And is at will another or the same:

Her whom the evening saw a gay brunette,
 The morning oft admires in lovely jett;
 The same that sleeps with eye-brows of japan,
 To-morrow shines more snowy than the swan;
 She on whose cheek too high the colour glows,
 Mingles the softer olive with the rose;
 Her lover views, with doubts perplexing tost,
 Another face, and mourns his mistress lost. [care,

When you, lov'd Nymph, came forth the public
 And grac'd the bright assemblies of the fair;
 An upright Censor* sway'd the realms of Wit,
 And Virtue gain'd a friend whene'er he writ;
 In such engaging lights the Goddess rose,
 She drew applauses from her wondering foes:
 Now in the myrtle garden thistles grow,
 And streams impure from vicious fountains flow:
 The province of delight two Bards invade,
 With mock astrology and emp'ric aid:
 No satyr starts, no humour, or intrigue,
 But still we owe it to this triple league:
 O listen, while the Muse their triumphs sings;
 Nor vulgar toils we write, nor common things.

Near Dunstan's† rising pile, where crowds repair,
 The young for assignations, th' old for prayer;
 Where two grim giants strike the vocal blow,
 While damsels sell their toys and love below;
 A noted Bibliopole great cares sustains,
 Fam'd for his sufferings, envy'd for his gains,

* His friend Steele, in the Tatler, Spectator, &c.

† The church of St. Dunstan in the West, Fleet-street.

38 PALÆMON TO CÆLIA.

Who venal Learning courts with low rewards,
 And hires with promis'd pence ill-fated Bards,
 A Mercury in ingenious frauds expert,
 Renown'd for witty wiles and stealths of art:
 This harmless Artist fell a destin'd prey
 To the Triumvirs' unrelenting sway *;
 By secret stratagem they subtly wrought,
 And couch'd their satyr in a purging draught;
 The poisonous juice, with vellicating pains,
 Successful Wits! ferments in all his veins;
 He speaks his anguish in distorted looks:
 Ah! what avail his copies or his books!
 At length, the dwindled Hero rais'd his head:
 "O frolic Bard, severely blythe," he said,
 "What Patriot shall from pungent pains be free,
 "If such facetious drugs are known to thee?
 "Keen thy resentments are, and operate soon:
 "O say, is this a Protestant lampocn?
 "Now, Dennis, learn, learn from your foe to write;
 "Mix jalap with your satyr, and 'twill bite:
 "And you, my friends, when call'd to chearful
 "bowls,
 "By me take warning, and shun rhubarb-drolls:
 "I faint; no Art my sickening life can save:
 "The Quack prescrib'd the purge the Poet gave."
 Here, as he paus'd, he felt returning ease,
 And found the torture lessen by degrees;
 Then thus went on, his anguish to relieve:
 "Sarcastic Youth," said he, "I give thee leave
 "In artless low obscenities to shine:
 "The fertile realms of Drury shall be thine:
 "Design with deep contrivance plotless plays,
 "And teem with comets which no wonder raise;
 "Be still licentious, and still tease the age
 "With feeble malice, and with hectic rage:
 "To all thy pen shall threaten I submit;
 "But let not Cornakina aid thy wit.

* See the Account of the poisoning of Edmund Curll.

"Thy

" Thy friend, unrival'd, undisturb'd, by me,
 " Gleans an insipid fame, from envy free;
 " His verse, like countries nor polite nor rude,
 " Keeps the dull medium between bad and good;
 " As other works for energy and strength,
 " His are, like May-poles, famous for their length:
 " Canorous trifles let him still pursue;
 " Second to none but Arbuthnot or you:
 " But let him this unnatural war decline;
 " His trade was here an enemy to mine.
 " What spoils, what trophies, on that joyful day,
 " You and your spruce apprentice* shall display,
 " In which one Pirate by the treachery dies
 " Of two Twin-bards, assisted from the skies!"

At length the potion's influences stop;
 Restor'd at length to Learning and his Shop †,
 To just revenge the valiant Sufferer flies,
 Seeks the support of Protestant Allies,
 And to his aid victorious Ridpath ‡ draws,
 The famous Champion of the Whiggish cause:
 Fierce strife succeeds, and paper-wars are writ,
 With doubtful fortune, and with equal wit.

Oh, when wilt thou thy Lover's joys renew,
 And place thy beauties in the public view?
 All mourn thy absence with a thousand sighs,
 For all behold thee with Palæmon's eyes:
 Leave the digressing Muse a while to rove,
 And lose her subject in the thought of love.
 Through Latian plains, when, cautious of delay,
 The traveller pursues his pleasing way;
 If, wrought with skill, he sees a Venus rise,
 On the soft statue oft he turns his eyes;

* Gay, it is well known, had not long before been an apprentice to a Mercer.

† This idea has since been improved on by Mr. Garrick in his Prologue to "The Apprentice."

‡ George Ridpath, author of "The Flying Post;" of whom see the Supplement to Swift. He is immortalised in The Dunciad.

40 PALÆMON TO CÆLIA.

He finds his wishes with his cares at strife,
And grieves, the melting marble is not life.

Seldom I visit our declining Stage,
The scene of noise, and sunk to party rage,
Where, privileg'd by time, old Authors reign,
And new ones live three languid days with pain :
Sometimes my heart to social joys inclines,
When friendship calls, or conversation shines :
Late, with a chosen set, I pass'd the night ;
Gay were the hours, and conscious of delight :
As the wine flow'd, as mirth more freely ran,
On Wit, the common topic, I began ;
“ Who shines in prose, or who in polish'd rhimes ?
“ What bright productions rise in Brunswick's
“ times ? ”

When Fopling, in his known plain-dealing way,
“ Writings of every sort the times display,
“ Works by no power nor any Muse inspir'd,
“ Yet, by a fate unheard before, admir'd :
“ Stupidity may thrive in other arts,
“ And plodding Cits grow rich by want of parts ;
“ 'Tis natural, nor do we think it strange,
“ If Plumb succeeds at Garraway's or Change :
“ But Poets now, to flourish, Wit disclaim ;
“ And Dullness prospers in the Land of Fame.”
“ Some praise,” gay Wildair with a smile reply'd,
“ To Archness is allow'd, where Wit's deny'd ;
“ But late Aspirers want this little art,
“ The low Plebeian talent to be smart.
“ Spleen to poor quibbles through their satyr runs ;
“ O rage ! to persecute unhappy puns !
“ Burlesqu'd you see the tuneful Hebrew's strain,
“ And David is both Bard and Saint in vain *.”
“ The Stage,” said Bruce, “ yet feels a harder
“ fate ;

“ We see and mourn in vain its drooping state :

* This seems to allude to Mr. Pope's burlesque of the first Psalm.

“ E'er

PALÆMON TO CÆLIA. 41

"E'er since the town to Cato rung applause,
 "And Roman Virtue fav'd the British Laws;
 "No Hero wakes our pity, or our fears,
 "No soft distress dissolves the soul to tears."
 "The Comic Muse," here Wildair, "hides her
 "head;
 "The Comic Muse with Steele and Congreve fled:
 "Just strokes of humour Steele can best impart,
 "And picture human life with truest art:
 "They who have genius, our applauses shun;
 "They labour to obtain them, who have none."
 "'Tis plain," Sir Fopling cry'd, "'tis plainly so:
 "For me, I have not writ, of late, you know:
 "This province the Triumvirs only claim,
 "Crown'd, by *The Wife of Bath**, with thundering
 "fame;
 "To see their first essay, the House was full;
 "None fear'd a secret to make Chaucer dull:
 "This damn'd, absurder projects they disclose,
 "And raise preposterous mirth from human woes †:
 "From generous minds th' unhappy claim relief,
 "And Virtue fees a dignity in grief;
 "But they, with sport unknown to human breast,
 "Laugh in distresses, and in horrors jest."
 These censures founded harsh in Bruce's ear:
 "O fie, fie! Fopling, you are too severe."
 "He speaks blunt truths," says Wildair; "'tis
 "his use."
 "Nay, it's not worth contesting," answer'd Bruce;
 "Their last attempt ‡, I own, I least commend;
 "'Tis hard to please, though easy to offend."
 "That

* By Gay. This Comedy was first acted at Drury Lane, 1713, but met with very indifferent success. It was acted again at Lincoln's Inn Fields, after having been revised and altered by the author, in 1730; but was worse received than before, though the merit of the Beggar's Opera had raised Gay's reputation at that time to the most exalted height. See Biographia Dramatica, vol. ii. p. 404.

† Alluding to "The What d'ye call it," which first came out in 1715.

‡ Let us hear on this subject the judgement of impartial posterity. "This little piece, the joint produce of this triumvirate

"That Play," retorted Fopling, "was so lewd,
 "Ev'n Bullies blush'd, and Beaux astonish'd stood;
 "But gentle Widows with soft Maids prevail,
 "And kindly save the Alligator's* tail:
 "Ill-fated, in a barren age, we stand;
 "And Poetry no more shall bless the land."
 "Soft," cry'd Sir Harry; "Poets we can name,
 "In other kinds, the glorious Heirs of Fame:
 "The Wit he praises, happier Garth improves,
 "And is himself the Ovid whom he loves:
 "When Philips† through the tuneful groves
 "complains,
 "Arcadian softness melts in English strains:
 "Like Titian's finish'd work is Tickell's song,
 "The colouring beauteous, and the figures strong:

umvirate of first-rate wits," says the author of the *Biographia Dramatica*, "was very deservedly damned. The consequence of which was, the giving Mr. Pope so great a disgust to the stage, that he never attempted any thing in the dramatic way afterwards; and, indeed, he seems, through the course of his satirical writings, to have shewn a more peculiar degree of spleen against those authors who happened to meet with success in this walk, in which he had to conspicuously failed. Yet it is far from improbable, that had he thought it worth his while singly to have taken the pains of writing a dramatic piece, he might have succeeded equally, if not superior to any of his contemporaries. Though this piece was printed under the name of Gay, his hand is not very discernible in any part of it. We may however observe, that the character of Sir Tremendous, being apparently designed for Dennis, was in all probability introduced by Pope. Fossile, who was meant as the representative of Dr. Woodward, might likewise have been the production of Arbuthnot, who, through the knowledge incident to his profession, was enabled to furnish a sufficient train of physical terms and observations. Phœbe Clinket also should seem to have been intended as a ridicule on one of the females whose petulant attacks had irritated the little bard of Twickenham. Cibber informs us, that his own quarrel with him was occasioned by a joke thrown into the Rehearsal, at the expence of this unsuccessful performance." *Biog. Dramat.* vol. II. p. 370. Art. **THREE HOURS AFTER MARRIAGE.**

* One of the disguises of a gallant in the "Three Hours after Marriage."

† Ambrose Philips.

"Ev'n

PALÆMON TO CÆLIA. 43

“ Ev’n Pope (I speak the judgement of his foes)
 “ The sweets of rhyme and easy measures knows.”
 “ This,” answered Fopling, “ is a vulgar art,
 “ Which never wakes the soul, or warms the heart :
 “ He wants the spirit, and informing flame,
 “ Which breathes divine, and gives a Poet’s name :
 “ His verse the mind to indolence may sooth ;
 “ The strain is even, and the numbers smooth ;
 “ But ’tis all level plain ; no mountains rise,
 “ No startling line, that’s pregnant with surprize.”

Here some incline to praise what others blame ;
 So hard it is to fix Poetic Fame :

Bacchus no more the circling healths renews ;
 When, to divert our thoughts from critic views,
 A flask I rear’d, whose fluice began to fail,
 And told from Phædrus this facetious Tale.

“ Sabina, very old, and very dry,
 “ Chanc’d, on a time, an empty flask to spy :
 “ The flask but lately had been thrown aside,
 “ With the rich grape of Tuscan vineyards dy’d ;
 “ But lately, gushing from the slender spout,
 “ Its life, in purple streams, had issued out :
 “ The costly flavour still to sense remain’d,
 “ And still its sides the violet colour stain’d :
 “ A sight so sweet taught wrinkled age to smile ;
 “ Pleas’d she imbibes the generous fumes a while,
 “ Then, downward turn’d, the vessel gently props,
 “ And drains with patient care the lucid drops :
 “ O balmy spirit of Etruria’s vine,
 “ O fragrant flask, she said, too lately mine !
 “ If such delights, though empty, thou canst yield,
 “ What wondrous raptures didst thou give, when
 “ fill’d !”

This merry Fable, obvious to explain,
 Instructs the glass to flower and smile again ;
 Free from debates, unmingled joys we boast ;
 The theme was Love, and Beauty was the toast ;
 Each

44 PALÆMON TO CÆLIA

Each star appear'd with native lustre bright ;
But Cælia was the Venus of the night.

If numbers, and the power of verse I knew,
Now to the Palace I would guide thy view,
The pomp and grandeur of our Isle display,
And to thy thought each shining scene convey :
Here, round their Prince a valiant band are plac'd,
With wounds, and trophies torn from Rebels,
grac'd :

'There a bright train of smiling Beauties rise,
Who plead their Monarch's right with conquering
eyes ;

The smiles of Beauty legal power maintain,
And Liberty and Love together reign.

Still Walpole, not restor'd in vain to health,
Directs with frugal honour public wealth :
O Patriot, whom each Muse and Gift adorn !
With all the powers of great persuasion born !
Rais'd by the Muse, the Muse's cause defend ;
Renown'd for Arts, oh, be to Arts a friend :
Propitious on thy own Minerva shine,
And prove to Her a Patron, who was thine :
Adorn'd with wit refin'd ! possess'd of power !
Oh, let Imposture lift her brow no more :
Cherish'd by thee, the genuine bays shall spread,
And plant eternal honours round thy head :
'Tis thine to wake another Mantuan strain,
And raise a learned age in Brunswick's reign.

Zeal to the public, and the Patriot's praise,
To other themes have led my erring lays :
Excuse the rapture, gentle Maid ; nor blame
A loyal Muse, that pants for England's fame :
Two equal flames Palæmon's breast refine ;
One is his Country's, and the other thine.

A CON and LAVINIA.*
A LOVE-TALE.

First printed in the FREE-THINKER †, Feb. 27,
and March 2, 1718-19.

AMONG the Nymphs, who random conquests
boast,
Lavinia spreads the careless triumph most:

* "It is an inexpressible satisfaction to a candid temper, to be employed in revealing the latent merit of any man: and I am sorry that I have not frequent opportunities of indulging my heart in this pleasure. This makes me lay hold on the first occasion of this kind with impatience; especially since I hope to please all the lovers of poetry, at the same time that I gratify myself. From this motive, I take the liberty to mention Mr. Welsed for the author of the following poem; a young gentleman not yet greatly known by his writings, though he will not long remain without his share of reputation, since (as I am informed) he is now engaged in a translation of Tibullus. This Writer is full of tenderness; and Mr. Welsed's present performance shews him to be admirably qualified to chuse the sentiments of the Roman Poet to advantage in the English language. I must acquaint my readers, that this poem came to my hands without a title prefixed to it; therefore I shall recommend it under the general name of "A Love Tale." There appears in it the luxuriancy of a youthful imagination; a luxuriancy like that which is so remarkable in Ovid; and indeed the Ovidian manner of writing is manifest in almost every line; so that they, who do not read that poet in the original, will have the satisfaction of seeing here the turn of wit which made him the delight of Rome; and the men of letters will be pleased to see the familiar graces of Ovid revive in their own countryman." A. PHILIPS.

† A second member of the "Triumvirate" (see p. 39) having in the "Memoirs of Scriblerus" designedly misquoted a couplet from this Poem (see p. 52.); the reader shall here be gratified with all the variations made in it by Welsed, from the time of its first appearing in the Free-thinker, to his publication of it in the volume of his Poems in 1724.

Flush'd

46 ACON AND LAVINIA.

Flush'd with immortal bloom, where'er she moves,
All eyes adore, and each beholder loves*:
Free from concern she seems, while crowds admire;
And with unconscious beauty wakes desire:
Unrival'd in the heedless art to please,
Pain to all hearts she gives, her own at ease.

The crowd of females shine in gay brocades,
And half their charms are lost in lights and shades:
Hid in the rich embarrassments of art,
A Nymph is of herself the smallest part:
Lavinia nor with diamond stars is dress'd,
Nor rubies bleed in crosslets on her breast:
The Persian loom and glittering tissue scorn'd,
She boasts more envy'd graces, unadorn'd:
No aid from cost she needs; for Nature's care
With a free hand indulg'd her to be fair.

Her glossy tresses wear the golden hue,
The lustre which in sunny rays we view:
Her rosy cheek a genuine vermeil dyes,
And a bright blue the fluid in her eyes!
Behold her bosom, an expanded white,
Opening at large, the prospect of delight!
The finish'd figure, not retouch'd by art,
Imprints a lasting image on the heart.

This † matchless Nymph, ere Nature's genial fire
Warm'd her unripen'd bosom to desire,
By virgin legends to disdain betray'd,
Had vow'd to live, and vow'd to die a maid:
From man and Hymen's dreaded rites she flew,
A rebel to the joys she never knew;
Resolv'd her sex's fortune not to share,
And shun alike the folly and the care:
Fond of sequester'd scenes, from noise remov'd,
The shady wood and limpid stream she lov'd;
Oft seen a huntress in the shady wood,
And often bathing in the limpid flood:

* "All eyes attend her, and the Publick loves." Orig. Ed.

† "The matchless Nymph," &c. Orig. Ed.

Now,

Now, with the morn she chac'd the flying fawns
Through the green meadows, and the *shrubby
lawns;

Now, lost in thought, and pleas'd alone to stray,
Through silent shades she marks her pathless way:
But, while through Nature's works she joys to rove,
She never thinks of Nature's parent, Love.

The scene that bless'd Lavinia's leisure smil'd
With hills, and vales, and woods; a blooming wild!
She shunn'd the sultry ray in jasmine bowers;
She trod on carpets of sweet-smelling flowers;
Where'er she turns, luxuriant landscapes rise,
And still she breathes in aromatic skies;
For with the day spontaneous sweets are born,
And shed the fragrant freshness of the morn:
Echoes and rude cascades are heard around,
While, with soft murmurs, through th' enchanted
ground,

A winding rivulet shapes its silver flow,
And shews a shining bed of sands below:
Wide-branching trees are rang'd on either side;
The branching shadows tremble in the tide.

This chaste recess, this unfrequented shade,
By day for Nymphs, by night for Fairies made,
Lavinia's hours, devoid of care, employs,
And soothes her soul with fond romantic joys:
Oft in the silver stream herself she views,
And, often pleas'd, her likeness oft renews;
There grace in dress she learn'd, in motion ease;
And practis'd, though she knew not why, to please:
Now some poetic tale her mind relieves;
And now she bathes, and now the garlands weaves;
A thousand follies, to amuse, she tries;
A thousand different ways from Love she flies:
But all her thousand follies fruitless prove,
And all the arts she tries are snares of Love.

* "Lonely lawns," Orig. Ed.

48 ACON AND LAVINIA.

A youthful suitor, Acon was his name,
 Though hopeless to approve his faithful flame,
 Languish'd her beauties naked to explore,
 And still the more he saw, he languish'd more.
 Within a secret grot, clandestine laid,
 Oft, when she bath'd, he view'd the heavenly maid:
 His piercing eye ran quick o'er every part,
 And took in all Lavinia, but her heart:
 As painters master-works, he scans her o'er,
 And dwells on beauties unobserv'd before;
 And spies out graces, through her faultless frame,
 So cast in shades, so nice, they want a name.

Of all who strove Lavinia's heart to gain,
 She heard with least reluctance Acon's pain;
 Not proud to scorn, nor kind to ease his fate;
 Averse to love, but wanting power to hate:
 His growing virtues lavish to commend,
 She wish'd those virtues in a female friend;
 All she could give, she gave; and strove to show,
 She was not Acon's, but his passion's foe.

Once on a day, a most auspicious day!
 While in his grot the longing Lover lay,
 She came, her wonted hour, to bathe undrest;
 Misdeeming nought, she loos'd her flowing vest:
 Her vest by wanton winds was wav'd aside,
 And only fann'd the limbs it us'd to hide:
 The needless covering, now, apart she threw,
 And gave her spotless form entire to view:
 A blaze of charms, unveil'd, the Vestal shows,
 And beauties in a bright assemblage rose:
 A while her watery picture she survey'd,
 Pleas'd with the fair creation which she made; }
 Then, stepping in, defac'd the rival shade:
 Confiding to the stream, around her throng
 The liquid waves, and bear the Nymph along;
 Her pliant limbs the liquid waves divide,
 And shine, like polish'd marble, through the tide;

As lilies, clos'd in chrystal, court the sight

* With a new lustre, and a purer white.

And now her sportive exercise is o'er:

Cool from the stream, she seeks the flowery shore;

Stretch'd on the tender herb, with cowslips spread,

Her ivory arm supports her bending head;

† And now soft sleep her softer soul disarms,

And triumphs o'er her unmisgiving charms:

Half naked, cover'd half, supine she lay,

In sight of Acon, and the face of day.

How should th' impatient Youth an object bear,

Distracting sight! so opportunely fair!

Forth from the grot he springs, resolv'd to prove

The lucky hour, if such there be in love;

Resolv'd, howe'er, his certain fate to try;

To live belov'd, or by her scorn to die.

Her nearer beauties give him new surprize:

He views her all at large, except her eyes;

Her eyes alone the power of sleep withdrew;

He view'd her lips, but could not only view;

He gently stoop'd, and, fearful of the bliss,

Ravish'd with doubtful joy a hasty kiss:

The Virgin started, and back sprung the Swain,

With fear half-dying, but his fear was vain;

For 'twas not the kind kiss, that made her start;

'Twas not the kiss, that trembled from her heart.

The slighted God of Love, who long address'd

His shafts in vain against Lavinia's breast,

‡ Had sent a dream, her fancy to dismay,

While fetter'd in the chain of sleep she lay:

Before her stands the image of a rape,

And shews the ravisher in Acon's shape;

* "With purer lustre, and redoubled white." Orig. Ed.

† "And now a gentle slumber softly sway'd
Her gentler thoughts, and triumphs o'er the Maid."

Orig. Ed.

‡ "Had sent a panic vision, to alarm

Her soul, fast fetter'd in the sleepy charm." Orig. Ed.

The strong delusion paints th' enamour'd Boy,
 Eager to seize, and rushing to his joy :
 She shudders at the crime, and fain would fly ;
 Her feet seem fasten'd, and the flight deny :
 Now, his fierce grasp she struggles to elude,
 Now, breathless lies, and seems to Love subdued :
 The phantom with such energy deceiv'd,
 Her colour vary'd, and her bosom heav'd,
 And broken sighs and troubled murmurs rose ;
 No dubious tokens of her fancy'd woes.

Acon perceiv'd the tumult of her mind,
 And what the dream suggested, half divin'd :
 What could he do to strengthen the deceit,
 And to her waking heart her fears repeat ?
 Led by his happy guess, and from despair
 Grown cunning to contrive, and apt to dare ;
 * His vestments loose he threw, and aim'd to seem
 Some lustful God, fresh-rising from the stream :
 Panting and new from flushing joys he show'd,
 And with dissembled heat his features glow'd :
 Th' event may happy or unhappy prove,
 Precipitate her hate, or speed his love :
 Then boldly let him give his fancy scope ;
 He needs not fear, who is depriv'd of hope.

Now from the Virgin's eyes the slumber fell,
 And Love aveng'd dissolves the drowsy spell :
 Her Lover seen, she sickens at the sight,
 And her pale cheeks confess a wild affright :
 She shuns his look, her eyes in doubtful tears ;
 Her eyes see only to confirm her fears ;
 Her posture, and her dress, the place, the youth,
 Assist the fraud, and give it force like truth :
 Sunk in confusion, and oppress'd with shame,
 She now no longer doubts her injur'd fame :

* " He seems some Power fresh rising from the flood,
 And his pure limbs outshine the watery God.
 Panting and fresh," &c. Orig. Ed.

On rage at first her frantic thoughts are bent ;
 But soon, alas ! her idle rage is spent :
 She pines, she droops, desponding of relief,
 And all her passions soften into grief :
 Speechless, awhile, with downcast looks she lies,
 The silent anguish streaming from her eyes :
 At length her head th' afflicted Nymph uprears,
 And adds these moving accents to her tears :

“ If wrongs are doom'd, for crimes unknown,
 to me ;

Yet how do I deserve those wrongs from thee ?

Go, base pretender to a Lover's name ;

False to thy vows, and traitor to thy flame !

Inhuman Youth, my ravish'd fame restore :

But ravish'd fame, alas ! returns no more.

Ye Heavens, * if Innocence deserves your care,

Why have you made it fatal to be fair ?

Base man the ruin of our sex is born :

The beauteous are his prey, the rest his scorn :

Alike unfortunate, our fate is such,

We please too little, or we please too much.”

The Cyprian Queen, who gives in Love success,

And guides the lucky seasons of address,

Beheld with pitying eyes Lavinia's grief,

And by a power divine apply'd relief :

In that blest'd hour she taught her favourite swain }

The frightful vision kindly to explain,

And gave him skill to plead a Lover's pain. }

The long-perplex'd delusion first he clear'd,

And freed her mind from half the ills she fear'd ;

Then spoke his passion with such tender art,

The melting inspiration touch'd her heart ;

† The thoughts that did, before, her terror move,

Are reasons now to sway her soul to Love.

* “ ——— if Innocence can be your care.” Orig. Ed.

† “ The fears that did, before, her terror move,

“ Are now become endearments all to Love.” Orig. Ed.

52 ACON AND LAVINIA.

Now, Acon, the coy Nymph is wholly thine :
Nor will her fame permit her to decline
His suit, who saw her, with familiar eyes,
Asleep, and only cover'd with the skies * :
† The happy Youth saw, through her guiltless
flame,

The first-born blushes of an infant flame ;
The sweet confusion of her face he view'd,
Her gentle looks, and soft solicitude :
With welcome force he met her yielding charms,
And press'd the faint Resister in his arms.

The vanquish'd Maid soon rose a sparkling Wife ;
Rose to new joys, and unexperienc'd life :
Brib'd with the pleasures of her faultless love,
She quits the limpid stream and shady grove,
On the wild taste of virgin bliss refines,
And in the bright assembly brightest shines.

* In the eleventh chapter of "The Art of sinking in Poetry," the above couplet is thus purposely misquoted, as an example of the *Paranomasia*, or Pun:

" ————— Behold the virgin lye

" Naked, and only cover'd by the sky.

" To which," says Sciblerus, " thou may'st add,

" To see her beauties no man needs to stoop,

" She has the whole horizon for her hoop."

Let the candid reader judge of the fidelity of this quotation! The couplet, as it really stands in Welfsted, both in the original Free-thinker, and in the re-published volume, 1724, is, literally as printed above.

† "The happy Youth observ'd her guiltless shame,
"Her rising bushes, and her kindling flame." Orig. Ed.

THYRSIS AND DAPHNE,
A TALE;

IN IMITATION OF CATULLUS.

THYRSIS, the darling of the Fair,
And Daphne, every shepherd's care,
To mutual joys did Love ordain;
And either wore the other's chain:
Their breasts with pleasing tumults tost,
All thoughts in thoughts of Love they lost,
Each hour grew fonder than before,
And every moment doated more:
In groves whose verdures banish day,
In grotts where trembling echoes play,
In arbrets green with frequent shade,
Beneath the spreading mulberry laid,
Or on brook-margins, strew'd with flowers,
They joy'd to pass the silent hours;
The silent hours, the brooks, the groves,
Recorded their unalter'd loves.

There is an hour, by Fate assign'd,
When Nature works on Beauty's mind;
A season, lucky to persuade;
A moment, when the chastest maid,
That feels of Love the melting pains,
Yields to the laws by which he reigns:
Nor watchful guards, nor bars of steel,
Nor cloysters rais'd by Papal zeal,
Can ward the charming Virgin's doom,
When once her hour of bliss is come:
Such was this charming Virgin's fate,
And every Nymph finds soon or late.
From Thyrsis' eye in vain she strove
To hide the longings of her love;

54 THYRSIS AND DAPHNE.

He saw her passion in her face,
And strain'd her in a strict embrace.

Behold him clasp'd in Daphne's arms,
The lovely spoiler of her charms!
Abandon'd to his fierce desire
He lies, and trembles to expire:
When, "Oh!" cried she, "my better part!
"Kind inmate of my faithful heart!
"O give not yet desire its sway;
"Soul of my eyes! my Thyrsis, stay!
"Entranc'd together let us lie;
"Together, Thyrsis, let us die!"

With sweet surprize the Shepherd heard
Prayers in such soft distress preferr'd:
And, though Love gives but short delays,
And, travers'd, from his channel strays,
Yet, with those melting whispers press'd,
That shudder'd to his inmost breast,
He strove obedient to refrain,
And check'd the pressing joy with pain.

What pictures now his mind employ,
In this delightful pause of joy!
What thoughts the soul of Thyrsis rais'd!
A moment on her eyes he gaz'd,
A moment sooth'd her kind complaint,
And languish'd in the still restraint;
At length, indulgent nature sway'd
To equal warmth the tender Maid.

"Ah! now, my blooming Boy!" she cries,
"Ah! now, my life! thy Daphne dies."

"And I the keen impulse obey,"
Reply'd the Youth, and died away.

Thus the fond pair resign'd their breath,
And died a transient amorous death;
Returning life they counted pain,
And wish'd and sigh'd to die again.

To ZELINDA, in Imitation of
TIBULLUS, Book III. Eleg. III.

MY labouring breast is swol'n with ceaseless sighs;

With vows and prayers I importune the skies:
In vain my breast its sighing anguish bears;
In vain the skies I importune with prayers:
Still angry Fates with-hold thy wish'd-for charms,
Nor give Zelinda to Amintor's arms.

I wish not, under stately roofs, to sleep
On purple beds; nor mighty crops to reap,
High-waving grain, through endless acres sown;
Lord of the harvest, and the year my own!
I covet not th' increase the pasture yields;
The flocks and herds that graze a thousand fields!
My whole desire, if so the Powers decree,
Is, still to love, and to be lov'd by thee;
Long ages on thy panting breast to lie,
And in thy kind embrace, when old, to die.

What would avail me through saloons to go,
All glorious with the paint of Angelo?
Or what, historic figures to behold,
On the rich arras wrought, or weav'd in gold?
Of what avail were types on plate emboss'd,
Or sumptuous floors inlaid with regal cost;
Gay watery forms, from magic founts that rise,
The conic greens, and vary'd flowery dies?
Th' ill-judging crowd admire those empty toys:
The arguments for envy and for noise!
Not all the treasures Indian regions bear,
Can soothe inquietude, or banish care.

All human things submit to Fortune's will,
And change by giddy laws from good to ill:

With thee, Zelinda, may it be my fate,
 Of life and love to know an equal date !
 With thee, an humble cottage-life will please,
 Above the pride of royal palaces : [rove,
 May they, in search of wealth, through dangers
 Who feel not beauty, nor have hearts to love !
 To others wealth, ye sacred Powers, assign;
 To others crowns; but make Zelinda mine.

Oh, how divinely bright the day will rise,
 That shall restore thee to my ravish'd eyes !
 Oh, long-expected, rise; fair dawn, appear;
 The most auspicious of the Julian year ! [groves,
 And thou, bright Goddess! Queen of Paphian
 Drawn in thy glittering shell by milk-white doves,
 If not a fabled Goddess, oh! impart
 The wish'd-for aid, and ease thy votary's heart.

But, if inexorable Fates ordain,
 I still shall languish with desponding pain;
 To realms of rest and silence let me go,
 Where Lovers in oblivion lose their woe !

T H E F A U L T L E S S F A I R.

OF all her works, to polish Woman, most
 Does Nature strive, of all her works the boast !
 Yet, while she moulds the tender clay with art,
 And fashions it for empire o'er the heart;
 Short of perfection still she leaves her plan,
 In pity to the slave of Beauty, Man !
 Bestowing charms, she kindly casts allays,
 And what we censure blends with what we praise;
 Her gifts unmix'd but rarely do we trace;
 We spy a blemish, while we prize a grace.

THE FAULTLESS FAIR. 57

Aurelia's face assembled crowds adore ;
 Her shape survey'd, th' enchantment reigns no more :
 From Fulvia's eye none e'er confess'd a fire,
 Or on her bosom long'd not to expire :
 To Love might Chloe melt a flinted breast,
 If Chloe with Myrtilla's wit were blest :
 Myrtilla to despair might monarchs doom,
 Had but Myrtilla youthful Chloe's bloom :
 When pensive, Cynthia's charms all hearts obey ;
 But in her smiles the Goddess fades away :
 If Cynthia smile, all hearts are free from pain ;
 But let her languish, and they pant again.

Thus graces with defects together spring,
 And the same hour does chains and freedom bring :
 Thou only claim'st, my Love, sincere applause,
 Exempted from Creation's common laws ;
 To thee, Zelinda, Nature, over-kind,
 Gave all her gifts of feature and of mind ;
 Thee she did finish with an Artist's care,
 Without a rival, and a **FAULTLESS FAIR!**
 Thy envy'd form does every charm disclose,
 And in that nursery every beauty grows.

So the fam'd Tree, that springs in Java's groves,
 Bends with its freight of Nutmeg, Mace, and
 Cloves ;

One costly sap the precious load supplies,
 And from one stem the mingled odours rise ;
 Beneath its shade, indulg'd, the natives lie,
 And in a scene so soft desire to die.

THE

THE PORTRAITURE.

WHEN Titian did in lights and shades disclose
The Nymph he languish'd for, a Venus
rose:

He touch'd her beauties, and surpass'd his art;
Beauties which Love had painted on his heart:
Carnation-freshness on her cheek he shed,
And temper'd, as it grew, the kindling red:
Through its fine progress all her shape he trac'd,
Deduc'd in soft proportion to her waist:
With whitest blossoms did her bosom vie:
Her bosom panted to the cheated eye!
The finish'd form, the lovely painted Maid,
To every land the Painter's fame convey'd;
All eyes beheld her beauty with despair,
And pin'd in secret for a fancy'd Fair.

If Poesy on Picture may refine:
Or could I call that Roman's genius mine!
Since one my fate in love, and like my flame,
My art ally'd to his, or near the same:
Thy fame, Zelinda, should unrival'd be,
And Titian's Mistress yield the prize to Thee:
Unfaded should'st thou wear thy youthful prime;
And count, my Love, among thy conquests, Time:
Thy eye's lost lustre should no day upbraid,
Or see thy temples want their golden shade:
Thy smooth soft neck despoil'd no year should show,
Nor age pollute its everlasting snow.

What lies within the compass of my art,
All that I can, my Charmer, I impart;
Oft strive thy beauties to reveal to sight,
And shew thee in the Muse's shade and light:
Now to thy cheek its blushing stain I give,
And bid the undissembled roses live;

Now

Now imitate thy hand, or veiny wrist;
 Now thy white neck reclining to be kiss'd;
 Now one, and then by turns another charm;
 Thy lip soft-swelling, or thy ivory arm:
 At leisure, then the Portrait I review,
 And with the copy'd Nymph compare the true:
 Oh, with what languor is the work sustain'd!
 How does the genuine Maid surpass the feign'd!
 How short an abstract is the painted Fair!
 How little of th' original is there!

 Oft as thou sitt'st, sweet-smiling in my eye;
 A thousand charms, unsound before, I spy:
 A thousand soft results of air and mien,
 That 'scap'd the curious sight till now, are seen;
 A thousand more lie hid, and wait alone
 The seasons and inducements to be shewn:
 No hour, but whence its birth some beauty dates,
 And scarce a gesture but a grace creates;
 Not any passion but restores to view
 The dormant beauties, or produces new;
 No grief, but every feature does alarm;
 No joy, but varies or exalts a charm:
 Each added charm into the piece I cast;
 Yet ne'er can call the charm, I add, the last:
 In vain a single picture strives to trace,
 Through every attitude, thy matchless face;
 Nor one, but many plans it would require,
 To paint thee all, and give the Nymph entire.

 Thus do I start, and thus pursue my game,
 Solicitous to raise thy Beauty's fame:
 Nor shall thy Beauty's fame, if I presage
 Aright, not last beyond the present age;
 Nor shall thy bloom, a fading essence, die,
 But charm posterity's admiring eye:
 Zelinda was not destin'd to decay,
 Or but to reign the Goddess of a day,
 Like vulgar Virgins, of an humbler lot,
 Prais'd in one age, and in the next forgot!

The

The PICTURE of a fine APRIL Morning*.

First printed in the FREE-THINKER, April 17, 1719.

THE snows are melted, and the frosts are past;
 No longer do we dread the wintery blast:
 What garland shall Amintor now design?
 What wreath, Zelinda, round thy temple twine?
 For wreaths of every kind the season yields:
 And garlands rest in plenty through the fields.

The dawning year revives the poet's fire;
 Soft strains of Love returning suns inspire:
 In every wood, behold, in every glade,
 Th'unfully'd verdure, and the growing shade!
 All nature, like a bride, emerges bright;
 And her lap teems, luxuriant with delight.

O'er tepid plains the tempering Zephyrs pass,
 Call forth the bursting leaves, and spring the grass:
 Afresh the painted Pansy rears its head;
 The whiten'd meadow starry Daisies spread:
 The birds sweet-warble from the sappy boughs;
 And swains in tuneful sighs renew their vows.

Inspire, oh blooming Maid, my artless lay,
 While I recall our first auspicious day;
 The dawn! my fair, when early I address'd
 My tender suit, and sigh'd upon thy breast!

* "Mr. Wellsted, who lately gave me an opportunity to entertain the town with an excellent poem, has this week been pleased to oblige me with another specimen of his abilities, not inferior (I may say) to his first performance. It is a species of *Spring-Poetry*, very suitable to this month. Every one who peruses it will be apt to take it in the particular view in which it delighted me when I determined to call it 'The Picture of a fine April Morning;' which no painter can express in such lively images, through all its changes. The strokes in it are very masterly, and the whole design is new." A. PHILIPS.

Zelinda

Zelinda blush'd; a blush the morning wore :
 Zelinda smil'd; nor was it day before.
 The sun a radiant lustre holds awhile;
 The image of Zelinda's gleamy smile :
 A feeble shine does on the water play,
 And disappear by turns; a fickle ray.
 Zelinda wept; when soon the changing skies
 Grow black with gathering clouds, that westward
 rise;

Thin scatter'd now the drops, like gems, descend :
 Now with the frequent shower the lilies bend :
 How calm the air! a pleasing stillness reigns;
 And the moist verdure brightens through the plains!
 Soft-sinking falls the silver rain: when, lo!
 Athwart th' horizon stretch'd, the watery bow
 Swells its proud arch, with braided colours gay,
 * That interchange their dyes, and swift decay.
 The clouds disperse: the sun pursues on high
 His vaulted course, and glows along the sky :
 The linnets in the dewy bushes sing;
 And every field is redolent of spring.

Such was the morn, Zelinda; may it prove
 A happy emblem of Amintor's love!
 Begun by smiling hopes, but soon o'ercast!
 Our jealous fears, like clouds, dispers'd at last.
 Pensive I hung my head, like drooping flowers;
 And tears my bosom dew'd, like gentle showers:
 But soon with settled joys my soul is blest;
 Thy face, my Heaven, in lasting smiles is dress'd.
 Let fond distrust no more past pains renew:
 While thou art kind, Amintor will be true.

* "That shift their dyes, and shifting swift decay."
 Orig. Ed.

T O Z E L I N D A.

CE A S E, Zelinda, to complain :
Eafe thy breast of every pain.

Sooner shall the mother find
Hatred vex her tender mind,
When she views her first-born child,
Than Amintor, once beguil'd,
Fly from thine to Cælia's arms,
Or delight in vulgar charms.

Call to mind the furtive hour,
And the Love-sequester'd bower,
Arch'd with fragrant orange-boughs !
Call to mind our plighted vows !
All the Spring, the joys of May,
Smil'd on that auspicious day :
Winds the branches gently sway'd ;
And the sun-beams, through the shade,
Glanc'd in gleams of golden light :
Rob'd wert thou in virgin white :
Rosy shame thy cheeks o'er-spread,
And thy olive flush'd with red ;
Blushes only, wak'd by Love,
Could thy olive bloom improve.

On thy lips, with moisture strow'd,
Oh, my life ! carnations blow'd :
Swelling, melting, breathing sweet ;
Oh, those lips I long to meet !
To my darling bliss I sprung ;
On thy ruddy lips I hung :
O'er thy spreading chest I stray'd ;
In thy joyous bosom play'd :
From thy neck, where lilies rise,
Often pass'd, to kiss thy eyes :

From

From thy eyes again I go
To thy neck, where lilies grow.
Beauty still for beauty chang'd,
Over all thy charms I rang'd :
Nor thy forehead, pearly white,
Nor the bow, that shades thy sight,
Nor thy veiny marble wrift,
Nor thy hand remain'd unkiss'd.

O, my fair, my doating heart
From thy image cannot part :
Think thy jealous Love to blame ;
Absence but revives my flame ;
Unimprov'd no moment fleets ;
Still thy form my fancy meets ;
All I do, and all I say,
Shews my faith, and proves thy sway.

If my eye does, curious, pass
O'er immortal paint, or brass ;
Some resembling grace I find,
Which presents thee to my mind.
If I read in his sweet strain,
Whom the Muse furnam'd " The Swain,"
How the Nymph, of birth divine,
Did in lonely forests shine ;
Ravish'd, still I think on thee,
And thy bloom in Thulé see.
Fond remembrance still, anew,
Brings the blissful bower to view ;
Where unenvy'd, where unseen,
I, methinks, possess my Queen.

THE INVITATION.

First printed in the FREE-THINKER, June 29, 1719.

OF all the amusements and pleasures of life, Conversation has always been esteemed not only the most rational, but likewise the most agreeable method of unbending the mind. It is an entertainment, which suits every age, and every condition; and we still recur to it with fresh delight. We grow tired of the frequent repetition of Balls, of Plays, or of Operas; which are studied, artificial refreshments: whereas Conversation is the natural repast of the mind; and most men have an appetite to it once in the day at least. The person, likewise, who secludes himself from company, will as naturally impair the vigour of his understanding, as he would diminish the strength of his body by too abstemious a course of diet. There is a time for all things; and Conversation has its proper season. In the morning, it dissipates the spirits, unsettles the head for any serious application, and intoxicates like wine: in the evening, it softens every preceding care, relieves every fatigue, and descends, like a refreshing dew, upon the thought, parched with the business of the day. Happy therefore is the man, who, when he has employed the day in laudable pursuits, has a chosen band of Friends to converse with in the evening: his sleep is sweet to him; and his labour not irksome. On the other hand, his condition is to be pitied, who is the perpetual slave of business or of idleness; since either course of life is equally unnatural, and consequently inconsistent with human happiness in a well-constituted mind. It is fit this Evening Conversation, which, within due bounds, I recommend to all my disciples, who are men of application whether to business or studies, should be invigorated with a moderate repast, and a cheerful bottle; that the whole man may be refreshed. In the mean time, I forbid the superfluities of meats and wines to all but Ministers of State, who employ them with great efficacy
in

THE INVITATION. 69

in the dispatch of business, and impair their constitutions for the service of the publick. Men of refined spirits know the luxury of a simple banquet; and make the variety of the table consist in shifting the discourse, so as to give the judgement and the imagination their play by turns. In this respect, the elegance of Conversation is enjoyed in greater perfection in this nation by the middling gentry of a liberal education, than by persons in great stations and of ample fortunes: their rank and power checks the ease and freedom of discourse, both in themselves and others. All inequality breeds constraint; and it is the misfortune of the great to have many guests, and no companions. Besides, all meetings over sumptuous tables are apt to degenerate into meer eating-matches; and by that time the guests have exercised the several dishes through, the man of the strongest digestion will generally be able to speak most like a man of wit and sense. In all ages, the pleasure of conversing chearfully and freely has been the evening recreation of the most accomplished men; of which the Greek and Roman writers furnish us with several examples in persons of extraordinary genius, Philosophers as well as Poets. And it is requisite that every man, who employs his thought much in the day, should sacrifice a few hours to chearfulness at night.

I have an opportunity of closing these reflections, very much to my satisfaction, with a kind present sent me by Mr. Wellsted. It is an elegant invitation, in verse, to a few friends, to celebrate the King's birth-day* with him, in Imitation of an Epistle in Horace, "*Si potes Archaicis,*" &c. This has indeed been attempted in English before†; but with such indifferent success, as shews it to be one of those seemingly easy pieces of writing, which all hope to imitate; and which none but an excellent master can express.

A. PHILIPS.

* King George the First's birth-day was May 28.

† By Swift in particular, in "*Toland's Invitation to Dismal.*" See the Dean's Works, vol. XVI. p. 357.

FREEMAN, I treat *to-night; and treat
your Friends:

If, happily, from care your thought unbends;

If Lucy rules not with her jealous sway;

† I shall expect you at the close of day,

I give you ‡ the rough wholesome grape, that
grows

In Tuscan vales, or where the Tagus flows;

Or, if the Gallic vine delight you more,

Of Hermitage § I boast a slender store.

This is my wealth: If you have better wine,

Make me your Guest; if not, I claim you mine.

Already is my little side-board grac'd;

The glasses marshal'd; the decanters plac'd:

The room is cool; the summer hearth is gay

With greens and flowers, th' || exuberance of the
May.

** Indulge the bliss this chearful season brings;

Omit minuter hopes, and joyless things;

Let fame and riches wait: this happy morn,

With Brunswick, Peace and Liberty were born!

'Tis fit, my Friend, we consecrate to mirth

The day which gave th' illustrious Monarch birth:

When the sun sets, we'll †† break into delight,

And give to gay festivity the night.

Of what avail is fortune unenjoy'd?

Or what is life, in anxious hours employ'd?

* "This night." Orig. Ed.

† "Let me bespeak you at the close of day." Orig. Ed.

‡ "the sound, manly grape." Orig. Ed.

§ "I have a hidden store." Orig. Ed.

|| "The luxuries of May." Orig. Ed.

** "Snatch the bright moments this bright season bring." Orig. Ed.

†† "Launch." Orig. Ed.

Let

THE INVITATION. 67

Let the dull miser pine with niggard care,
And brood o'er gold devoted to his heir :
While we in honest mirth send time away,
Regardless what severer Sages say.
In chearful minds *unbidden joys arise,
And well-tim'd levities become the wise.

What virtue does not generous Wine impart ?
It gives a winning frankness to the heart ;
With †sprightly hope the drooping spirits arms ;
Awakens Love, and brightens Beauty's charms ;
High, florid thoughts th' inspiring juices breed ;
Spleen they dispell, and clear the brow of need.

Expect superfluous splendor from the Great ;
Ragousts, and costly follies serv'd in plate ;
And ortolans, from distant regions brought.
In foreign arts of luxury untaught,
I give you only lamb from Uxbridge fields :
And add the choicest herb the garden yields ;
Silesian lettuce, with soft Lucca oil,
Delicious blessings, of a different soil !

None do our band of fellowship compose,
But know the chasteness of the banquet-rose.
Belmour is ours ; Loveless, with humour stor'd ;
And careless Florio, if he keeps his word.
I should exceed your rule, were more allow'd :
There's less of mirth, than tumult, in a crowd.

Remember, Time posts on with subtle haste :
Now, as I write, the number'd minutes waste.
Then, Freeman, let us seize the present hour,
And husband the swift moments in our power.
Good-humour bring along, and banish care :
You know your Friends ; you know your Bill of Fare.

* "Spontaneous." Orig. Ed.

† "With lively hopes the drooping spirit warms." Orig. Ed.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XIX.

TRANSLATED.

First printed in the FREE-THINKER, June 29, 1719.

THE Queen who gives soft wishes birth,
 The youthful God of Wine and Mirth,
 And wanton, libertine Desire,
 My mind afresh with Love inspire.
 Bright Glycera revives the smart;
 * Revives the flame within my heart:
 The polish of her neck out-shines
 † The marble born in Parian mines:
 Her girlish wantonneſs has charms;
 ‡ Her froward play the heart alarms:
 Doating on her face, I die;
 A face too dazzling to the eye.
 All Venus rages in my breast,
 And leaves her Cyprian groves unbleſt:
 Nor will ſhe ſuffer me to write
 Of hardy Scythians put to flight,
 Or deaths from Parthian quivers ſent,
 Or things to Love not pertinent.
 Here, Boy, to cruel Venus, here
 Of living turf an altar rear:
 Sweet herbs and frankincenſe beſtow,
 And let the winy offering flow:
 Theſe rites the Goddeſs will appeaſe,
 And give my frantic boſom eaſe.

* "The flame that kindles in my heart." Orig. Ed.

† "The marble of the Parian mines." Orig. Ed.

‡ "And with her froward play ſhe warms." Orig. Ed.

TIBULLUS*, BOOK I. ELEGY I.

First printed in the *FREE-THINKER*, Oct. 23, 1719.

LET others wealth amass in heaps of gold,
 And many acres plow'd with pride behold;
 Disturb'd amidst their daily toil with fears,
 Oft as the trumpet sound, or foe appears:
 The dire alarm repeated still denies
 Peace to their mind, and slumber to their eyes:
 An humbler life less painful I require,
 While in my parlour shines a nightly fire;
 Unblighted while my promis'd harvest grows,
 And with the racy grape my vat o'erflows:
 Of my own farm the husbandman I'll be,
 And prune the vine, and plant the apple-tree;

* "Having fortified the hearts of my disciples against the enchantments of Indolency, I may trust them with an Elegy of Tibullus, in all the beauties of Mr. Welfsted's Translation. I must observe, that he has kept so close to the original, that he exceeds the number of the Latin only by two English verses.

(Excursions are inexpressibly bad;

And 'tis much safer to leave out than add.

ROCCOMMON, on Translated Verse.)

In the mean time, if I might advise this gentleman, I would not (upon second thoughts) have him throw away his leisure on this author, since there is little variety in his writings; and this one Elegy is sufficient to give our ladies, and our young lovers, a notion of his gallantry and idleness. Albius Tibullus was a Roman of an Equestrian family. His person was beautiful, and his turn of wit elegant and tender. He was beloved and esteemed by Ovid and Horace; and was in great repute amongst the families of the first note in Rome. But he died young, having probably lived too fast. It is evident from his Poems, he was a Polite Insignificant; and so entirely addicted to his pleasures, that, notwithstanding his birth, his education, and his parts, he was of little, if of any, use to either his friends, his family, or his country." A. PHILIPS.

70 TIBULLUS, BOOK I. ELEG. I.

Nor will I scorn the rustic fork to wield,
 Or goad the heifer o'er the furrow'd field;
 Or in my arms to bear the bleating lamb,
 Or kid forsaken of its heedless dam.

With due lustrations through my flock I go,
 And yearly does my milk to Pales flow;
 And if a land-mark deck'd with flowers I see,
 I worship tow'rs the sacred stone or tree:
 Of every orchard, fruit the year bestows,
 The choice an offering to Vertumnus grows:
 O Ceres, yellow Goddess of the corn!
 Thy porch my wheaten garland shall adorn:
 Thou, ruddy God, thy sickle shalt display,
 To guard my fruit, and fright the birds away:
 Nor you invoke I with an empty hand,
 Ye Gods, once guardians of a spreading land;
 A heifer, then, for a vast herd I slew;
 But now a victim lamb is scarcely due:
 A lamb I vow; the village youth shall join,
 And cry aloud, "O blest the corn and wine!"
 Though small, attend, ye powers, my sacrifice,
 Nor vessels fashion'd out of clay despise;
 While yet the world was of an early date,
 The purest clay was molded into plate:
 Spare my poor flock, ye men and beasts of prey,
 And let the crowded folds your tribute pay.

I ask you not those harvests to restore,
 Which to their barns my rich forefathers bore:
 A sparing crop will all my wants supply,
 If stretch'd at ease on my own couch I lie:
 How sweet to hear the winds at midnight blow,
 While round my Love my tender arms I throw;
 Or, when aslant the wintry tempests sweep,
 Lull'd by the beating rain, secure to sleep!
 This be my lot: let riches be their share,
 Who cold and wet and stormy seas can bear;
 For I, averse to journey by the wind,
 Can plenty in a little income find:

TIBULLUS, BOOK I. ELEG. I. 71

On the cool margin of a murmuring stream,
Shaded by trees, I shun the sultry beam :
Oh ! rather let the earth her treasures keep,
Than any virgin should my absence weep !

Do you, Meffala, seek out warlike toils
By land and sea, and grace your house with spoils ;
While I unactive wear some Beauty's chain,
And watching at her door whole nights complain :
Inglorious be my life, and lost to praise ;
So I with thee, my Delia, count my days :
With thee, my Delia, I the plow could speed,
Or sheep upon a lonely mountain feed ;
And, while with soft embrace I fold thee round,
Indulge my slumbers on the barren ground :
In vain, alas ! are beds of Tyrian dye,
If hopeles in our loves we waking lie ;
For then in down and silk no sleep we find,
Nor the soft fall of water lulls the mind.

How rugged and how void of sense was he,
Who could, to follow camps, abandon thee !
Let him pursue Cilicia's routed bands,
And pitch his tents amidst their conquer'd lands ;
In gold and silver, ornaments of pride,
Conspicuous through the cohorts let him ride :
Thee feebly grasping, Delia, let me die,
And view thy beauties with my closing eye ;
Then shalt thou weep, then kisses mix with tears,
When on the kindling pile my corpse appears :
Sure thou wilt weep, and tender sorrows feel ;
Nor flint thy heart, nor is thy breast of steel.
The youths, the virgins, all shall grace my urn,
With moisten'd eyes, and weeping home return :
Disturb not thou my shade ; O Delia, spare
Thy lovely cheeks, and thy dishevel'd hair.

While Fate permits, let us our loves enjoy ;
Darkness and death will soon our hopes destroy :
Soon will age come ; nor Love will then be sped,
Nor dalliances become the hoary head :

Now, Venus, is thy time, when bolts and bars
 I bravely force, nor dread fond midnight's jars;
 Skill'd in those wars, deaf to the trumpet's call,
 Let wounds and wealth to the vain-glorious fall;
 Safe in my little fortunes I retire;
 No want I fear, nor * opulence desire.

A. S. N. G.

First printed in the FREE-THINKER, Dec. 25, 1719.

I.

WHILE in the bower, with beauty bless'd,
 The lov'd Amintor lies;
 While, sinking on Zelinda's breast,
 He fondly kiss'd her eyes;

II.

A wakeful nightingale, who long
 Had mourn'd within the shade,
 Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song,
 And warbled through the glade.

III.

"Melodious Songstress," cry'd the swain,
 "To shades less happy go;
 "Or, if with us thou wilt remain,
 "Forbear thy tuneful woe."

IV.

"While in Zelinda's arms I lie,
 "To Song I am not free;
 "On her soft bosom while I sigh,
 "I discord find in thee.

V.

"Zelinda gives me perfect joys:
 "Then cease thy fond intrusion;
 "Be silent; Music now is noise,
 "Variety confusion."

* "Affluence." Orig. Ed.

AN EPISTLE TO HIS GRACE THE
DUKE OF CHANDOS*.

First printed Jan. 23, 1719-20.

WHILE over Arts unrival'd you preside,
And to renown the rising Genius guide;
While merit from obscurity you raise,
And call forth modest virtue into praise;
Vouchsafe, my Lord, this suppliant verse to read,
And aid the Muses in their time of need:
No brow with sacred ivy now is crown'd;
No Amaryllis do the woods resound;
The Hero, now the harp in silence lies,
Lives scarcely known, and undistinguish'd dies.

Then, Chandos, take the Muses to thy care;
Their ruin'd temples, oh, do Thou repair;
Their ancient honours let thy power restore,
And bid them mourn their Halifax no more.
A race of happy years does Heaven ordain,
And gives th' assurance of a peaceful reign;
If you vouchsafe to lend the timely aid,
Nor Greece nor Rome shall Britain's sons upbraid;
The sunny climes, that boast a kindlier soil,
With hills of wine enrich'd, and groves of oil,
To us in Arts shall yield, to us in Song,
And distant nations prize the British tongue.
The growth of Learning, like the growth of trees,
Thrives unobserv'd, and springs by slow degrees;

* James Brydges, who succeeded his father in the title of Lord Chandos, Oct. 16, 1714, and on the 19th was created Earl of Carnarvon, was advanced to the title of Duke of Chandos, April 31, 1719; and died Aug. 9, 1744. He was grandfather to the present Duke.

Like the fam'd English oak, her head she rears,
 And gains perfection through a length of years;
 The first essays in Verse are rudely writ,
 The numbers rough, and unchastiz'd the wit:
 Thus, Brydges, in thy great forefathers' times,
 Harsh was our language, and untun'd our rhimes;
 Great Spenfer first, in blest Eliza's days,
 Smooth'd our old metre, and refin'd our lays;
 Next manly Milton, Prince of Poets, came,
 And to our numbers added Homer's flame;
 Since when, in verse few wonders have been wrought,
 And our smooth cadence flows devoid of thought.

No more neglected shall the Lyre remain;
 Thou, Chandos, shalt improve its heavenly strain:
 Thy smiles already in the dawn I see,
 And England many Pollios boasts in thee;
 To every art thy generous cares extend,
 But chiefly shalt thou be the Poet's friend.
 Th' approaching times my raptur'd thought engage:
 I see arise a new Augustan age:
 Here, stretch'd at ease, beneath the beechen boughs,
 The Sylvan Poet sings his faithful vows;
 Others, retiring from the vulgar throng,
 At leisure meditate an Epic Song;
 Or chuse the Worthies of a former age,
 With all their pomp of grief to fill the stage;
 While, here, Historians Brunswick's praise sustain,
 Record his deeds, and lengthen out his reign.

In different ages different countries view,
 And through its various periods time pursue;
 In every age, which generous spirits bore,
 The Muse was cherish'd, and had strength to soar;
 Disturb'd by civil tumult, she withdrew
 From cities far, and lay conceal'd from view:
 So the bright passion-flower, in sunshine days,
 Its vary'd colours to the light displays;
 But, when the blackening sky pours down a storm,
 Close-folds its leaves, and hides its radiant form;

Nor

Nor can the careful florist then behold
Its purple lustre, and its beams of gold,

Without renown shall be the Patriot's toils;
Th' exploits of Beauty, and the Victor's spoils,
Without their praise; except a deathless song
Their glories to a future date prolong:
Not Helen only, fatal in her charms,
Drew Gods and Heroes to the strife of arms;
Distracting Beauties earlier ages bore,
And Love embroil'd whole empires long before.
Nor did the Grecian Teucer only know
To lance the spear, and bend the Cretan bow;
And many warriors many trophies won,
Ere yet Achilles conquer'd Priam's son:
But, wanting Poets, all, one fate they share,
Alike forgot, the valiant and the fair.

With ancient Worthies, Chandos, shalt thou live
In verse, if I a living verse can give:
To thee, betimes, I consecrate my Muse,
For thee the fairest laurels do I chuse;
Employ my thoughts to grace thy favourite name,
And strive thy bounty to repay with fame.

A N E P I G R A M.

"I OWE," says Metius, "much to Colon's care;
"Once only seen, he chose me for his Heir!"
True, Metius; hence your fortunes take their rise;
His Heir you were not, had he seen you twice."

A P R O.

A PROLOGUE occasioned by the Revival of
a PLAY of SHAKESPEAR, written at
the Decline of the SOUTH-SEA SCHEME *, 1721.

P R E F A C E.

THE Prologue which I now make public was delivered into the hands of the Manager † of the New Theatre four days before the twenty-third of January, when it ought to have been repeated to a play of Shakespear called "Measure for Measure ‡;" so that the disappointment the audience met with at that time was not owing to me.

I am very much concerned that so many gentlemen, to whom I am obliged for the honour they did me that night, should fail of their expectations; and I wish it was in my power to make them amends. That I might have an opportunity of doing myself that justice, is the reason I have printed the Prologue. And I add to it, at his own desire, an Epilogue written by Sir Richard Steele, and intended to have been spoken on the same occasion. I say at his own desire, because I would not be understood as if I had an ambition to set myself in a view with so applauded a Writer, or were not sensible that such a contrast will be highly disadvantageous to me. All I have to hope is, that allowances will be made me on many accounts. He is not to expect the like indulgence, as he does not need it, being hackneyed in the ways of the Stage, and a Veteran in this sort of composition.

* First printed in 1721, under the title of "A Prologue to the Town; as it was spoken at the Theatre in Little Lincoln's Inn Fields; written by Welsted. With an Epilogue on the same occasion, by Sir Richard Steele. Price 4 d."

† John Rich, Esq. See p. 79.

‡ At this time Mr. Quin performed the Duke; Angelo, Mr. Boheme; Claudio, Mr. Ryan; Lucio, Mr. Eggleton; Isabella, Mrs. Seymour.

For

For the rest, I think, with respect to this particular Epilogue, it may not be improper to throw in a short comment, and to inform the public that this Gentleman formerly attempted with much vigour to bring into disrepute the writings of Etherege *, doubtless, because they had, in his judgement, a tendency to corrupt the chastity of manners, and introduce a wrong taste. Whatever the success of his labours then was, he seems to be of opinion, that there still wants a finishing stroke. This is what gave birth to the Epilogue. It will appear by it, that he has a heart full of sensibility in the cause of injured Virgins; and every one, I believe, will be persuaded with me, that none of the Heroes, his Predecessors, have surpassed him in their zeal for rescuing distressed Beauty. Dorimant † is the great Giant, with whom he is at war; and every lady, who has or may suffer by broken vows, and the perjury of false men, is the object of his care.

* See Spectator, N^o 51 and 65.

† The hero of "The Man of Mode," a Comedy by Etherege.

PROLOGUE.

AT length, the phrenzy of the realm is o'er,
And the wide-spreading mischief reigns no
more :
Lur'd by false prospects, and misguided long,
At last to Balls and Theatres you throng :
A wide outrageous scene we lately saw ;
Iniquity and Fraud usurping Law :
Arts, Learning, did they not neglected stand,
And every Virrue languish through the land ?
On haughty Clerks did humble Nobles wait ;
And Brokers rul'd, like Ministers of State.
To such excess the lust of wealth was grown,
That every vice was lost in that alone :
Nor Wine nor Women could allure the Rake ;
And Libertines reform'd, for lucre-sake.

The

The Fair, to mingle in the sordid strife,
 Forbore their lov'd intrigues; the City Wife
 On the dear gay Adulterer ceas'd to smile,
 And Marriage-martyrs had a truce a-while;
 By other bargains were Love-contracts cross'd,
 And Edging * mourn'd "her occupation lost:"
 From factious noise the Pulpit did refrain,
 And Priests preach'd Gospel out of love to gain:
 Physicians tainted with the time's disease,
 The people died, without the cost of fees:
 Alone th' insatiate Miser kept in view
 His antient vice, and to himself was true.

Such was the wayward face of things a'late,
 When all degrees ran headlong on their fate:
 But now, the malice of the magic spent,
 The mind returns to its accustom'd bent:
 In every breast prevails its first desire;
 Poets their verses, Beaux themselves admire;
 The Females stretch the fam'd rotundo wide;
 Some, to reveal their secrets; some, to hide;
 Each character restor'd, at length, we find,
 And fopperies rise again of every kind. [new,

Wak'd from your dream, and from misfortunes
 Less hurtful follies wisely you pursue;
 To low provincial Drolls, in crowds, you run,
 By foreign modes and foreign nonsense won;
 To see French Tumblers three long hours you sit,
 And Criticks judge of capers in the Pit.

What art shall teach us to refine your joys,
 And wean your sickly taste from alien toys?
 For this we toil, and in our cause engage
 Th' immortal Writers of an early age:
 This night, to Virtue do we trophies raise,
 Or what was Virtue thought in former days:
 Fond labour! antient sense must quit the field,
 And Shakespear to the soft Bercelli † yield:

* The Servant in "The Careless Husband."

† An Italian composer.

Whence is this change in nature ! one would swear
That Eunuchs were not form'd to lead the Fair :
In times of old, at least as Poets feign,
True Manhood only could the Virgin gain ;
But what to Demi-gods was arduous then,
Is now perform'd by Things that are not Men.

EPILOGUE, by SIR R. STEELE.

WHAT could our young Dramatic Monarch *
mean,
Now to revive this chaste old-fashion'd scene ?
Did he project to make in this free nation
A capital offence of Fornication ?
Thrice whimsical ! who such wise plans espouses ;
I'm sure it ne'er would pass through both the
houses. [ing,
'Tis what our Men scarce e'er think worth repent-
And Women only Prudence not consenting.
But eyes speak loud what's not pronounc'd by lips,
Whilst wide proclaiming hoop scarce covers hips.
This is the taste our sad experience shews ;
This is the taste of Belles as well as Beaux :
Else say, in Britain why it should be heard
That Etherege to Shakespear is preferr'd ;
Whilst Dorimant † to crowded audience wenches,
Our Angelo ‡ repeat to empty benches :
Our Nymph deluded has but coolly sped,
While to unwilling Bridegroom's arms she's led ;

* John Rich, late Patentee of Covent Garden Theatre. He opened Lincoln's Inn Fields Theatre in 1715.

† In "The Man of Mode." See p. 77.

‡ In "Measure for Measure." See p. 76.

Love it unpity'd mourns, unpity'd woees;
 Still Dorimant triumphant guilt pursues;
 You've lost the sense of giving Virgins aid;
 'Tis Comedy with you, an injur'd Maid:
 The perjur'd Dorimant the Beaux admire;
 Gay perjur'd Dorimant the Belles desire:
 With fellow-feeling, and with conscious guilt,
 Each sex applauds inexorable lust.

For shame, for shame, ye men of sense, begin,
 And scorn the base captivity of sin;
 Sometimes at least to understanding yield,
 Nor always leave to appetite the field;
 Love, glory, friendship, languishing must stand,
 While sense and appetite have sole command;
 Give man sometimes some force in the dispute;
 Be sometimes rational, though oftener brute.

Believe it, Sirs, if fit for us to say,
 Or if our Epilogue may suit our Play;
 'Tis time, 'tis time, ye should be more severe;
 And what less guilty nations suffer, fear;
 Be men, or hope not Heaven will long secure ye
 From quicker pestilence than that round Drury.

HORACE,

HORACE*, BOOK IV. ODE II.

From the FREE-THINKER, June 12, 1721.

THE man, Iulus, who presumptuous vies
 With Pindar, on Dædalean aid relies;
 On faithless pinions labouring after fame,
 His rashness gives the sea a name.
 Some river like, that down a mountain roars,
 And, swell'd by rains, exceeds the bounding shores,
 Does Pindar rage; and with impetuous sweep
 Pour forth his torrent, wide and deep:
 Claiming Apollo's laurel, ever due;
 Whether he boldly rolls a language new
 Down Dithyrambic tides, and free, along
 He drives, the Sovereign of his song:
 Whether of Gods, and Kings to Gods ally'd,
 By whom the double Centaurs justly dy'd,
 His Hymns resound; and him, ordain'd to tame
 The fell Chimera, breathing flame:
 Or, whom the Elean palm in triumph brings
 Ennobled home; or combatant he sings,
 Or the proud steed; and with more lasting praise
 Rewards, than thousand statues raise:
 Or, mourns the youth torn from the weeping bride;
 Nor lets the darksome urn his virtues hide;
 But in a constellation bids them rise
 Entire, and wins them to the skies.
 When the Dircean Swan prepares to fly,
 A depth of air, Antonius, bears him high,
 Above the racking clouds: meantime, you see,
 Resembling the Calabrian bee,
 That culls the pleasing thymes with busy care,
 To Tibur's grove and rivulets I repair;
 Where, uninspir'd and feeble in my pains,
 I meditate laborious strains.

* This Ode is ascribed to Welsted (but with no great positiveness), on conjecture.

An EPISTLE * to the Earl of CADOGAN †.

"Vitam quæ faciunt beatiorem,
 "————— hæc sunt."

MARTIAL.

WHILST careful crowds your levees wait,
 The pomp and anguish of the Great :
 Accept this verse, Illustrious Chief,
 From business no undue relief.

Thy aid though George's councils claim,
 In arms confess'd the Second Name ;
 Though Holland does thy charge attend,
 By ancient leagues our country's friend !
 Yet to the Muses dost thou spare
 The few soft moments won from care ;
 And hours, to Friendship set apart,
 Relieve thy frank good-natur'd heart.

Those hours, my Lord, those moments prize ;
 Known only to the learn'd and wise ;
 On damask-seats at ease reclin'd,
 Thy brow with laurel-garlands bind ;
 Stain the bright chrystal with the dye
 Of grapes, Hungarian hills supply ;
 Let Poesy thy feasts refine ;
 Let Music raise the joys of wine ;
 Thy pleasing care let Picture be ;
 Rubens and Urbin wrought for thee :
 Behold the rock, by Michael's aid,
 Soft-breathing in a blooming maid !
 See Warriors, that on canvass groan,
 And Fights, that emulate thy own !

Live as thou'rt wont ; with free address
 And open heart thy friend cares ;

* First published in Folio May 2, 1722.

† The famous General William Cadogan. He was created Baron of Oakley and Earl of Cadogan April 17, 1718 ; and dying without issue male in 1726, the Earldom became extinct, and the Barony descended to his brother Charles, father to the present Lord Cadogan.

Thy elegance, thy taste display,
And close with smiles a solemn day.

In his fond heart, in vain, does man
Short-liv'd a thousand systems plan,
In vain, in mighty perils bold,
He ransacks earth and seas for gold;
Deaf to the laws impos'd by Fate
On human nature, soon or late.
Whether a mean ignoble birth
We own, ally'd to common earth;
Or a long lineage proudly trace,
Th' Emilian or Cadogan race;
Alike ordain'd we are to go
To the dark seats of rest below:
The rich and poor one grave shall find;
The rich shall leave their pomp behind,
The spacious domes, the lands, the groves,
The gay parterres, the proud alcoves,
The vistas in the skies that end,
The fondling wife, the bosom friend.

What folly, then, to toil out life,
Sustain'd with anguish, pain, and strife;
Our thoughts in search of good employ'd,
Or never gain'd, or not enjoy'd!
Our spirits broke with restless care!
Let vulgar souls such evils bear:
But thou, great Captain! mindful be
Of unrelenting Fate's decree;
Seize, as it flies, the passing hour;
Crop, now, the swiftly-fading flower;
Enjoy, each irksome care forgot,
Thy fame; enjoy thy splendid lot.
Thus Scipio, prosperous and renown'd,
Proud Carthage smoaking on the ground,
In learned banquets deign'd to shine,
While Wit improv'd the Formian vine;
Reliev'd stern cares with soft delights,
And Roman days with Attic nights.

DEAN S M E D L E Y ' S O D E
TO THE EARL OF CADOGAN.

I.

H E R O ! sprung from ancient blood,
Cadogan, valiant, wise, and good ;
What golden lyre, what happy Muse,
To sing thy praises, shall we chuse ?
So great a theme, so new a song,
To Welsted only does belong ;
Like Ovid soft is he, like Flaccus strong.

II.

Virtues, that soar so high, demand
The touches of a master-hand ;
Love disdain'd, on Pindar's wing,
Thee and conquest he shall sing ;
To times unborn transmit thy praise,
On thy laurels graft his bays,
And with thy triumphs swell his polish'd lays,

III.

Whether thy deeds he backwards trace,
With atchievements past, to grace
The numerous Ode, and bring anew
Fields, with slaughter stain'd, to view ;
Part in Marlborough shalt thou claim,
Next to Marlborough rise in fame ;
The strain resounds with each immortal name.

IV.

Whether from a nearer theme
The tuneful Poet form his scheme,
And court with skill the ravish'd ear,
The glories which we see, to hear,
Glories unrival'd ! fit alone,
By wit unrival'd to be shewn,
By harmony inspir'd, and numbers *not his own.*

V. If

ODE TO THE EARL OF CADOGAN. 85

V.

If glorious war his fancy charms,
Thy courage, and thy skill in arms,
Thy brandish'd steel, and spreading wreath,
Bold and sublime the verse shall breathe;
If thy social life he show,
Soft the gentler strain shall flow,
And every line with truth and friendship glow.

VI.

Oh! thou, whom ev'n thy foes approve,
Whom foreign nations praise and love;
Darling of the British court,
Thy country's boast, thy king's support;
Distinguish'd honours born to wear,
Favourite of the bright and fair,
The soldier's glory, and the soldier's care;

VII.

Could I boast thy vigorous mind,
Thy sprightly wit and judgement join'd;
Were all those arts and graces mine,
Which make thy finish'd merit shine:
Then would I raise the sounding strain,
Alarm around the listening plain,
And with thy various praise my verse sustain.

VIII.

I'd paint thee then with matchless art,
The clearest head, the bravest heart,
Boldly honest to advise,
Blest effect of being wise;
Ever prompt thy aid to lend,
Swift thy country to defend,
And doom'd th' impostor's blasted hopes to end.

IX.

But, stay! fond Muse, th' attempt refrain;
The theme ill suits thy humble strain:
Wellstaid! oh, begin thy song;
Blooming poet, bright and young,

Exert thy heavenly art anew,
In lofty verse the toil pursue,
In verse to glory and Cadogan due.

X.

His past and present actions sung,
Let thy lyre again be strung;
Let thy sweet prophetic lays
Anticipate his coming praise:
Place the scene before our eyes,
That wrapt in clouds and darkness lies,
The scene ordain'd in distant times to rise.

XI.

Many years the Hero give,
Lov'd, and happy, make him live;
Draw him at the helm of state,
As in arms, in council great,
Let the god-like portrait shine:
So thou (for Poets may divine *)
Shalt share his fame, and make his triumphs thine.

* This Ode of Dean Smedley was burlesqued at the time by one of the Irish Wits (probably Dr. Delany), in a poem intituled "The Ode-maker;" preserved in the "Supplement to Swift," p. 680; in which Welsted comes in for a share of the ridicule:

——— from Pindar's wing,
Your goose-quill draw—make Welsted sing
Smooth and sad verses, *not his own*;
And yet they are, for he alone
Was born to sing the hero's doom,
Both *past and present*, and to come.

This is an allusion to "The Genius," (see p. 33.) which by some was maliciously ascribed to Addison. Welsted's verses were alluded to with more respect by Bishop Hoadly in the conclusion to his "Prologue" spoken before the Duke of Marlborough at Blenheim in 1718, and printed by Mr. Duncombe in "Letters of eminent Persons," vol. III. p. 166.

"O cherish the remains of life; survey
Those years of glory which can ne'er decay;
Enjoy the best reward below allow'd,
The memory of past actions great and good!"

An

AN EPISTLE to the late Dr. GARTH*,
 Occasioned by the Death of
 The DUKE of MARLBOROUGH†.

FROM the fair banks of Thame this verse I
 send,
 To those blest realms that late receiv'd my friend;
 Where vernal seasons smile without decay,
 And purple skies indulge a purer day:
 Nor shall the verse (if, haply, care invades,
 For human things, the conscious learned shades,)
 Ungrateful be: In thee, when young, I found
 The prop and sanction of a name renown'd;
 Yet rude to art, and while in life untry'd,
 Thy precepts form'd, thy virtue was my guide.

In different orbs, what different hopes we wear!
 How chang'd our passions, and revers'd our care!
 When to the shades the great and good are borne,
 The shades rejoice, the while the living mourn;
 While we repine on earth for Marlborough's fate,
 Elysium triumphs in a Guest so great:
 A greater, Garth, ne'er reach'd those realms before!
 Oh, hail him to the bright unclouded shore;
 Hail thy great Friend! That title shalt thou claim,
 And no inglorious part of Churchill's fame!
 On earth, the Hero's glory strung thy lays,
 And still wert thou the Herald of his praise:
 For thy lov'd Marlborough yet thy care employ,
 And point him out among the lawns of joy;
 Let every warlike shade the Leader view;
 A name so glorious, and a shade so new!
 Ev'n to the Ghosts, that purpled o'er with blood
 Ramillia's fields, and swell'd the Danube's flood;

* Dr. Samuel Garth died Jan. 18, 1718-19.

† Which happened June 16, 1722.

Ev'n to the Gallic Ghosts their Conqueror show;
Alate how dreaded! now no more their foe!

Methinks, I see in throngs the airy host,
Ambitious who shall praise the stranger most!
How do they eye the fair majestic-form!
And lo! the Hero-shades around him swarm!
His ancestry and titles these enquire,
What Mother bore, and mortal if his Sire;
His life's recesses those beseech to know,
With pleasures how indulg'd, or pain'd with woe:
While some with ambient wreaths his brow adorn;
Names, old in song, ere England's Chief was born!
In early days who Tyrants did restrain;
For prowess unexcell'd, 'till Anna's reign!
(See Nassau, crown'd with laurels, welcome bring!
Mankind's Deliverer! Britain's boasted King!
With virtuous joy, in Marlborough, does he see
Whate'er he was, and all he wish'd to be;
In Marlborough, to the shades he sees descend
A Chief, a Prince, a Subject, and a Friend;
The rising Hero oft he wont to bless,
And from his virtues augur'd his success.

Much did I mourn, my Friend, thy parting breath;
But more I mourn thy loss, since Churchill's death;
Hadst thou, O Garth, surviv'd that godlike name,
(Nor thou, nor he, shall be surviv'd in fame)
How hadst thou talk'd thy Hero's victories o'er,
Unequal'd, tho' forbid to vanquish more!
How had thy tongue describ'd the Flandrian plains!
The months of glory, and the great campaigns!
In fresh description, hourly, France had bled,
And every day defeated Villars fled;
The name of Marlborough, echoing walls around
Had heard, and vaulted roofs beat back the sound.

Shall I not lead thee to the Victor's tomb?
An awful march, and through a length of gloom!
In sable-triumph, lo! the standard borne!
The martial horse, and battle-trophies mourn!

The

The gleaming armour view, and ensigns round !
 Hark, the hoarse drum and solemn ordnance sound !
 With looks how downcast march the soldier throng !
 How slowly moves the mourning war along !
 Not so, returning home from vanquish'd foes,
 They look'd.—There, Marlborough's great Successor goes,

And midst his glory droops ! This, this, is he,
 To whom our hero's wreaths his stars decree !
 Should Fate again fill Europe with alarms,
 He shall revive the fame of British arms ;
 Ordain'd to be, if Poets may divine,
 In such an age, what Churchill was in thine.

So on the tree, to Proserpine consign'd,
 The bough, with glittering leaves and golden rind,
 Pluck'd from the trunk ; another bough, behold !
 Springs in its room, the rind and leaf of gold ;
 Like to the first, and scarce discern'd for new ;
 The same the value ; one the radiant hue.

To mortal men, too rash, we may not give,
 O Garth ! the name of happy, while they live ;
 For Fortune oft does human ills foreflow,
 And after longest calms come wrecks of woe :
 The Son of Victory now consign'd to rest,
 How may we praise his lot, and call him blest !
 His fortune gently, as the cedar grows,
 Up-grew, and with his rising virtues rose ;
 By easy steps he climb'd secure to fame ;
 No sudden wonder, nor unpromis'd name !
 His smiling hopes no adverse wind did blast ;
 And seventy winters blest'd him as they pass'd :
 Great lasting joys and slender griefs he bare ;
 His joys were many, and his sorrows rare :
 The smiles of Monarchs grac'd his bloom of life,
 The loveliest offspring, and the fairest wife :
 Esteem, and trust, and favour, and applause,
 Pursued his manly zeal for William's cause ;

His riper years in triumphs fruitful ran,
And Glory clos'd the scene which Love began.

At last he rests with thee, O sacred Bard!
Unreach'd by envy, and above reward!
Renew'd in purple beauty does he shine;
A brighter bloom, and fresh with health divine:
So graceful look'd he, and so fair to view,
In youth, ere camps and crimson fields he knew;
Ere yet he thought on glory gain'd in arms,
Or any conquests but of female charms.

Enjoy, ye happy Shades, your quiet seat:
To you the Gods permit a safe retreat;
Soft odours round you skies ambrosial shed;
No shelves have you to shun, nor storms to dread:
We roam about, by various chances cross'd,
Still from one fortune to another tost;
To many harms and perils we survive,
With hatred and with envy doom'd to strive;
The pangs of balk'd ambition do we prove,
The jealous torments and the rage of love;
With open arms the treacherous friend embrace,
Or doat upon the wily harlot's face;
A thousand wants, unsatisfy'd, we moan,
And feel a thousand sorrows not our own.
These ills are ours: they touch not thy repose;
No longer dost thou pine for human woes;
No more dost hear, amidst unchang'd delights,
What Cinna, in the lust of nonsense, writes.

On flowery beds, meseems, I see thee lie,
While young immortal maids pass smiling by;
Close at thy feet while rivulets flow of wine,
And Sappho flights her Phaon to be thine!
Or to thy Ovid thou dost, pleas'd, relate
Thy country's story, and its envy'd fate;
A chosen spot, with ocean compass'd round!
The land of beauty, and for war renown'd!
How fam'd for arts! in genius how refin'd!
What wealth, what empire, by the waves and wind!

The

The forest oak, and the strong-hearted steed !
 The proud-arm'd fleets ! and men, a godlike breed,
 From Dardan Brutus ! spirits uncontroul'd !
 A generous offspring, hardy, wise, and bold !
 What civil conflicts, and what stern debates
 For liberty, and tyrants' headlong fates !
 The sea's green floods, how oft with crimson
 stain'd !

What rescued states, and distant trophies gain'd !
 If this thy theme ; on Churchill's every deed
 Thy tongue shall dwell, and boast of Europe freed ;
 Still in thy thought his battles shall prevail,
 And Blenheim never wander from the tale ;
 Lo ! thy lov'd Roman Friend * with rapture hears
 The triumphs of those ten great rolling years !
 While every year in toil with ages vies,
 And scenes with wonder more replete arise,
 Than all the changes in his feigning lays,
 Deduc'd from Nature's birth to Cæsar's days.

O think not, learn'd Machaon, I reveal
 A heart too cold, or want Hortensio's zeal,
 If I resign our mighty Churchill's name,
 Unus'd to soar, and fearful for my fame :
 To lower themes my unambitious lyre
 Is tun'd, and humbler praises I require ;
 Let Steele † immortal Mildenheim sustain,
 And trace his story in the Livian strain ;

While

* Ovid, of whose *Metamorphoses* Garth published a Translation.

† In the sixth number of 'The Reader,' Sir Richard Steele had announced his intention of publishing the History of the Duke of Marlborough, from proper materials then in his custody, to commence from the date of his Grace's commission of Captain General and Plenipotentiary, and to end with the expiration of those commissions. "It is not doubted," says he, "but his history, formed from the most authentic papers, and all the most secret intelligence, which can be communicated with safety to persons now living, and in confidence of foreign courts, will be very entertaining, and put the services

While I the subject, to his pen assign'd,
But lightly touch, and follow far behind.

Of, if I judge aright, thy master lays
Alarm Elysian groves with Marlborough's praise;
And oft, O Poet, England's triumphs swell
The song, and tremble on thy British shell!
For dying changes but th' organic frame;
The self-immortal soul exists the same:
What passions e'er, confin'd to clay, we know,
Pursue us to the myrtle-grove below;
Whate'er does please, while pilgrims we remain,
Shall in another being please again:
Great Maro still the lofty Epic charms,
And Turnus takes delight in shining arms;
In Archimedes' thought do figures roll,
While Horace revels o'er the nectar-bowl;
In Dido's amorous breast its flame returns,
And Cleveland* for some other Churchill burns.

From joys of Paradise with-held too long,
A moment yet attend the lingering song,

services of her Majesty's ministers, at home and abroad, in a true light. The work is to be printed in folio; and proposals for the encouragement of it may be seen at Mr. Tonson's, bookseller, in the Strand."—"The long retardation of the Life of the Duke of Marlborough," says Dr. Johnson, "shews, with strong conviction, how little confidence can be placed in posthumous renown. When he died, it was soon determined that his story should be delivered to posterity; and the papers supposed to contain the necessary information were delivered to the Lord Moleworth, who had been his favourite in Flanders. When Moleworth died, the same papers were transferred with the same design to Sir Richard Steele, who in some of his exigencies put them in pawn. They then remained with the old Dutchess, who in her will assigned the task to Glover and Mallet, with a reward of a thousand pounds, and a prohibition to insert any verses. Glover rejected, I suppose, with disdain the legacy, and devolved the whole work upon Mallet; who had from the late Duke of Marlborough a pension to promote his industry, and who talked of the discoveries which he made; but left not, when he died, any historical labours behind."

* The famous Dutchess of that title, of whom see Grammont's Memoirs. The Duke of Marlborough early in life had been her gallant.

While

While thy lov'd Poet's marble I explore,
 And the proud fane, but half adorn'd before !
 Without a tomb, 'till late, forgot he lay,
 While the Muse mourn'd, and ages wore away ;
 At length the stone, so long delay'd, is rear'd :
 An awful image, and a front rever'd !
 No verse engrav'd records at large his fame ;
 But Dryden's epitaph is Dryden's name*.

In bowers of roses by his side reclin'd,
 Oh, what delights o'erflow thy ravish'd mind !
 No fraud molests thee now, nor any crime
 Pollutes the beauty of that guiltless clime ;
 No falshood, there, the heedless heart beguiles ;
 Nor hidden hatred wears dissembled smiles ;
 No awkward pride is there, of humble birth ;
 Nor shining affluence, gay with thoughtless mirth ;
 No Fools of Fortune, giddy with success ;
 No little teasing Wits, admir'd by less ; [Fate,
 No harden'd gripes ; nor earth-worms, urg'd by
 Against their creeping genius, to be great ;
 But, there, eternal freshness Zeyhyrs bring,
 And all the year is temper'd into Spring ;
 There men, who liv'd upright like thee reside ;
 There, the brave legion, that for Freedom dy'd ;
 Whoe'er in arts polite divinely wrought ;
 And pious Priests, that Hoadly's doctrines taught ;
 And they, who virtue, sunk in ills, sustain'd ;
 And Bards inspir'd ; and Kings like George that
 reign'd.

Farewell. It may be, I shall see, or seem
 To see thee in some soft delightful dream :
 Farewell ; Oh ! ever to remembrance dear !
 Of Poets first, and most of Men sincere !

* Under the bust of this admirable Poet is inscribed only,

" I. D R Y D E N ;

Natus 1631 ; Mortuus Maii 1, 1700."

JOHANNES SHEFFIELD, Dux Buckinghamiensis, posuit.

P R O.

PROLOGUE TO STEELE'S
CONSCIOUS LOVERS, 1722.

Spoken by Mr. WILKS.

TO win your hearts, and to secure your praise,
The Comic-writers strive by various ways;
By subtle stratagems they act their game,
And leave untry'd no avenue to fame:
One writes the spouse a beating from his wife;
And says, each stroke was copy'd from the life:
Some fix all wit and humour in grimace,
And make a livelihood of Pinkey's † face:
While one gay shew and costly habits tries,
Confiding to the judgement of your eyes;
Another smuts his scene (a cunning shaver)
Sure of the rakes' and of the wenches' favour!

Oft have these arts prevail'd; and, one may guess,
If practis'd o'er again, would find success:
But this bold Sage, the Poet of to-night,
By new and desperate rules resolv'd to write:
Fain would he give more just applauses rise,
And please by Wit that scorns the aids of Vice;
The praise, he seeks, from worthier motives springs;
Such praise, as praise to those that give it, brings!

Your aid, most humbly sought, then, Britons, lend,
And liberal mirth, like liberal men, defend;
No more let Ribaldry, with licence writ,
Usurp the name of Eloquence or Wit;
No more let lawless Farce uncensur'd go;
The lewd dull gleanings of a Smithfield show!
'Tis yours, with breeding to refine the age,
To chasten Wit, and moralize the Stage.

Ye modest, wife, and good, ye fair, ye brave,
To-night the Champion of your virtues save;
Redeem from long contempt the Comic name,
And judge politely for your Country's fame.

* Acted for the first time at Drury Lane, Nov. 7, 1722.

† Pinkethman, a well-known Comedian.

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME;

Intended to have been spoken by INDIANA.

OUR Author, whom intreaties cannot move,
 Spight of the dear coquetry that you love,
 Swears he'll not frustrate (so he plainly means)
 By a loose Epilogue his decent scenes.
 Is it not, Sirs, hard fate I meet to-day?
 To keep me rigid still, beyond the Play!
 And yet I'm fav'd a world of pains that way.
 I now can look, I now can move at ease,
 Nor need I torture these poor limbs to please,
 Nor with the hand or foot attempt surprize,
 Nor wrest my features, nor fatigue my eyes:
 Bless me! what freakish gambols have I play'd!
 What motions try'd, and wanton looks betray'd!
 Out of pure kindness all, to over-rule
 The threaten'd hiss, and screen some scribbling fool!

With more respect I'm entertain'd to-night:
 Our Author thinks, I can with ease delight.
 My artless looks while modest graces arm,
 He says, I need but to appear, and charm:
 A Wife so form'd, by these examples bred,
 Pours joy and gladness round the marriage-bed;
 Soft source of comfort! kind relief from care!
 And 'tis her least perfection to be fair.

The Nymph, with Indiana's worth who vies,
 A Nation will behold with Bevil's eyes.

To

To Mr. PHILIPS, on his
TRAGEDY of HUMPHREY, Duke of GLOUCESTER. *

TO rural lays, ere yet in manhood ripe,
A Shepherd, didst thou tune thine oaten pipe;
The groves, and streams, and daisy-painted plains,
The joys and griefs of unambitious swains,
Employ'd thy verse; thy verse, whose magic force
The Severn charm'd, and stopp'd his silver course.

Thus play'd thy youth: but weightier cares engage
Thy more experienc'd life, and learned age;
Thy country's love thy tragic strains infuse;
And the free Britons blest thy Patriot Muse.
Who has not heard Orestes' dire despair †?
Who not repin'd for Gwendolen the fair ‡?
What freeman, but her woes, in thought, redress'd,
And felt his own inflam'd, like Vanoc's § breast!

And lo! the Realm's Protector || now we view!
Thy Country's glory, still, thy thoughts pursue;
A Briton, still, thy manly scenes adorn,
And warm the soul with virtues English-born:
To foreign lands nor need we vainly roam,
In search of glories to be found at home:
In our own climate does the laurel grow;
A climate fruitful of heroic woe!

At length, kind Fate has rais'd the Poet's Song,
Indulgent to repair brave Gloucester's wrong:
At length his virtue in a blaze appears,
From the dark night retriev'd of monkish years:
And now, through every age his worth shall shine,
And Humphrey's name be, still, rever'd with thine,

* First acted Feb. 15, 1722-3

† In "The Distressed Mother, 1712."

‡ In "The Briton, 1722."

§ The Hero of "The Briton."

|| Humphrey Duke of Gloucester.

VERSES addressed to Mr. WELSTED,

From the BRITON, Jan. 29, 1723-4.

WHEN Priests usurp'd the offices of State,
And mean subjection was our Monarch's
fate ;

Then fabled Tales by British Bards were sung ;
With roaring Lions every Forest rung :
Dragons and baleful Monsters haunt the plain,
On Virgins feast, nor spare the trembling Swain :
In towers of adamant, Urganda's charms
Detain the Princess from her Hero's arms ;
'Till some adventurous Knight, in prowess bold,
By Fate conducted to the magic-hold,
Destroys the hideous Giant, frees the Fair ;
And raises mourning Beauty from despair.

With Superstition these chimæras fled,
And ancient Learning rear'd its drooping head ;
Old Homer's Gods in Britain's isle are seen,
While Pans and Satyrs frisk it o'er the green.

But you, my Friend, judiciously decline
The aids of magic, or the fabled Nine ;
Let no ambitious ornaments appear ;
Be just in thought, and in expression clear ;
Let Fools with lofty nonsense catch the crowd,
And of unreputable praise be proud :
Thus paint and patches charm the rural 'Squire,
While Nature unadorn'd the few admire.

If e'er your buskin'd Hero tread the Stage,
Like Vanoc *, let the fierce old Briton rage.
The fiery Moor in sun-burnt climates born,
By strong desires, and storms of passion torn,
Unskill'd in wiles, unprincipled in art,
Throws out with warmth the transports of his heart.

* See p. 95.

98 VERSES TO MR. WELSTED.

The talents of each sex regard with care ;
 No male-perfections let the Fair-one share :
 The Stoic Marcia kindles no desire ;
 But with Monimia's plaints all hearts conspire :
 The Grecian Bards will best your labours guide ;
 But let their Grecian Gods in Greece reside.

Through classic land let airy Laurus rove,
 With Paphian Venus, and Olympian Jove.
 The Fair-one's waste is with a cestus bound :
 And nectar in the flowing bowl goes round.
 Let Crassus marry, with united voice
 The Gods assembled shall approve his choice.
 See Evan ! see Apollo's beauteous face,
 Satyrs, Fauns, Naiads, all the marriage grace.
 The gay Coquette has Cytherea's charms,
 The Prude (no doubt averse to Love's alarms) }
 Is chaste as Pallas, Virgin Queen of Arms.

While these, my Friend, such idol-worship bring,
 Fair as the morning, sweet as opening spring,
 Zelinda smiles ; an artless beauty shows ;
 The rose in June not half so fragrant blows.
 No Goddess born, nor of Idalian race,
 Nor kindred Deities her lineage grace :
 Earth-born, on Nature's charms the Nymph relies,
 Nor draws fictitious graces from the skies :
 Pleas'd with her beauteous form, where'er she moves,
 All eyes admire, and each beholder loves :
 Vain Amoret and Myra quit the field ;
 Alone to Thulé shall Zelinda yield.

Jan. 25.

ANTI-LAURUS.

THE OCCASION OF ÆSCULAPIUS
BEING BROUGHT TO ROME*.

MELODIOUS Maids of Pindus, who inspire
The flowing strains, and tune the vocal
Tradition's secrets are unlock'd to you, [lyre;
Old tales revive, and ages past renew;
You, who can hidden causes best expound,
Say, whence the isle, which Tiber flows around,
Its altars with a heavenly stranger grac'd,
And in our shrines the God of Physic plac'd.

A wasting plague infected Latium's skies;
Pale, bloodless looks were seen, with ghastly eyes;
The dire disease's marks each visage wore,
And the pure blood was chang'd to putrid gore:
In vain were human remedies apply'd;
In vain the power of healing herbs was try'd:
Weary'd with death, they seek celestial aid,
And visit Phœbus in his Delphic shade;
In the world's centre sacred Delphos stands,
And gives its oracles to distant lands:
Here they implore the God, with fervent vows,
His salutary power to interpose,
And end a great afflicted City's woes. }
The holy Temple sudden tremors prov'd;
The Laurel-grove and all its quivers mov'd;
In hollow sounds the Priests thus began,
And through each bosom thrilling horrors ran:

“Th'assistance, Roman, which you here implore,
“Seek from another and a nearer shore;
“Relief must be implor'd, and succour won,
“Not from Apollo, but Apollo's Son;

* From Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Book XV. This Translation was first printed in Garth's *Ovid*, 1717; and again in 1720.

“ My Son, to Latium born, shall bring redress :
 “ Go with good omens, and expect success.”

When these clear oracles the Senate knew ;
 The sacred Tripod's counsels they pursue,
 Depute a pious and a chosen band,
 Who sail to Epidaurus' neighbouring land :
 Before the Grecian elders when they stood,
 They pray them to bestow the healing God :
 “ Ordain'd was he to save Ausonia's state ;
 “ So promis'd Delphi, and unerring Fate.”

Opinions various their debates enlarge :
 Some plead to yield to Rome the sacred charge ;
 Others, tenacious of their Country's wealth,
 Refuse to grant the power who guards its health.

While dubious they remain'd, the waning light
 Withdrew before the growing shades of night ;
 Thick darkness now obscur'd the dusky skies :
 Now, Roman, clos'd in sleep were mortal eyes,
 When Health's auspicious God appears to thee,
 And thy glad dreams his form celestial see :
 In his left hand a rural staff prefer'd,
 His right is seen to stroke his decent beard.
 “ Dismiss,” said he, with mildness all divine,
 “ Dismiss your fears ; I come, and leave my shrine ;
 “ This Serpent view, that with ambitious play
 “ My staff encircles ; mark him every way ;
 “ His form, though larger, nobler, I'll assume,
 “ And chang'd, as Gods should be, bring aid to
 Here fled the vision, and the vision's flight [Rome.”
 Was follow'd by the chearful dawn of light.

Now was the morn with blushing streaks o'erspread,
 And all the starry fires of Heaven were fled ;
 The Chiefs perplex'd, and fill'd with doubtful care,
 To their Protector's sumptuous roofs repair,
 By genuine signs implore him to express,
 What seats he deigns to chuse, what land to bless :
 Scarce their ascending prayers had reach'd the sky ;
 Lo, the serpentine God, erected high !

Forerunning

Forerunning hissings his approach confess'd; [crest;
 Bright shone his golden scales, and wav'd his lofty
 The trembling altar his appearance spoke;
 The marble floor and glittering cieling shook;
 The doors were rock'd; the statue seem'd to nod;
 And all the fabric own'd the present God:
 His radiant chest he taught aloft to rise,
 And round the temple cast his flaming eyes:
 Struck was th' astonish'd crowd; the holy Priest, }
 His temples with white bands of ribband dress'd, }
 With reverend awe the Power divine confess'd: }
 "The God! the God!" he cries; "all tongues
 "be still!

"Each conscious breast devoutest ardour fill!

"O beauteous! O divine! assist our cares,

"And be propitious to thy votaries prayers!"

All, with consenting hearts and pious fear,
 The words repeat, the Deity revere:
 The Romans in their holy worship join'd,
 With silent awe, and purity of mind:
 Gracious to them, his crest is seen to nod,
 And, as an earnest of his care, the God,
 Thrice hissing, vibrates thrice his forked tongue;
 And now the smooth descent he glides along:
 Still on the ancient seats he bends his eyes,
 In which his statue breathes, his altars rise;
 His long-lov'd shrine with kind concern he leaves,
 And to forsake th' accusom'd mansion grieves:
 At length, his sweeping bulk in state is borne
 Through the throng'd streets, which scatter'd flowers
 adorn;

Through many a fold he winds his mazy course,
 And gains the port, and moles, which break the
 Ocean's force.

'Twas here he made a stand, and having view'd
 The pious train, who his last steps pursued,
 Seem'd to dismiss their zeal with gracious eyes,
 While gleams of pleasure in his aspect rise.

And now the Latian vessel he ascends ;
 Beneath the weighty God the vessel bends :
 The Latins on the strand great Jove appease,
 Their cables loose, and plough the yielding seas :
 The high-rear'd Serpent from the stern displays
 His gorgeous form, and the blue deep surveys ;
 The ship is wafted on with gentle gales,
 And o'er the calm Ionian smoothly sails ;
 On the sixth morn th' Italian coast they gain,
 And touch Lacinia, grac'd with Juno's fane ;
 Now fair Calabria to the sight is lost,
 And all the cities on her fruitful coast ;
 They pass at length the rough Sicilian shore,
 The Brutian soil, rich with metallic ore,
 The famous isles where Æolus was King,
 And Pæstus blooming with eternal spring :
 Minerva's cape they leave, and Caprea's isle,
 Campania, on whose hills the vineyards smile,
 The city, which Alcides' spoils adorn,
 Naples, for soft delight and pleasure born,
 Fair Stabia, with Cumean Sibyls' seats,
 And Baia's tepid baths and green retreats :
 Linternum next they reach, where balmy gums
 Distill from mastic trees, and spread perfumes :
 Caieta, from the nurse so nam'd, for whom
 With pious care Æneas rais'd a tomb,
 Vulturne, whose whirlpools suck the numerous sands,
 And Trachas, and Minturnæ's marshy lands,
 And Formia's coast is left, and Circe's plain,
 Which yet remembers her enchanting reign ;
 To Antium, last, his course the Pilot guides ;
 Here, while the anchor'd vessel safely rides,
 (For now the ruffled deep portends a storm)
 The spiry God unfolds his spheric form,
 Through large indentings draws his lubric train,
 And seeks the refuge of Apollo's fane.

The fane is situate on the yellow shore :
 When the sea smil'd, and the winds rag'd no more,
 He

He leaves his father's hospitable lands,
 And furrows, with his rattling scales, the sands
 Along the coast; at length the ship regains,
 And sails to Tibur, and Lavinum's plains.
 Here mingling crowds to meet their patron came,
 Ev'n the chaste guardians of the vestal flame,
 From every part tumultuous they repair,
 And joyful acclamations rend the air:
 Along the flowery banks, on either side,
 Where the tall ship floats on the swelling tide,
 Dispos'd in decent order altars rise;
 And crackling incense, as it mounts the skies,
 The air with sweets refreshes; while the knife,
 Warm with the victim's blood, lets out the stream-
 ing life. [now;

The world's great mistress, Rome, receives him
 On the mast's top reclin'd he waves his brow,
 And from that height surveys the great abodes,
 And mansions, worthy of residing Gods.
 The land, a narrow neck, itself extends,
 Round which his course the stream divided bends;
 The stream's two arms, on either side, are seen,
 Stretch'd out in equal length; the land between.
 The isle so call'd from hence derives its name:
 'Twas here the salutary Serpent came;
 Nor sooner has he left the Latian pine,
 But he assumes again his form divine,
 And now no more the drooping City mourns,
 Joy is again restor'd, and Health returns.

THE DEIFICATION OF JULIUS CÆSAR.

But Æsculapius was a foreign power:
 In his own city Cæsar we adore:
 Him Arms and Arts alike renown'd beheld,
 In peace conspicuous, dreadful in the field;
 His rapid conquests, and swift finish'd wars,
 The Hero justly fix'd among the stars;

Yet is his progeny his greatest fame :
 The Son immortal makes the Father's name.
 The sea-girt Britons, by his courage tam'd,
 For their high rocky cliffs and fierceness fam'd ;
 His dreadful navies, which victorious rode
 O'er Nile's affrighted waves and seven-fourc'd flood ;
 Numidia, and the spacious realms regain'd,
 Where Cinyphus or flows, or Juba reign'd ;
 The powers of titled Mithridates broke,
 And Pontus added to the Roman yoke ;
 Triumphal shows decreed, for conquests won,
 For conquests which the triumphs still outshone ;
 These are great deeds ; yet less, than to have given
 The world a Lord, in whom, propitious Heaven,
 When you decreed the sovereign rule to place,
 You blest'd with lavish bounty human race.

Now left so great a Prince might seem to rise
 Of mortal stem, his Sire must reach the skies ;
 The beauteous Goddess, that Æneas bore,
 Foresaw it, and foreseeing did deplore ;
 For well she knew her Hero's fate was nigh,
 Devoted by conspiring arms to die.
 Trembling, and pale, to every God, she cry'd,
 " Behold, what deep and subtle arts are try'd,
 " To end the last, the only branch that springs
 " From my Iulus, and the Dardan kings !
 " How bent they are ! how desperate to destroy
 " All that is left me of unhappy Troy !
 " Am I alone by Fate ordain'd to know
 " Uninterrupted care, and endless woe ?
 " Now from Tydides' spear I feel the wound :
 " Now Ilium's towers the hostile flames surround :
 " Troy laid in dust, my exil'd son I mourn,
 " Through angry seas, and raging billows borne ;
 " O'er the wide deep his wandering course he bends ;
 " Now to the fullen shades of Styx descends,
 " With Turnus driven at last fierce wars to wage,
 " Or rather with unpitying Juno's rage.

" But

“ But why record I now my ancient woes ?
 “ Sense of past ills in present fears I lose ;
 “ On me their points the impious daggers throw ;
 “ Forbid it, Gods, repel the direful blow :
 “ If by curs’d weapons Numa’s priest expires,
 “ No longer shall ye burn, ye vestal fires.”

While such complainings Cypria’s grief disclose ;
 In each celestial breast compassion rose :
 Not Gods can alter Fate’s resistless will ;
 Yet they foretold by signs th’ approaching ill.
 Dreadful were heard, among the clouds, alarms
 Of echoing trumpets, and of clashing arms ;
 The sun’s pale image gave so faint a light,
 That the sad earth was almost veil’d in night ;
 The æther’s face with fiery meteors glow’d ;
 With storms of hail were mingled drops of blood ;
 A dusky hue the morning star o’erspread,
 And the moon’s orb was stain’d with spots of red ;
 In every place portentous shrieks were heard,
 The fatal warnings of th’ infernal bird ;
 In every place the marble melts to tears ;
 While in the groves, rever’d through length of years,
 Boding and awful sounds the ear invade,
 And solemn music warbles through the shade ;
 No victim can atone the impious age,
 No sacrifice the wrathful Gods assuage ;
 Dire wars and civil fury threat the state ;
 And every omen points out Cæsar’s fate :
 Around each hallow’d shrine, and sacred dome,
 Night-howling dogs disturb the peaceful gloom ;
 Their silent seats the wandering shades forsake,
 And fearful tremblings the rock’d city shake.

Yet could not, by these prodigies, be broke
 The plotted charm, or stay’d the fatal stroke ;
 Their swords th’ assassins in the temple draw ;
 Their murdering hands nor Gods nor temples awe ;
 This sacred place their bloody weapons stain,
 And Virtue falls before the altar slain.

’Twas

"Twas now fair Cypria, with her woes oppress'd,
 In raging anguish smote her heavenly breast;
 Wild with distracting fears, the Goddess try'd
 Her Hero in th' etherial cloud to hide,
 The cloud which youthful Paris did conceal,
 When Menelaus urg'd the threatening steel;
 The cloud, which once deceiv'd Tydides' fight,
 And sav'd Æneas in th' unequal fight.

When Jove—"In vain, fair daughter, you assay
 "To o'er-rule Destiny's unconquer'd sway:
 "Your doubts to banish, enter Fate's abode;
 "A privilege to heavenly powers allow'd;
 "There shall you see the records grav'd, in length,
 "On iron and solid brass, with mighty strength;
 "Which heaven's and earth's concussion shall en-
 "dure;

"Maugre all shocks, eternal and secure:
 "There, on perennial adamant design'd,
 "The various fortunes of your race you'll find:
 "Well I have mark'd them, and will now relate
 "To thee the settled laws of future Fate.
 "He, Goddess, for whose death the Fates you blame,
 "Has finish'd his determin'd course with fame:
 "To thee 'tis given, at length, that he shall shine
 "Among the Gods, and grace the worship'd shrine:
 "His Son to all his greatness shall be heir,
 "And worthily succeed to empire's care:
 "Ourself will lead his wars, resolv'd to aid
 "The brave avenger of his Father's shade:
 "To him its freedom Mutina shall owe,
 "And Decius his auspicious conduct know:
 "His dreadful powers shall shake Pharsalia's plain,
 "And drench in gore Philippi's fields again:
 "A mighty Leader, in Sicilia's flood,
 "Great Pompey's warlike Son, shall be subdued:
 "Ægypt's soft Queen, adorn'd with fatal charms,
 "Shall mourn her Soldier's unsuccessful arms:
 "Too late shall find, her swelling hopes were vain,
 "And know, that Rome o'er Memphis still must reign:
 "What

"What name I Afric or Nile's hidden head?
 "Far as both oceans roll, his power shall spread:
 "All the known earth to him shall homage pay,
 "And the seas own his universal sway:
 "When cruel war no more disturbs mankind;
 "To civil studies shall he bend his mind,
 "With equal justice guardian laws ordain,
 "And by his great example vice restrain:
 "Where will his bounty or his goodness end?
 "To times unborn his generous views extend;
 "The virtues of his Heir our praise engage,
 "And promise blessings to the coming age:
 "Late shall he in his kindred orbs be plac'd,
 "With Pylion years, and crowded honours grac'd.
 "Meantime, your Hero's fleeting spirit bear,
 "Fresh from his wounds, and change it to a star:
 "So shall great Julius rites divine assume,
 "And from the skies eternal smile on Rome."

This spoke, the Goddess to the Senate flew:
 Where, her fair form conceal'd from mortal view,
 Her Cæsar's heavenly part she made her care,
 Nor left the recent soul to waste to air;
 But bore it upwards to its native skies:
 Glowing with new-born fires she saw it rise;
 Forth springing from her bosom up it flew,
 And, kindling as it soar'd, a comet grew;
 Above the lunar sphere it took its flight,
 And shot behind it a long trail of light.

THE REIGN OF AUGUSTUS, IN WHICH OVID
FLOURISHED.

Thus rais'd, his glorious offspring Julius view'd,
 Beneficently great, and scattering good,
 Deeds, that his own surpass'd, with joy beheld,
 And his large heart dilates to be excell'd.
 What though this Prince refuses to receive
 'The preference which his juster subjects give;
 Fame

108 REIGN OF AUGUSTUS.

Fame uncontrol'd, that no restraint obeys,
 The homage shunn'd by modest virtue, pays,
 And proves disloyal only in his praise. }
 Though great his Sire, him greater we proclaim:
 So Atreus yields to Agamemnon's fame;
 Achilles so superior honours won,
 And Peleus must submit to Peleus' Son;
 Examples yet more noble to disclose,
 So Saturn was eclips'd, when Jove to empire rose:
 Jove rules the heavens; the earth Augustus sways,
 Each claims a Monarch's and a Father's praise.

Celestials, who for Rome your cares employ;
 Ye Gods, who guarded the remains of Troy;
 Ye native Gods, here born, and fix'd by Fate;
 Quirinus, founder of the Roman state;
 O parent Mars, from whom Quirinus sprung;
 Chaste Vesta, Cæsar's household Gods among,
 Most sacred held; domestic Phæbus, thou,
 To whom with Vesta chaste alike we bow;
 Great guardian of the high Tarpeian rock;
 And all ye powers, whom Poets may invoke;
 O grant, that day may claim our sorrows late,
 When lov'd Augustus shall submit to Fate,
 Visit those seats where Gods and Heroes dwell,
 And leave in tears the world he rul'd so well!

THE POET CONCLUDES.

The work is finish'd, which nor dreads the rage
 Of tempests, fire, or war, or wasting age:
 Come, soon or late, death's undetermin'd day,
 This mortal being only can decay;
 My nobler part, my fame, shall reach the skies,
 And to late times with blooming honours rise:
 Whate'er th' unbounded Roman power obeys,
 All climes and nations shall record my praise:
 If 'tis allow'd to Poets to divine,
 One half of round eternity is mine.

ΟΙΚΟΓΡΑΦΙΑ: A POEM,
To his Grace the DUKE of DORSET, 1725.

“ Non ebur, nec aureum
“ Meâ renidet in domo lacunar;
“ Non trabes Hymettiae
“ Premunt columnas untimâ recisas
“ Africâ, neque Attali;
“ Ignotus hæres regiam occupavi.”
HOR 2 Od. xviii. 1—6.

AT length, O Dorset, not to raise
Trophies to thee of tinsel praise;
Nor barren compliments to frame;
Vain incense to so great a name!
At length I've gain'd, as men will guess,
What not great cunning nor address,
But Fortune in my way has thrown,
A House that I may call my own:
Kind Heaven from every ruin save it,
And bless the generous hand that gave it!
This House, your Grace may please to know,
Is eminent for outward show:
The Architect that plann'd the dome,
Foreseeing well a Druid's home,
The portal rais'd august, supply'd
Two tall sash-lights on either side;
And well he knew, three rooms a floor,
That no wise man would wish for more;
Then steps, a fair ascent! of stone
Uprear'd from living quarries hewn:
A sightly front; no flaw, nor blot!
Stands warm; and on a cunning spot:

Th'

Th' alcove at top ! from whence one may
At once the rising spires survey,
The freighted Thames what treasure fills,
And 'cross the flood the Kentish hills.

This for the shell—In all within,
A different face of things is seen ;
No pomp, nor cost bestow'd in vain !
But decent furniture, and plain ;
Where nothing fordid is to see ;
Neat, though from ostentation free :
To pass the entry, which we call,
Sometimes, in raillery, a Hall ;
The Parlour's what the house does grace !
That is to say, my Lord, the place
Where humble Bards our levee wait ;
Which True-wit calls my room of state :
At once you see the Pannel-glass,
The matted Chairs, and Locks of brass ;
The Stove, that cheers the wintery moon,
Or Flower-piece, in its stead, in June ;
The Beaufet, that, with glasses fine,
Tempt's heedless folks to stay to dine ;
And, last, the genial Board, not large,
Nor equal to a sumptuous charge,
Yet, where one could with ease compose
All Vafer's friends, or Methuen's foes :
Such needful things are, chief, in view ;
To ornament there are but few :
Howe'er, the careful eye may see
Gilt Spoons, for equipage of Tea,
And Cups, the soft Chinese's art !
Partly entire, in fragments part ;
An Almanack, Feast-days to spy ;
And Skreens of Gause for privacy ;
In one and t'other place a Print ;
Th' Engraver's skill, or Mezzotint !
Here, Harriot looks as she would smile ;
Here, Dorset, thy brave friend Argyll,

His

His learned Brother, there, is seen,
 Buchanan and Puffendorf between.
 Here, Smelt to all the Muses dear;
 And the great Statesman, Walpole, here;
 The Royal Race, Dahl's master-hand!
 Come forth to fight; beside them stand
 Garth, Dryden, Cavendish, in a row;
 And Dufey, for a joke, below:
 With such like toys we make a shift;
 The more, because Jack Trueman's gift.

As yet, is found no decoration
 Of long descent, nor antique fashion;
 No reverend portraiture to strike
 The eye, here Lely, there Vandyke!
 Till, in the Dining-room, behold!
 (Let it with honest pride be told)
 My Grandfire's * awful form appears,
 The silver beard of fourscore years!
 And, near, his aged Help-mate † hung,
 Toast of Belgravian Swains, when young!
 By her, plain Robert's ‡ rustic dress!
 Fair Catharine || with the auborn tress!
 And of my Line some other few,
 Blest people that had nought to do!
 Who, gravely, nothing made their care,
 But to leave nothing to their Heir!
 Here too, Seats, some half score, are found;
 And a Tarpaulin on the ground;
 A Mirror, Cosmo's constant friend,
 Does, down the pier, direct, descend;
 Each side, a Sconce, for waxen lights,
 To grace the dance on Christmas nights;

* Thomas Staveley, Esq, of whom see an account in "The History of Hinckley," p. 152.

† Mary Onebye, youngest daughter of the famous old Counsellor of that name. Their residence was at Belgrave.

‡ Robert Brudenell, esq. of Leicester, his first cousin.

|| Sister to Robert.

A Map you see the chimney o'er ;
 At a small distance, a Scritore,
 Contriv'd my little wealth to hold
 Of Staple Poetry, or Gold ;
 A Couch, beside, of homely sort,
 But serves, thank worthy Bevill for't,
 To entertain one's thoughts at ease,
 Or muse of what may Dorset please ;
 On learned shelves, while, close at hand,
 A few old trusty Clafficks stand,
 Quintilian, Plutarch, Mantua's fame,
 Herodotus, the great Livian name,
 Petronius, Ovid, Bion's tears,
 Wilmot, and Waller, 'mong their Peers,
 And other names of modern birth,
 Hoadly, Verulam, Chillingworth,
 Thy Sire, with his immortal wreath !
 And our own Laurel, far beneath.
 Such this apartment—With small pains
 A man may guess at what remains.

The Chamber, set apart for rest,
 With few embellishments is drest ;
 Void of the needless curious skill !
 And would become de Vilette ill :
 Howe'er, the walls are lin'd with stuff,
 Coarse-spun, but warm ; so rich enough.
 To cherish love, hangs full in view
 A Venus, Peregrini drew ;
 The boards look brown, through Jenny's care,
 Fresh-rubb'd with marjoram and myrrh ;
 And these a cheap-bought carpet strows ;
 A wholesome hearth with embers glows,
 Vapours and wintery damps to cure ;
 And other useful furniture ;
 The chief, what all the rest does crown,
 A neat clean bed ! its feathers, down !
 Soft, as e'er gave the peacock pride,
 Or blanch'd the silver cygnet's side.

The

The rest o'th' house, and neighbouring rooms,
Alike undeck'd with Persia's looms,
Your Grace's trouble not t'increase,
Is much the same, and of a piece.

Such lowly things Philemon show'd,
And Baucis, in their mean abode;
Yet Gods descending grac'd their cot:
Like theirs, is my all humble lot:
Nor cover we the wealth, that shines
In domes of Eastern concubines;
The luxury of Cardinals;
Nor British Barons echoing Halls;
The Cabinets of amber pure;
The golden Lamp, nor silver Ewer;
Nor ample Goblets, that relate
Histories, rough-rising on the Plate;
Nor Crimson Flowers on Arras feign'd;
Nor soft Perfumes in wood engrain'd:
These wants I bear; not wants to me!
While Innocence and Piety
Defend my roof, and Britain deigns
To listen to my Lestrian* strains.

One only place, the humble grief,
That of your Grace implores relief,
Is yet unsung — All wan it lies,
And, deep, beneath the azure skies;
Here, oft, to nourish spleen I go,
A darksome path! descending low;
Here, Fate so will'd, the scene begins;
Fit penance for a life of sins!
Aid me, great Shades, Milton and Kneller,
To paint the horrors of the Cellar;
The Cellar! rather say the frame,
That but usurps a Cellar's name:
Lo! a sad void! and void of chear;
No Bellarmine, my Lord, is here;
Eliza none at hand to reach,
A Betty call'd in common speech!

* He was a native of Leicestershire.

Nor Muscate, nor Frontignac's treasure;
 To ensnare kind girls to pleasure;
 Nor Margou, stor'd in priestly cells,
 That on the palate grateful dwells;
 Nor yet the grape, matur'd by suns
 O'er glittering sands where Tagus runs,
 Is here; Pontac, nor Hermitage,
 In rusty bottles, pledge of age!
 Nor Cyprus soft, the Lover's balm,
 Is here; nor Vine furnam'd the Palm,
 That does to mind bright Windsor call!
 But all is blank, and empty all;
 Empty and blank, and full of rue:
 My soul! ridiculous to view!
 A Cellar, but in outward plan!
 As Senesino is a man:
 A bootless vacuum, vainly wide!
 Where no kind tap is to be spy'd;
 No maiden hog'shead lies, retir'd,
 For chosen friends, and men inspir'd;
 No precious flask, the night to close
 With amorous talk beneath the rose;
 Nor any hidden pint, t'arrest
 At parting hours, a favourite guest;
 O most forlorn of space! in vain
 I search it o'er and o'er again;
 And scarce my faithful eyes believe,
 And wish my senses could deceive.
 Not otherwise Louisa sped,
 To a plane man by fortune wed;
 Like me, the Nymph admir'd her state,
 When her soft hand, that o'er her mate,
 From chin to toe did wistly stray,
 Met nothing all the level way.

Trace backward the Pierian story;
 Run over the Crown'd Heads of Glory;
 Then tell me, Buckhurst, who of all
 The Sacred Band we Prophets call,

Old

Old time or late, but tasted free
 The grape, and bless'd its energy !
 Horace, read him, still he chats,
 Untir'd, of his Falernian vats;
 Their age precise ! the Consul's name !
 Gay Catullus does the same ;
 The clusters, Lebanon that clad,
 Made David's heart and Psaltry glad ;
 And every vine Anacreon try'd,
 A Martyr to the vine who dy'd !
 What name I soft Perfecti's lay ?
 He chaunts, by turns, and sucks Tokay :
 Great Eugene's bard, that Bully-rock,
 Drinks, like his mother's milk, Old Hock ;
 And Ramsay, offspring of our own,
 Through the Northward Islands known,
 Rich fumes of Chianti does inspire,
 Then strikes the Caledonian Lyre :
 Whoe'er affect a Poet's praise,
 Ev'n Beaux, that sing their courtly lays,
 O'er Tuscan bowls long nights regale,
 And blast the fame of damsels frail.

What wonders will not Wine create !
 The cordial of unprosperous fate !
 The charm, that, easing dull delay,
 Gives us to-morrow's good to-day ;
 The flattering mirrour, that does raise
 Beauty's lustre to a blaze !

The cheat, on Chloris that bestows
 How's lily, and Campbella's rose !

These are the thoughts, that from my breast,
 Great Line of Sackville, banish rest ;
 Ev'n Wit depriving of its charms !
 My torment in Zelinda's arms !
 Demure and pale, I travel round
 These ramparts, and these walls renown'd ;
 And when some claret phiz I spy,
 I note it with an envious eye.

O Thou! their theme whom Poets chuse!
 Refuge of the lost English Muse!
 The day, thou darling of my song!
 Led by the swift-wing'd Hours along,
 The day draws nigh, that shall restore
 Our Cæsar to his Albion shore*;
 And that auspicious other day†,
 Distinguish'd through the vernal May,
 The Suns bring on, to grace our mirth;
 Th' illustrious morn that gave him birth:
 Then let me not, while with one voice
 Mankind on Britain's Faſts rejoice,
 Let me not want (Heaven's boon!) Champaign,
 T' engay the heart; or with in vain
 To hail great George in Bourdeaux wine,
 Thy Lord, O Middleſex, and mine.

* The King was then at Hanover.

† The 28th of May. See p. 65.

PROLOGUE to SOUTHERN'S
MONEY'S THE MISTRESS*, 1725†.

FROM the dull beaten road resolv'd to stray,
This Author, for the subject of his Play,
Does every sect and every nation chuse :
French, Spaniards, Moors, and unbelieving Jews !
So subtle chemists to import are known,
From different climates, medicines for their own :
This is his scheme—But much, he fears, at length,
Is wasted of his fire and wonted strength.
The suns decay ; the brightest lustre wanes ;
Nor is he all he was in former reigns :
Then was his day to court th' inconstant stage ;
Enfeebled now, and diffident with age ‡,

To

* " This Play," the good old man who wrote it tells his patron Lord Boyle, " does not come recommended from the Stage." It was acted at Lincoln's Inn Fields, three nights only. Mr. Victor relates that he was behind the scenes the first night, and while the audience were hissing dreadfully in the 5th act, Mr. Rich, who was standing by Mr. Southern, asked him if he heard what they were doing? His answer was, " No, Sir, I am very deaf."

† " The tale is a very fine one, as Madam Dunoy has told it in the *Lady's Voyage into Spain*." SOUTHERN.

‡ In the Dedication, Southern calls himself " sixty-six ;" and acknowledges his obligation to his great benefactor the Earl of Orrery. " It is to his favour," he adds, " that I have now in my old age the reasonable comforts of life, and that I am not straitened in any the conveniencies of it, by what could happen to this play."—Mr. Oldys remembered Mr. Southern " a grave and venerable old gentleman. He lived near Covent-Garden, and used often to frequent the evening prayers there, always neat and decently dressed, commonly in black, with his silver sword and silver locks ; but latterly, it seems, he resided at Westminster." The late excellent poet Mr. Gray, in a letter to Mr. Walpole, dated from Burnham, in Buckinghamshire, September 1737, has also the following observation concerning our author : " We have old Mr. Southern at a gentleman's house a little way off, who often

To you, ye Fair, for patronage he sues :
 O ! last defend, who first inspir'd his Muse !
 In your soft service he has pass'd his days,
 And glory'd to be born for woman's praise :
 Dépress'd at length, and in your cause decay'd,
 The good old man to Beauty bends for aid ;
 That Beauty he has taught so oft to moan !
 That never let Imoinda * weep alone,
 And made his Isabella's † griefs its own !
 Ere you arose to life, ye blooming train ;
 Ere time brought forth our pleasure and our pain ;
 He melted hearts, to Monarchs' vows deny'd !
 And soft'ned to distress unconquer'd pride :
 O ! then protect, in his declining years,
 The man that fill'd your mothers' eyes with tears !
 The last of Charles's Bards ! The living name,
 That rose, in that Augustan age, to fame !
 And you, his Brother-authors, bravely dare
 To join to-night the squadrons of the Fair ;
 With zeal protect your veteran Writer's page,
 And save the Drama's Father in his age :
 Nor let the wreath from his grey head be torn ;
 For half a century with honour worn !
 His merits to your tribe to mind recall ;
 Of some the Patron, and a Friend to all !
 In him the Poets' Nestor ye defend !
 Great Otway's Peer, and greater Dryden's Friend.

comes to see us ; he is now seventy-seven years old, and has almost wholly lost his memory ; but is as agreeable an old man as can be, at least I persuade myself so when I look at him, and think of Isabella and Ooonoko." Mr. Mason adds in a note on this passage, 4to. edit. p. 25. that " Mr. Gray always thought highly of his pathetic powers, at the same time that he blamed his ill taste for mixing them so injudiciously with farce, in order to produce that monstrous species of composition, called Tragi-comedy." Mr. Southern, however, in the latter part of his life, was sensible of the impropriety of blending tragedy and comedy, and used to declare to lord Corke his regret at complying with the licentious taste of the times.

* The heroine of " Ooonoko." † In " The Fatal Marriage."

A D I S-

A DISSERTATION concerning the Perfection of the
ENGLISH LANGUAGE, the State of POETRY, &c.

To His Grace the DUKE of NEWCASTLE,
Lord Chamberlain of his Majesty's House-
hold, and Knight of the most Noble Order
of the Garter, &c.

My Lord, [1724.]

WHATEVER, in the ensuing Volume*, has been printed before, was received with a very remarkable candour and indulgence by all sorts of Readers: and it is this, together with your Grace's experienced care for arts, that has principally encouraged me to address these writings to you. No Works of mine should have aspired to so great an honour, if they could not have brought with them some marks of public favour. That favour, whatever it be, and the good-nature of the Town expressed towards them, gives me, I confess, a very sincere pleasure, while it gives me an argument for introducing them to the Duke of Newcastle. The good fortune my writings have met with could never have been boasted of, or even mentioned by me, but that it contributes to make their way to your Grace with more respect and dignity.

The generality of Writers (and what they pretend is, I question not, very unaffected) have recourse to the sanction of great names, as a charm

* This Dissertation was prefixed to the Volume of Mr. Welsted's Poetry collected by himself in 1724.

against envy, sometimes without being in any danger of exciting it, and as a defence from the attacks of Criticks, an inhospitable race of people, that are at perpetual enmity with Poets, as the Turks with the Maltese. The Poets, my Lord, like those of Malta, have but a small territory to defend; like them, they possess certain immunities and honours, and boast the most illustrious of mankind among the Knights of their Order: they are, in common with the Heroes of that Island, adventurers for fame and glory, and there is in either institution but one preferment or place of profit; the enemies of the one and the other are equally savage, and though not very famous for the arts and discipline of War, yet much to be feared in regard of their rage, noise, and numbers. It is therefore with good reason, that the writers of Verse so earnestly solicit succours from those who are best able to afford it them; they have great need to be protected from their Mahometan adversaries. This, my Lord, is the case of most of us; but the following Poems do not, at this time, wholly pretend this plea for favour; they have, in the greater part of them, already passed through the trials and dangers of the poetical warfare; and, now that the heat of the day is over, they humbly throw themselves at your Grace's feet, in hopes of finding there an honourable asylum. Many of them, my Lord, which I must not omit to mention in justice to myself, were expressly written to assert my zeal for the Protestant Establishment, and to celebrate, what in me lay, those brave Englishmen that had signalized themselves in its defence. As such, they have an additional right to your Grace's care, over and above that which the Muses claim to the favour of great men, and may with uncommon propriety apply for patronage to the acknowledged Patron of Liberty.

I shall

I shall say nothing farther at present on the affair of this particular work; my own private interests in Poetry, under the honour of your Grace's protection, are, I doubt not, in a very good way. But, when I consider Poets in their general cause and concerns, I own, I cannot affirm that they prosper exceedingly in this age, even though you, my Lord, the living ornament of it, have so eminently befriended them; whether it be, that the inordinate love of gain has taken off men's attention from this delicate sort of pleasure, or that other gratifications by their variety and novelty have cast a damp on it for a while, or that, from the reigning temper of the people at present, not Poetry itself can be popular, if it be not disaffected; or whatever other reasons may be assigned. Notwithstanding this, I flatter myself, there is something in the situation of public affairs at this time, that gives the votaries of this art a promise of better days. It is not, unless I mistake, much more than a century, since England first recovered out of something like barbarism, with respect to its state of letters and politeness. The great rude Writers of our nation, in early times, did indeed promise what the English genius would one day be capable of, when the refinement of our language, and other improvements, might afford favourable opportunities for the exerting of it; and at the Restoration it was, that Poetry and Polite Arts began to spring up. In the reign of William the Third, the founder of English Liberty, they acquired great strength and vigour, and have continued to thrive, gradually, down almost to our times. Thus have they, surrounded with continual tempests, and through a series of dangerous and unsettled times, kept on in a progressive state. How much more will they, in all likelihood, if not greatly checked, advance in the present calm, that is spread
over

over public affairs? May it not, my Lord, be reasonably hoped, that the peace, the happiness, the universal quiet and tranquillity, which Great Britain and all Europe enjoys under the influence of his Majesty's Councils, will have such happy consequences for all the studies of Humanity, as may, in time, and under just encouragements, bring them to that standard of perfection which denominates a classical age!

Every civilized nation has, I believe, sooner or later, such an age; how far we may be in it, or what approaches we have made towards it, I need not go about to ascertain: however, it seems to me plain, that the English Language is not capable of a much greater perfection than it has already attained. We have trafficked with every country for the enriching of it; the Moderns and Ancients have contributed to the giving it splendor and magnificence; the fairest scions that could be had from the gardens of France and Italy have been grafted on our old stocks, to refine the savageness of the breed: we have laid aside all our harsh antique words, and retained only those of good sound and energy: the most beautiful polish is at length given to our tongue; and its Teutonic rust quite worn away. Little or nothing, then, is wanting, in respect of copiousness and harmony; some new acquisitions, it is granted, may occasionally be gained; and a judicious writer may find an opportunity sometimes of throwing a jewel into our Language, a word or expression of more sweetness or significancy than it had before: but all men have not the talent of doing this with judgement, as all do not distinguish between hard and elegant words, or see how Poetry and Eloquence differ from Pedantry. Nor does any thing, I conceive, require greater skill or delicacy, than to improve a Language by introducing

roducing foreign treasures into it; the words, so introduced, ought to be such as, in a manner, naturalize themselves; that is, they ought to fall into the idiom, and suit with the genius of the tongue, they are brought into, so luckily, as almost to seem originally of its own growth; otherwise, the attempt will end in nothing but an uncouth unnatural jargon, like the phrase and style of Milton, which is a second Babel, or confusion of all languages; a fault that can never be enough regretted in that immortal Poet, and which if he had wanted, he had perhaps wanted a Superior. Upon the whole, there is a point of perfection in general, which when once a Language is arrived to, it cannot exceed, though it may degenerate from it; and thus it happened both to Greece and Rome: they both gained this point of perfection, and both declined from it; the style of Plutarch, and the more modern Greek authors, being as impure and corrupt, in comparison of that of Xenophon and Plato, as is the style of Juvenal, Lucan, and others, compared with that of Horace, Catullus, Virgil. The vulgar opinion therefore is a vulgar error, viz. that our Language will continue to go on from one refinement to another, and pass through perpetual variations and improvements, till in time the English, we now speak, is become as obsolete and unintelligible as that of Chaucer, and so on, as long as we are a people. This is what one of our Poets laid down some years ago as an undoubted maxim,

“And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.”

But, whoever this writer is *, he certainly judged the matter wrong: it is with languages, as it is with

* This affected ignorance contributed not a little to the severity of the Dunciad. The quotation is from the Essay on Criticism, ver. 483.

animals, vegetables, and all other things; they have their rise, their progress, their maturity, and their decay. It cannot indeed be guessed, in the infancy of a people, how many generations may pass, ere their Language comes to this last perfection; this depends on unforeseen circumstances and events; but, when once a tongue has acquired such a degree of excellence, it is not difficult to judge of it, and to see it; though it is as impossible to declare how long it will continue in that purity, as it was before to know when it would arrive to it. The beauty of the Roman Language began to fade soon after the subversion of the Commonwealth, and was owing to it, as the loss of their liberty made way for that inundation of barbarous nations which afterwards over-ran them. The English Language, perhaps, may never share the same fate from the same causes; it may remain in its present lustre for many centuries, perhaps not decline from it, till the Divine Will shall think fit, if ever it think fit, to transplant the seats of Learning from these to some other parts of the world. That this, indeed, may happen some time or other, is not unlikely, as far as one may judge of things to come by those that are past. As far, I say, as the experience of past things may enable us to form a judgement concerning the rules of Providence, it seems to be one law in his dispensations, that Arts and Sciences, with their train of blessings, shall visit, in their turn, all parts of the globe, and that every part in its turn shall lie sunk in desolation and barbarism. The prevailing opinion is, that the elements of knowledge had their rise in Egypt; but, whether this be true or false, or where-ever they began, it is certain that countries formerly barbarous are now learned, and that the most learned of former times are the most barbarous of the present. The Lesser Asia was a great while the most civilized

civilized spot of the earth, and the most distinguished for trade and wealth. Science and ingenuity, in process of time, transmigrated into Greece, from Greece into Italy, and thence spread gradually over almost all the other countries of Europe; and we have lately seen, in the same quarter of the world, a nation, the greatest for extent of territory, emerging, as it were, all of a sudden, out of the depth of savageness, and promising to vye with the politest of their neighbours in all the arts of peace and war*. Thus has Learning, in different ages, shifted her abode, deserting one people to cultivate another. At present, she resides among us in Europe, but some time hereafter may possibly take her flight into America†, settle there, and flourish in that new-discovered world, even among nations as yet unknown to us.

But to return, my Lord, from this digression. The notion I have been endeavouring to lead your Grace into, is, that the English Language does, at this day, possess all the advantages and excellencies, which are very many, that its nature will admit of, whether they consist in softness and majesty of sound, or in the force and choice of words, or in variety and beauty of construction: and I am satisfied, that what I have asserted could be more fully made out by other considerations than those already suggested; particularly, by comparing the improvements our Language has gained, since the time of the first refiners of it, with those it had in their time, and received from them, and by making the same comparison with respect to the Greek, Latin, French, and other tongues, and then by stating, as accurately as may be, the time when these

* The Poet here seems prophetic of the growing importance of the Russian Empire.

† Here again is something like poetical prophecy.

respective Languages ceased improving visibly and materially, and how long they continued in such an unprogressive state. But I shall not give myself the trouble of doing this, since any person of learning and discernment, if he pleases to think on the subject, may as well do it for himself. It is sufficient to have given the hint. I shall only add on this subject, now I am speaking of the acquired advantages of the English Tongue, that its natural ones are likewise very great, and such as, I believe, other modern Languages do not possess, or not with equal happiness; as, that it is capable of finely compounding its words oftentimes, like the Greek; and in verse, which I chiefly have my eye upon all along, has many measures, the Iambic and Trochee for instance, in common with the Greek and Latin, an advantage arising from the variation of the accent; and that rhyme is peculiarly natural to it, varying itself to the ear with excessive sweetness and truth; not to mention the cæsuras, pauses, transpositions, and numberless other graces, which our versification is capable of, and which result wholly from the original goodness of the tongue.

Thus much for the natural excellence and present perfection of the English Language; and as far as this goes, my Lord, are we advanced towards what I have called a classical age. The materials to work with are good; what we further require is, genius in the workmen; or, in other words, the ingredients, that compose the colouring, being ripe and lasting, there wants only a fine imagination and a skilful hand to direct the pencil.

Nor will geniuses, equal to the highest undertakings, be wanting, so I am apt to flatter myself, among other circumstances, from the agreeable prospect of public affairs, provided proper incitements, as was noticed before, be added for raising in men a noble emulation and desire of excelling.

The

The force of encouragement is such, that it has carried arts to the most envied height even in enslaved countries, as well as in those of freedom. In a word, it was the regard paid to men of great talents, and the liberal distribution of rewards among them, that gave so great an eclat to the reigns of two memorable Princes in different ages, of whom one came to power by the most infamous methods, and the other exercised it with the greatest cruelty.

Every thing, my Lord, our Trade, our Peace, our Liberty, the complexion of our Language and of our Government, and the disposition and spirit of the Britons, admirably turned by nature for succeeding in Poetry, all would conspire to make this Nation the Rival of the most renowned among the Ancients for works of Wit and Genius; could we but once see that amiable temper of Humanity, and that love of Learning, which distinguish your Grace, more generally prevail among persons of your rank. Give us our Holles's, and we shall not be long without our Poets.

I am in no doubt but your Grace will excuse this ardour, which my subject has unwarily worked me into, and which proceeds purely from the passion I have for the glory of my Native Country; a passion, which has made you, my Lord, the darling of it, and is the only quality in which I can hope to resemble you, as well as the best recommendation I can have to your favour.

It is not unlikely it may be expected that, in an introduction to a collection of Poems of a very various kind, and while I have the honour of addressing myself to so good a judge, I should say something of the maxims and rules in general of Poetry. Some Authors, I take it, do this by way of key to the beauties of their productions, which method does not yet always answer their expectation,

tation, or much promote the view they have in it. For my own part, as this kind of ostentation is by no means agreeable to me, so I am convinced it would give no satisfaction to your Grace, nor be in the least useful to any man. All that the Ancients, or the Moderns copying after them, have written on this scheme, is no more than a sett of very obvious thoughts and observations, which every man of good sense naturally knows without being taught, and which never made a good Poet, or mended a bad one; nor have they, I may venture to affirm, been of any other service to mankind, than to furnish out multitudes of pretenders in Poetry, that otherwise had never teased the publick with their spiritless performances. Those observations or rules were primarily formed upon, and designed to serve only as comments to, the works of certain great Authors, who composed those works without any such help: the mighty originals, from whence they were drawn, were produced without them; and, unluckily for all rules, it has commonly happened since, that those Writers have succeeded the worst, who have pretended to have been most assisted by them. What is here said of the rules of Poetry, is equally true of those of Rhetorick and some other arts. The "Art of Poetry" of Horace is, no question, a masterly piece, if one considers the style, method, and poetry of it; and yet I cannot but think, there are scattered through the Odes, the Satires, and Epistles of that Author, more elegant hints concerning Poetry, and that go further into the truth of it, than are to be met with in his professed dissertation on that subject. As to the numerous Treatises, Essays, Arts, &c. both in verse and prose, that have been written by the moderns on this groundwork, they do but hackney the same thoughts over again, making them still more trite; most of these

these pieces are nothing but a pert insipid heap of common-place; nor do any, nor all of them put together, contribute in any considerable degree, if they contribute at all, towards the raising or finishing a good genius. The truth is, they touch only the externals or form of the thing, without entering into the spirit of it; they play about the surface of Poetry, but never dive into its depths; the secret, the soul of good writing, is not to be come at through such mechanic Laws; the main graces, and the cardinal beauties of this charming art, lie too retired within the bosom of Nature, and are of too fine and subtle an essence, to fall under the discussion of Pedants, Commentators, or trading Criticks, whether they be heavy Prose drudges, or more sprightly Essayers in Rhime. These beauties, in a word, are rather to be felt, than described. By what precepts shall a Writer be taught only to think poetically, or to trace out, among the various powers of thought, that particular vein or feature of it which Poetry loves, and to distinguish between the good sense which may have its weight and justness in Prose, and that which is of the nature of Verse? What instruction shall convey to him that flame, which can alone animate a work, and give it the glow of Poetry? And how, or by what industry, shall be learned, among a thousand other charms, that delicate contexture in writing, by which the colours, as in the rainbow, grow out of one another, and every beauty owes its lustre to a former, and gives being to a succeeding one? Could certain methods be laid down for attaining these excellencies, every one that pleased might be a Poet; as every one that pleases may be a Geometrician, if he will but have due patience and attention. Many of the graces in Poetry may, I grant, be talked of in very intelligible language, but intelligible only to those who

have a natural taste for it, or are born with the talent of judging. To have what we call taste, is having, one may say, a new sense or faculty super-added to the ordinary ones of the soul, the prerogative of fine spirits! and to go about to pedagogue a man into this sort of knowledge who has not the seeds of it in himself, is the same thing as if one should endeavour to teach an art of seeing without eyes. True conceptions of Poetry can no more be communicated to one born without taste, than adequate ideas of colours can be given to one born without sight. All which is saying no more, than it would be to say, that to judge finely of Musick, it is requisite to have naturally a good ear for it. Those celestial bodies, which through their distance cannot appear to us but by the help of glasses, do yet as truly exist as if they could be seen by the naked eye. So are the graces of Poetry, though they come within the reach but of few, as real, as if they were perceptible alike to all: the difference is, the telescope, which brings the one to our view, is artificial; that which shews us the other, is natural. In fine, the same arguments, that will convince a sightless man of the reality of light, and another, who has no idea but of noise, of the reality of harmony, will as conclusively prove to one, wholly void of taste, the existence of poetical excellencies. Some of these, I have said, may be discoursed of with accuracy and clearness enough, that is, so as to be understood by those who understand them already; but there are others of that exquisite nicety, that they will not fall under any description, nor yield to the torture of explanation. We are irresistibly captivated by them, where-ever we find them in good Authors, without being able to say precisely what that power is which captivates us; as, when one views a very beautiful woman, one is immediately affected with
her

her beauty, though we cannot mechanically explain the cause that has that force over us; we feel the enchantment, and the eye strikes it into the heart, but are at a loss for the solutions and reasons of it; we know we are silently struck by the power of a certain proportion or symmetry, but do not strictly know the measure of that symmetry, and the positive laws by which it is governed. Poetry, in this particular view of it, may be said to flow from a source, which, like the Nile, it conceals; the stream is rich and transparent, while the fountain is hid. Here then, at least, rules are impracticable; but while I am in this trace of thought, I am not to be understood as if I would throw the talent of writing in verse into a lawless mystery, and make of it a wild ungoverned province, where reason has nothing to do. It is certain, every thing depends on reason, and must be guided by it; but it is as certain, that reason operates differently, when it has different things for its object. Poetical reason is not the same as mathematical reason. There is in good Poetry as rigid truth, and as essential to the nature of it, as there is in a question of Algebra; but that truth is not to be proved by the same process or way of working. Poetry depends much more on imagination than other arts, but is not on that account less reasonable than they; for imagination is as much a part of reason as is memory or judgement, or rather a more bright emanation from it, as to paint and throw light upon ideas is a finer act of the understanding, than simply to separate or compare them. Plays, indeed, and the flights of fancy, do not submit to that sort of discussion which moral or physical propositions are capable of; but must nevertheless, to please, have justness and natural truth. The care to be had in judging of things of this nature, is to try them by those tests that are proper to themselves, and not

by such as are proper only to other knowledges. Thus Poetry is not an irrational art, but as closely linked with reason, exerted in a right way, as any other knowledge; what it differs in, as a science of reason, from other sciences, is, that it does not, equally with them, lie level to all capacities; that a man, rightly to perceive the reason and the truth of it, must be born with taste, or a faculty of judging; and that it cannot be reduced to a formal science, or taught by any set precepts. I will only add to what I have said on this head, that, in most other arts, care and application are chiefly required, which is not sufficient in Poetry. A Poet often owes more to his good fortune than to his industry; and this is what is usually called the felicity of a writer, that is, when in the warmth of his imagination he lights upon a conception, an image, or way of turning a thought or phrase with a beauty which he could not have attained by any study, and which no rules could have led him to; and this happiness it is, which, in honour to great Poets, is sometimes called or believed to be inspiration. Upon the whole, therefore, that I may draw to a conclusion, it should seem likely that general maxims and rules in Poetry, at least as they are ordinarily propounded, are rather for form and ostentation than for use; and I think what Valerius Maximus has affirmed concerning virtue may, with equal or better reason, be applied to them: "*Quid enim doctrina proficit? Ut politiora, non ut meliora fiant ingenia; quoniam quidem sola virtus nascitur magis quam fingitur.*" Some of these maxims may possibly serve to polish a genius, but cannot make it better than nature made it; as a rough diamond is not heightened in value, but only prepared to be set to view, by the hands of the lapidary. The Author*, of whose work I have sub-

* Longinus on the Sublime.

joined a Translation to the following Poems (attempted when I was very young, but now revised, particularly in the quotations from the Poets, which are all new-translated, and made as faithful in the whole as my health and the time I had for doing it would allow of); this Author is, indeed, of opinion, that precepts may be laid down of use for acquiring the sublime; but he presupposes at the same time a natural genius for it, an aptitude of mind to think greatly and happily; and no one, in his judgement, can be a sublime Writer, who has not a sublimity and a nobleness of soul.

Astronomers tell us, that bodies attract one another in proportion to their solid contents or quantity of matter; this, they say, they know by experiments and calculations, and that by these principles they can explain the motions of the planets which compose our system; but they do not pretend to shew the mechanical causes of this gravitation, or attraction; all they can say about it is, that this general law was originally impressed on Nature by God, who might give what laws to Nature he thought fit. In like manner, to end this subject at once, must we speak of taste, imagination, and of many beauties in Poetry. We know, from consciousness and experience, there are such faculties of the mind, and such results of genius; we know the effect they have upon us, and the pleasures they produce in us: but we cannot physically account for them, any more than we can for the soul itself, or any of those other operations of it, which, as they lie more in common, are less liable to be called in question.

I did in earnest design to have ended here this subject: but, to prevent, if I can, the possibility of being misunderstood, I will add, that, when I speak of Rules in Poetry as useless, I do not mean, that experience, knowledge, application, and every method by which excellency is attained in other things, are not necessary for the aiding of a good

genius. What I contend against is, the common traditional rules; such as, for example, "Poetry is an imitation; it has Nature for its object; as an art, it has some end, and consequently means or rules to attain that end. An English verse contains five feet; a Play ought to consist of neither more nor less than five acts; there ought to be a fable or design in it, &c. the manners are to be preserved, and he that is valiant in the first act must not be a coward in the second; old men are to talk in the strain of old age, young men in that of youth, and masters, servants, &c. suitably to their respective conditions of life. A gay similitude or description avails nothing, when out of season; in Pastorals, let a Shepherd have the simplicity of a Shepherd; in Epics, a Hero, the dignity of a Hero: be not witty in the wrong place; correct and alter incessantly;" and so on. If I were to run over all the rules, I might fill many pages with maxims of the same weight and importance; but I will only collect a little of the like sort out of the English Essayers in Rhime.

"Remember, that the diction every where
"Be gentle, clean"——

"No cutting off of vowels must be found."

"Think not, where shining thoughts to place,
"But what a man should say in such a case."

"—— Be not fondly your own slave for this,
"But change hereafter whate'er seems amiss."

"Songs to a just perfection should be wrought;
"Yet where can we see one without a fault?"

"Bare ribaldry, and nauseous songs, are most unfit."

"The language still must soft and easy run."

"Our

- “ Our lovers talking to themselves, for want
 “ Of others, make the pit their confidant ;
 “ Nor is the matter mended yet, if thus
 “ They trust a friend, only to tell it us.”
 “ First on a plot employ thy careful thought.”
 “ — ’Tis drudgery to stoop so low ;
 “ Yet to the Player your secret meaning shew.”
 “ Another fault, which often does befall,
 “ Is, when the wit of some great Poet shall
 “ So overflow, that is, be none at all.”
 “ That silly thing, men call, sheer-wit, avoid.”
 “ You must not say too little, nor too much.”

I have here culled out the finest things and the very flower of all I could meet with in most of our Arts or Essays of Poetry. I will not now dwell on the depth of these wise sayings, or the uncommon elegance with which they are delivered ; but shall only inform your Grace, that these are some of the most material of those sublime truths, which have been handed down from age to age with so great pomp, authority, and shew of learning ; these are those wonderful discoveries, to the observation of which alone, it is affirmed, and to nothing else, the perfection of all good poetical writings has been owing. It may be so ; I will not absolutely gainsay it, both as I am an enemy to disputation, and by reason of my great unworthiness to pronounce in so solemn an affair. However, I will venture to propose to your Grace one question, and it is this : Of what advantage, think you, my Lord, it would be to a young Painter, if with a magisterial air, one should document him in this manner ? “ I
 “ will disclose to you the mysteries of your art,
 “ and the laws that preside over it. Attend ; Paint-
 “ ing is an imitation ; if you do not follow Nature,

“ you had as good do nothing ; when you draw a
“ Venus, take great care not to give her a Fish’s
“ tail, since persons of consummate judgement
“ and extraordinary abilities will laugh at you,
“ however you may get the applause of the un-
“ learned. It is not sufficient that one feature be
“ regular ; the whole must be of a piece and uni-
“ form : display not a crocodile among a flock of
“ sheep, or a bed of cloth of gold in landscape.
“ Draw no smiles in the face of a Magdalen, nor
“ give tears to a Lais. By no means paint a wo-
“ man with a beard, nor a man more than six feet and
“ eight inches in height, and for this excellent rea-
“ son, because Portraiture, most especially of all
“ things, is an imitation of nature. Cast a veil
“ over the parts of modesty, for fear of offending
“ the religious and chaste. A Venus without a
“ nose is a monster. When your sketches are
“ rude and imperfect, provided you know it, al-
“ ter them ; and alter them for the better, pro-
“ vided you are able. This is an admirable precept.
“ These are the maxims, which have been derived
“ to us from antiquity, and which all the wit of
“ man has not been able to change or improve,
“ You once, indeed, painted a Madona, as fine as
“ ever came from the hand of Titian, long before
“ I let you into the knowledge of these great funda-
“ mental laws ; but yet your happy execution of it
“ was wholly owing to the observation of them. If,
“ upon the whole, you succeed and gain reputa-
“ tion, fail not to cry up these rules, and to own
“ the obligation you have to them ; if not, cry
“ them up still more, and insist with double warmth
“ on their excellence and the necessity of them.”

I dare say, your Grace will be of opinion with
me, notwithstanding the seeming plausibility of
these maxims, and the evident truth there is in
them, that yet a great deal more, and of a very
different

different and more essential kind, must conspire in the forming of a Raphael. It is the same thing in Poetry. But since the known stated laws of this Art are, probably, of so little significancy; how, it will be said, and by what means, shall a person, born with a very good genius for it, carry that gift of nature up to the utmost improvements and perfection it is capable of? Why, by carrying his enquiries closely and carefully into men, manners, and human nature; by frequently viewing things as they are in themselves, and under their natural images, and by growing intimate with them; by accustoming his mind to look deeply into, and to judge accurately of, all objects; by being conversant with the writings of great Poets, and by tracing their beauties, and striking out of his own reflections improvements upon them; by studying severely the language he writes in, and by sifting all the turns, graces, and refinements, it will admit of; by adding to his own notions whatever he can gather from every man of good sense and taste he meets with; and by labouring, all the while, to execute and throw out into practice that knowledge, and those seeds of poetry, which he has treasured up; and by many other ways, processes, and experiences, not easy to be described, and which, together with some of those already mentioned, are the road to perfection in other arts. And thus may a Poet go on to improve himself continually, even to the end of his life, or till the fire of Poetry is extinguished in him by old age. His study is endless. The great general rules of Poetry are, "To think justly, *Sapere est & principium & fons*; to imagine beautifully; "and to distinguish well what sort of writing best suits one's genius." The particular ones are without number, and must be come at by the methods above-mentioned. Thus it is, to set this matter

matter in the strongest light it will bear, with the rules of logick, or the art of reason. The first universal rule is, "Never to give or deny one's assent to any thing, till we evidently see the truth or falsehood of it;" and, that we may preserve that evidence in all our reasonings, the general rules are, "Never to reason of things that we have no clear ideas of; to begin by the simplest and easiest truths; and to dwell long upon them, before we proceed to those that are more difficult and compounded:" the particular ones, as in Poetry, are infinite; they are not to be found any where altogether, and in part every where; we must gather them out of all well-written books, out of all the reasonable men we converse with, out of all we read, all we see, all we hear, all we think of. The study of Logick, therefore, like that of Poetry, has no end, and we may go on for ever to improve our reason. As for the common school logick, or syllogisms, these, like the common rules of Poetry, I take to be wholly useless; they serve to no purpose but to wrangle and dispute; they rather puzzle and embarrass the understanding than enlighten it, and are only the inventions of sophisters, to get reputation and money by difficult trifles; they cannot be put in practice by the greatest sticklers for them out of an University disputation; and, I think, the best thing a man can do, when he has learned these subtilties, is to unlearn them again as fast as he conveniently can. As the common rules of Logick serve only for disputing, so the common rules of Poetry serve only for pedantry. I might consider the rules of Rhetorick with the same view and application, but I think it is needless: what has given something like authority to these wretched poetical documents, called the Rules, is my Lord Roscommon's translation of Horace's "*Ars Poetica*," from which nothing is oftener quoted than these lines:

"Why

“ Why is he honour’d with a Poet’s name,
 “ Who neither knows, nor would observe a Rule?”

It is not likely that any one, that knew a rule which he thought a reasonable one, would not be ruled by it: if he could the sense therefore is not very just in itself; much less is it the sense of Horace, whose words are,

“ Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,
 “ Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque Poeta salutor,”

that is, “ If I want skill or judgement to write in
 “ character, and to keep up to propriety, as the
 “ nature of different works requires; why do I
 “ take upon me the name of a Poet?” This
 sense is right enough, but the Translator has leveled it down to common cant. To speak plainly, his translation is, through the whole, low and prosaic, and has nothing of that spirit of Poetry, or beauty of Language, which alone makes the original pleasing; its utmost praise is, that it gives us in the main the true meaning of Horace. The merit of this noble Author in other respects is undoubtedly very great, and he must be acknowledged to have written extremely well for the age he lived in: Criticism, under his management, was in tolerably good hands; but the unhappiness is, that among us it commonly falls to the lot of men of very mean and narrow conceptions, strong in passion and bigotry; and therefore their writings are mostly illiberal, scurrilous, vindictive, insolent, equally void of wit and knowledge, full of the jargon of terms, empty of argument; and here I mean Critics of all denominations, whether they plod in modern or ancient writing. True Criticism is the truest friend of Poetry; and all good Poets must naturally wish that the knowledge of it was as extensive and universal as the exercise is unlimited, and that there were as many
 just

just Critics or Judges in Poetry, as there are in any other art. A fine artist, in every way, has nothing so much to dread as an ill judge, and wants only good ones to be esteemed and valued; he is sensible, the reputation and honour of his art will grow, in proportion as the nature and value of it is known; and therefore he is glad of every opportunity to put his work into the hands of those that are curious in it, and can see the truth and neatness of it; if he detests and scorns triflers, that will be perpetually meddling in the affairs of his skill without knowing any thing about them, he is not therefore an enemy to judgement and the exercise of it in his art, but the greater friend to it. It is with these restrictions, and in this sense, I am to be understood, in whatever I have spoke concerning Critics, Rules, and the like: and I hope, after this explanation, I shall less risque incurring the displeasure of persons greatly learned in the writings of Aristotle, Scaliger, Bossu, Vossius, and others.

It would come regularly into my scheme of thinking at this time, as well as serve to illustrate it, after these abstracted Remarks on Poetry, to go into a view, in some sort, of Poets particularly our own: but your Grace is too learned in the writings of the Ancients, and of your Countrymen, to bear me out in this, or to make it becoming for me to direct to you my sentiments concerning them; and I chuse besides, that reason apart, to reserve this enquiry, till an opportunity is given me of publishing some thoughts, I have by me, on Dramatic Writing, and the authors that have made a figure in it*. In the mean time, my Lord, permit me, among other hints, cursorily to take notice of the bizarre fate of divers of our English Poets; no country, certainly, was ever so fruitful of immature glory as ours: how

* This never saw the light.

many Authors, that were adored in the last age, are sunk into the utmost contempt in the present ! Our Fathers dwelt with rapture on the compositions of men, whom their sons would blush, in good company, but to own they had read. On the contrary, it must be acknowledged, there are some that have acquired fresh strength from time, and whose well-grounded reputation increases daily. The former, like false Prophets, gained credit for a day ; the latter secured a lasting fame by the miracles they performed.

If one considers the herd of Writers in the past and present times, they have great part of them been servile copyers after others, and this perhaps is one cause that the English genius has not gone greater lengths. Imitation is the bane of Writing, nor ever was there a good Author that entirely formed himself on the model of another : for Poetry in this respect resembles Painting ; no performance in it can be valuable, which is not an original ; and the reason is, that to imitate is purely mechanical, whereas to write is a work of Nature. As that agreeableness which is seen in persons of a genteel air does not come by imitation, or the instructions of a dancing-master, but rises from the original turn of the body ; it is about them, and all over them, one does not know how ; so that which truly and lastingly pleases in writing is always the result of a man's own force, and of that first cast of soul which gives him a promptitude to excel ; it is his proper wealth, and he draws it out of himself, as the silk-worm spins out of her own bowels that soft ductile substance which is wrought into so great a variety of ornaments. In effect, works of imitation differ from originals, as fruits brought to maturity by artificial fires differ from those that are ripened by the natural heat of the sun, and the indulgence of a kindly climate.

What

What has been here said is not only true as it regards Poets, but is likewise applicable to almost all the great Philosophers that have risen in former or late ages. These for the most part have been men who have struck out their discoveries by the mere strength of a great genius, without treading in the steps of any who went before them, and without being much obliged to the assistance of learning; such, among others, were Des Cartes, Hobbes, and Locke. But to proceed. What is worst of all, the misfortune of most Imitators is, that they imitate the faults, not the beauties, of the Writer in their view; whatever remarkable vice or defect he has, they will try hard to resemble him in it; whatever excellence, they take care not so much as to endeavour after it.

I will detain you, my Lord, but very little longer on this topick of the English Poets. Great part of them, as I just now observed, have been Imitators; another body of them, yet more numerous and more despicable than these, consists of such as have learnt from the Rules the measure of a verse, and a few other things of not much more consequence; and certainly of all the causes that have helped to swell the throng of ill Writers none have more contributed to it, than those Essays on Poetry before-mentioned. Hence it is, that we have so many mechanical Poets, and that people daily set themselves to versify, who were never designed for it by nature; it is this that has turned into a trick what, in a noble sense, is an art, viz. an art of genius. A late eminent Writer of our nation somewhere says, I know not for what reason, but it was his way to say every thing that came into his head, and only for the sake of saying it, which makes his Critical Discourses a pretty amusing mixture of wit and ribaldry, good sense and impropriety, and vanity and modesty, oddly jumbled

jumbled together; there is a liveliness in them that never tires one, but they want solidity and justness to give full satisfaction. This Author somewhere tells us, that he had by him what I do not remember whether he calls an English Art, Essay, or Prosodia, in which were contained all the mechanical rules of versification, and wherein he had treated with exactness of the feet, the quantities, and the pauses; but he adds, that, for fear he should instruct some Poets to make well-running verses, who wanted genius to give them strength, he was resolved not to publish it. I am heartily glad he did not; for we have enough already of those books, and, in consequence of them, of a much worse sort of writing, something which, to speak properly, is neither Prose nor Poetry, a sort of low sense, made yet lower by being put into metre and jingle, and that differs from uninformed Prose, as a Country Parson in a dance differs from himself out of it. Those compositions that are thoroughly ridiculous through some extravagancy, have their proper merit by making one merry; but those that neither have this effect, nor give delight by their excellence, are of all others the least to be borne. Who can endure what is like wit, in such a way, as to be worse than the entire want of it? For my part, I acknowledge, the sprightly nonsense of some Writers has far more charms for me, than the dull sense of others; there is in fustian and in impertinency, when they are alert, something that awakens one; but this sober, tasteless, I know not what to call it, raises no passion, nor of laughter, nor joy, nor admiration. It is the plenty of compositions of this strain, which has brought Poetry itself into disgrace with the ignorant, and even made some persons, that do not want shrewdness in other respects, treat it as a trifle, and at the best but a plausible folly.

If

If I could prevail with your Grace to go along with me into any further detail of these things, it should be to examine into that very prevailing but unjust opinion, that Poetry is of no use, that is, of no consequence or benefit to mankind; and the rather, because Poets themselves have sometimes been so weak as to prefer all other knowledges to it in this regard, and to keep so disadvantageous a notion of it in countenance by the authority of their concessions. There is, in reality, nothing in the whole compass of Literature of greater use than Poetry; however, my Lord, I will not tire you by spending more words and time on this argument than is worth while. The knowledges of Law, Physick, and Divinity, are of too tender a constitution to be meddled with; but I may venture to mention some others, and to begin with Mathematicks. Of what advantage has that boasted part of Science been to mankind, excepting what has relation to it in Mechanicks? Is the world at all benefited by the doctrine of Fluxions and infinite Littles? or does it concern the interests of society, whether the system of Des Cartes be received, or that other* which is at present in greater reputation in England? This branch of Learning may be said, perhaps, in general, to habit the mind to truth, and give it an exactitude of reasoning; which Poetry may also be said to do in as fine a sense, though after a different manner. With respect to metaphysical knowledge, nobody, I am persuaded, will contend much for the usefulness of it: Mr. Cowley, I think, has said, that he could never determine certainly whether there was any truth or no in that science: but he was either too hasty in this judgement, or he had not entered into the finest parts of it. But, however

* The Newtonian System was now but in its infancy of reputation.

that

that be, let us add to it Natural Philosophy, and what do they both together serve for, further than curiosity and amusement? That there are in the former many pleasing speculations, and highly delightful to those that take pleasure in abstract thinking, and that the latter furnishes an agreeable employment to men of an inquisitive turn, is not denied; but this comes to no more than bare pleasure, the pleasure there is in knowledge as such, and in all knowledge alike; nor is the speculative knowledge of Poetry less various or delightful than that of any other art. To go further; assemble in one view the different refinements of Architecture, Painting, Sculpture, Music, and many others; and what do any or all of them promote, except the luxury and the ornaments of life? Thus far, then, Poetry is upon an equal foot, at least, with other arts or knowledges; and none of these, as yet mentioned, can be affirmed to have an advantage over it in regard of their usefulness. But that I may not seem to state this case with art, by dwelling on those things that are confessedly of least use, I shall pass to those that are acknowledged to be of the greatest; and these are what we call the Learning of Humanity, or books of Wit, Morality, Good Sense, and the like; the use these are of, the very best of them, and set in the most advantageous view, is, that they convey at once pleasure and instruction. Does not Poetry instruct too, while it pleases? Does it not instruct much more powerfully, through its superior charm of pleasing? When a man of good understanding reads books of Humanity, he meets with very little in them that he did not know before; he is not, strictly, the wiser for the reading of them; all his profit, which is all his pleasure, is, that he sees his own natural sentiments supported sometimes by different reasonings, and the truths he approved in

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his private judgement, authoris'd by the judgement of others; he sees them placed, perhaps, in more clear, in more various, or in more beautiful lights. Does not Poetry oblige him as much? does it not give him the same profit and pleasure, and that in a livelier and more indirect way; besides that it impresses more strongly on the memory, whatever it inculcates, by the natural help of numbers? Moral Writers recommend Virtue, but Poetry adorns it; the Moralist gains his reader, to approve of it; the Poet, to be in love with it: the one simply proposes truth and virtue to us; the other shews them in a flood of light, and enforces them, as it were, with the power of enchantment. Is it not, lastly, the privilege of Poetry, that it mostly gives us truer ideas, and always more elegant ones, of the thing in question, than any other sort of writing? Is there any thing that so much polishes men's manners, or gives so fine an edge to their wit? is it not this, which gives the strongest tincture of good-nature to the heart? and does it not keep men in good-humour with themselves, and guard them from that gloominess, which care and disappointment are apt to spread over the soul? There is a great variety of very fine and just encomiums on this art, scattered about in good authors: Tully has compos'd a whole Oration in defence and honour of it; and I might bring many other considerations for the strengthening what I have asserted in its favour; but what has been said is enough to make out (which is all I propos'd) that Poetry has its usefulness, in an equal degree, at least, with other arts. It is, I confess, my Lord, of least use to those who have the merit of it, and probably would be of none at all, did not Providence, in every age, raise up men of your Grace's god-like disposition, to be the protectors of it, and to keep it from languishing under discouragements.

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I had forgot, in this comparative view of Poetry and other arts, to mention History, deservedly esteemed the most agreeable as well as useful of them all; and it would be, perhaps, to want candour, and look too much like pedantry in one's own profession, if I did not allow that History is more generally useful than Poetry. But then it must be acknowledged, on the other hand, that it is less delightful, and that its usefulness is often the same with that of Poetry, which has something of the historical in its nature, and never shines more than when it alludes to characters and things of past times. The difference is, the one relates facts in order; the other produces them only for the present occasion: the one relates them for their own sake; the other for the sake of something beyond it. Further, if the Historian instructs by truly representing some circumstances or facts, the Poet instructs as much by pleasingly feigning others. The Historian profits us by placing in our view great characters that were in real life; the Poet, by displaying greater that never were. To sum up the account, and state it honourably between them, the one and the other is extremely useful and pleasurable; they are both manifest helps to each other, reciprocally illustrating and illustrated; ancient History, especially, receives great lights from ancient Poetry, and would be very imperfect without it; we may be very well acquainted with the state of past ages by reading the Historians, but shall know it still better if we read the Poets too. I have not mentioned one great distinguished use of Poetry, because it is mentioned every where by Poets themselves, viz. that it transmits, more effectually than any thing, the good deeds of men to posterity; and this advantage it plainly enjoys even above History, and every other sort of writing; for there is, if I may

be allowed the hyperbole, something in it, when exquisitely finished, of an unperishable nature, that necessarily, as it were, escapes the ravage of Time, and triumphs by its own force over all those wastes its Sister Arts submit to, which owe to it, that the very names of those who have excelled in them are preserved, after their labours are long consumed; and if writings of another kind, as those of Thucydides, Demosthenes, Plato, obtain the same eternity, it is because they strongly partake of the same excellency, and breathe that very poetical flame, if I may so call it, which will not yield to the common lot of other things.

I have hitherto, my Lord, wholly confined myself, in these Remarks, to Poetry; and the tendency of them has led me, here and there, to touch upon some of the reasons that have hindered, as I imagine, our making that progress in it, which might have been hoped for from the natural felicity of our Language, and of the turn of our people. I would now fain, if your Grace will be so good as to humour my inclination, say a word or two concerning Prose. In Prose, my Lord, we have manifestly widened our foundation more than in Poetry, and we have more good Authors of this species; a thing not to be wondered at, as this sort of writing, Prose, is a much easier acquisition than the other, and does not require the same energy of genius. Besides, there are infinitely more men who are able to judge well of it, and it is generally of greater service to those who employ their talents in it. But though we have advanced considerably in this circumstance of politeness, and are perhaps but little inferior to the French for neatness and perspicuity of style; whatever our present merit is in Prose-writing, there yet seems, in my humble judgment, something further wanting to the

the perfection of it. A late very popular Author* has, I own, carried the Essay-turn of writing to a great height, and left behind him fine models of a terse and chaste diction; his defect, if he has any, seems to be, that he lies too much in *courte* sentences, that do not run cleverly into one another, and are not so connected as to depend naturally enough together; the chain is sometimes wanting, and the full stop, or close of the period, returns too frequently upon us; which is the vice also of the French writers, or it is at least the opinion of the best Critics of their nation, that their Language has suffered in this particular, under its modern refinements, and that their ancient Writers had not only more of the vigorous and masculine, but were also freer and more disengaged. The English Author I am speaking of, as he followed, or seemed to follow, very closely in the traces of Fontenelle, and to have much studied his manner, so did he succeed extremely well in it; however, he is not without his Master's alloy, and there is besides, if I may be allowed to speak my impartial sense of the matter, something in his way, that I may call too *imitable*; that is, one easily sees through his art; one finds out the secret clue, by which he conducts himself. This admired person has lately been succeeded by some others*, who have discovered very good talents both for the manner of writing, and the true spirit of it; and if their labours have not had that high vogue, or been borne forward with an amazing torrent of success, the reason is not, that they wanted merit, but that the humour of being pleased in this way, and the inclination, in general, towards such entertainments, has been long spent and exhausted. In

* Mr. Addison.

† Mr. A. Philips and his associates, authors of the Free-thinker.

reality, popularity, or loud fame, does the least of all things depend on true excellence, and is commonly attained without it; and, when not, is owing almost always to somewhat foreign to it, as the temper and turn of the age a man writes in, or some particular juncture of affairs in it, his own complexion and quality, and a thousand other concurring incidents. Frequently it happens, that the greatest Geniuses do not meet the full recompence of honour, till after their death; and those who have a sudden or violent run of it in their life-time, do as often out-live it. Poor old Settle, and I might name others, was lately a living example of this truth; he was formerly the mighty rival of Dryden, and for many years bore his reputation above him. What is he now? and how great is Dryden! After having said this with relation to, and for the sake of, some amiable Authors, my own contemporaries, I hope, I shall be forgiven, if I repeat, that it seems something might still be added of advantage to Prose-writing, to unfetter it as it were, and give it a more unconfined air, that it may run out into an easy extent, bounded as nature is, with mountains and rivers, at just distances, but not interrupted with perpetual stops and breaks. The writer that has made the most handsome openings towards this improvement of style, is Mr. Philips, whose Prose-works will, I am persuaded, now they are collected into volumes, grow daily more and more in the public favour; the sound knowledge there is in them, the unwonted accuracy of thought and expression, and that liberty of style I have been speaking of, cannot fail of gaining them the reputation they deserve, with the thinking and unbiassed part of mankind; and this praise I could not have refused him on this subject, without manifest partiality, though I were unmindful of the kindness he formerly did
me,

me, in recommending my writings to the world with so great weight and authority; nor could I, on the other hand, have paid this debt to the merit of this accomplished Writer more advantageously for him, than while I am appealing, in the cause of Literature, to a Nobleman, known not only for his delicate taste of it, but for the largest heart in its support.

Among the various topicks I have fallen into in these observations, there is nothing I have so much endeavoured to interest your Grace in the truth of, as what I have said concerning the uselessness, in general, of rules in Poetry, and the like. I might produce many authorities on this head, if authorities were, or ought to be, of any weight with men of sense: however, I think it not improper to name two; the first, who, I believe, will be reckoned a very good one, is Sir William Temple, and he, to the best of my remembrance, expressly says, that "Rules never contributed in the least to the making of a Poet." The other is Horace; the only one I shall now quote among the Poets, though both the Greek and Latin are full of the same sentiments. I have, my Lord, made some progress in the Translation of a considerable and entire portion of this Author's Works; and the whole, I hope, might be attempted, not with ill success, if suitable encouragement could possibly be gained, or any recompence hoped for so arduous and painful a labour. To return, Horace has, even in his "Ars Poetica," thrown out several things, which plainly shew, he thought, an Art of Poetry was of no sort of use, even while he was writing one; but what I have my eye upon at this time is, the Third Ode of his Fourth Book, and this I shall take leave to lay before your Grace at large, and subjoin the translation of it, not as a specimen of the work I have in hand, but only to

shew the enthusiastic notion this writer had of the efficacy of Genius and Nature in Poetry, and how fruitless he judged all other aids to be without them.

HORACE, BOOK IV. ODE III.

*Quem tu, Melpomene, semel
 Nascentem placido lumine videris,
 Illum non labor Isthmius
 Clarabit pugilem, non equus impiger
 Curru ducet Achaico
 Victorem, neque res bellica Delis
 Ornatum foliis ducem,
 Quod regum tumidas contuderit minas,
 Ostendet Capitolio;
 Sed quæ Tibur aquæ fertile perfluunt,
 Et spissæ nemorum comæ,
 ringent Æolio carmine nobilem :
 Romæ, principis urbium,
 Dignatur soboles inter amabiles
 Vatum ponere me choros ;
 Et jam dente minus mordeor invido.
 O testitudinis aureæ
 Dulcem que strepitum, Pieri, temperas ;
 O mutis quoque piscibus
 Donatura cygni, si libeat, sonum ;
 Totum muneris hoc tui est,
 Quod monstror digito prætereuntium,
 Romanæ fidicen lyraë :
 Quod spiro, & placeo, si placeo, tuum est.*

The commendation given by Scaliger to this Ode is so extraordinary, that it is known almost to every body, viz. "that he had rather have been the Writer of it, than King of Arragon." Monsieur Dacier is not less sensible of its excellence, and
 adds

adds too there encomiums of it, "that there is nothing to be met with more finished either among the Latin or the Greek Poets." It will not, I doubt, appear to the English Reader to be of this merit from my version of it.

Whom thou, O Daughter chaste of Jove,
 Didst, at his birth, with eyes of love
 Behold; in Isthmian Games, nor he
 Fam'd for the wrestler's wreath shall be;
 Nor his latest lineage grace,
 By conquering in the Chariot-race:
 Nor him the toils to Warriors known,
 The mighty boasts of Kings o'erthrown,
 In triumph through the gazing throng,
 A laurel'd Chief! shall lead along:
 But fruitful Tibur's winding floods,
 And the silent gloomy woods,
 To render famous shall conspire,
 For the Poem of the Lyre.
 Imperial Rome, the Nurse of Fame,
 Kindly does enroll my name
 Among the Poets' charming choir;
 And Envy now abates her ire.
 Goddesses, who the notes dost swell
 So sweetly on my golden shell:
 Who canst give, if such thy choice,
 To fishes mute the Cygnet's voice;
 'Tis to thee I wholly owe,
 Whispers flying where I go,
 That to the passing throng I'm show'd,
 Th' Inventor of the Roman Ode!
 My life and fame, if fame be mine,
 O Goddess-Muse, are gifts of thine.

After I have mentioned the French Commentator on Horace, I cannot, my Lord, forbear taking notice, in justice to his polite countrymen, that they have
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taken Criticism out of pedantry, and made it a delightful part of Learning by their elegant way of treating it. The genius and capacity they have shewn, through the whole extent of human knowledge, does, undoubtedly, deserve the acknowledgements of all men, particularly of the English, who have been so much indebted to them; and yet, I know not how, we can never give them a good word. We are always stealing from them, and always abusing them. Like banditti, we first plunder them of their wealth, and then do all we can to murder their reputation. To return; what the same Dacier further says of this Ode is spoke extreme prettily, as it is also very just. "Horace," says he, "in this Poem, thanks the Muses for the
" favourable or propitious eye, which they cast
" upon him in the hour of his nativity; he ac-
" knowledges, it was at that first instant of his be-
" ing, that he received from them whatever dis-
" tinguishes him; and by this acknowledgement
" he very evidently shews, he was persuaded, that
" no man can be a Poet, unless he received at his
" birth from Heaven, by some happy influence or
" impresson, that spirit of Poetry, which art and
" study can never give." Sir William Temple, above-cited, takes a step yet further, and, beyond what he has said of Poetry, asserts concerning Learning in the gross, that "the least grain of Wit one is born with is worth all the improvements one can make afterwards by study," or to the same effect. This would be eminently true, applied to Poetry; and though it ought perhaps to be received in a qualified sense in regard of Learning in general, yet it is certain that a great part of what goes by that name consists in such things as a wise man, to use Seneca's words, if he knew them, "would labour to forget."

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There is but one thing more, my Lord, that I shall hint at, before I conclude; and this I shall dispatch with the greater brevity, as it is not mentioned by me so much for the sake of the relation it has to Poetry, as to oblige certain gentlemen, who seem to have a competent share of wit, and to think so themselves, and yet are very frank in professing they do not know what it is. It is possible it may be so, and they may both think rightly and profess sincerely, as I once knew a great Poet, highly valued by your Grace, who yet could not speak on the subject of Poetry with any address; he felt and possessed within himself the power of it, and could, when he pleased, execute it with inimitable success; but he had not habited his mind to think of it in a rational or explicit way, nor gone as far as may be done into the philosophy of his art. As to Wit, the reason of all the puzzle and contention that has been about it, and of the frivolous definitions that have been given of it, is, that the word Wit, in our language, like that other, Humour, carries in it too vague and indefinite an idea, and is of too general a nature; neither the French, Greek, nor Latin tongues have any word that precisely answers to it; the words in those tongues that bear an affinity to it are limited and particular, and therefore too plain to need to be defined: but, notwithstanding this, one may venture, I think, without much hazard, to declare, that what commonly is received under the name of Wit, and pleases as such, is no other than some uncommon thought, or just observation, couched in images or allusions, which create a sudden surprise through their agreeableness, and the lustre with which they strike the imagination; that agreeableness mostly arises from the blending together different ideas, which naturally suit with and illustrate one another; and when this is done happily,
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it makes what we call Wit; when it is done incongruously, it is something else. Now if the account I have here given of Wit be true, it may sometimes, far from proceeding from a superior understanding, be the effect of luck, or mere chance-work; or, in other words, Wit may come from very unwitty heads; since where people think and talk at random, as persons of a vivacious fancy with little judgement commonly do, and where they ignorantly confound a multitude of different ideas, it is almost impossible but that some of them should fall into that position or figure of thought and language, which may be Wit, or not unlike it; it is even possible that this may frequently happen; and when it does, those, who have the least Wit, may be said to have the most. It is, however, in every one's experience, that a silly man does sometimes utter a witty thing; but then it is a witty thing only with respect to others; with respect to himself, it is no more than a lucky one; he had the good fortune to say something which he did not deserve to say. It is not true, as certain wise men imagine, that all Wits are Fools, but it is very true that some Fools are Wits. Afranius was of this sort of men; he never thought justly or consequentially on any subject; he could not go through the easiest chain of reasoning; and yet, by I know not what fortunate infatuation, he every now and then blundered into good things; what he said was sometimes witty, but much oftener absurd; so that, taken altogether, he got the name of a Wit, and passed for such with the generality; but all thinking men knew him for what he truly was. The Writings of several Moderns have been much in the turn and character of Afranius's ordinary discourse; so they had the luck to please for a time; but, like the children of fond parents, were too witty to live long.

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By this time, I am sensible, though I know your Grace delights in reading whatever is in the finer cast of speculation, that I have extended myself beyond the bounds indulged to addressees of this nature, and beyond, perhaps, the patience of any one, who has the opportunities of varying his pleasures with that agreeableness and beauty, which your rank and turn of mind, my Lord, enable you to do. This was not in my first intention; but my argument, and the matter of it, grew insensibly upon me as I wrote, and swelled gradually to a length I was not aware of; however, your Grace is at length come within sight of land; all that remains is to add a word or two more to what has already been slightly spoken, concerning the following Poems themselves. The first, and most considerable of them, intituled, "A Love Tale*," and which was originally published, together with some others, in the Free-thinker, was formed upon an idea, that Ovid's manner, in general, would furnish out a more beautiful model of writing than had yet been practised among us, provided it could be so chastened, as to retain only the wit and turn of that Author, without his puerilities, indelicacy of language, and other vices. These vices, my Lord, I cannot more luckily describe than in the words of Quintilian, where he is giving the character of an old Greek Poet; he might as truly have given it of his own countryman; "*Ac si tenuisset modum,*" he goes on speaking of Stesichorus, "*videtur æmulari proximus Homerum potuisse, sed redundat atque effunditur, quod ut est reprehendendum, ita copię vitium est;*" that is, "had he but known when he had said enough, he might, I think, have come the nearest of any man towards a rivalry with Homer; but he has

* See above, p. 45.

" too

“too great a redundancy, and dwells too long on the same thing, which though it must be acknowledged to be a fault, is yet a fault arising from fertility of imagination.” This was Ovid’s great defect; his style of verse is, otherwise, wonderfully pleasing, and would not fail to shine in the hands of a Writer turned happily by nature for it as he was, with more judgement and purity. The Love-Tale, among others, was designed after this idea; and, as it is the first in order in this collection, so it is my first attempt in Poetry of those which I now give the publick, if I except only a short copy of verses addressed to your Grace*, and one more, called Apple-Pie†, written, while I was at school or very soon after, and which is not inserted here out of any fondness for that trivial sort of poetry, but merely because it had the fortune to be liked, and has by mistake been attributed to another person; a piece of good luck I never much envied him. All the rest, like this Tale of Lavinia, both those before published, and those new to the Reader, have been the productions of a few days out of a very few years last past. I did not therefore think it necessary, in the printing of them, to have any regard to the order of time in which they were written, but sent them to the press as they fell into my hands from among my papers, and as I could get them out of the Works of Authors that had published them for me. Such as they are, I humbly beg your Grace’s kind acceptance of them; and that you will please to continue to regard me with the same favour and goodness you have graciously expressed towards me on all occasions. I am, with the most profound respect, my Lord, your Grace’s most obedient and most humble servant,

LEONARD WELSTED.

* See p. 31.

† See p. 1.

A D I S C O U R S E

To the Right Honourable Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

To which are annexed PROPOSALS for Translating
the whole Works of HORACE, with a Specimen
of the Performance, 1727.

“ —Dacus & ultimi

“ Noscent Geloni—peritus

“ Discet Iber, Rhodanique potor.”

HOR. 2 Ode xx. 19:

“ My fame shall quiver'd Parthians hear,

“ Who fly with false dissembled fear ;

“ To letter'd Spain I shall be known,

“ Gelons, and those that drink the Rhone.”

DUNCOMBE.

S I R,

IF I take the liberty, which the right of an Englishman gives me, of conversing with you by means of the press, you will please not to interpret this behaviour as arising from disrespect, or coming from one who has not a due sense of the dignity of the person he addresses to. I know, I am now speaking to one of the greatest Subjects in Europe ; a Subject, by whose counsels his Master is the greatest Prince ; to him, who does not possess power through the partial favour of his Sovereign, but by the necessity and importance of his own merit ; who owes his greatness to his virtues, and is the first of his nation without being ennobled. Your country's prosperity, Sir, emblazons you ; your glory is your title.

I would not, Sir, lengthen this short treatise, which I have the honour to write to you, with needless compliments and civilities ; but I cannot speak to you without being an involuntary panegyrist ; your praise mingles with my subject without
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my care : and there is one amiable part of your character I cannot help mentioning, because it leads me into it ; I mean, Sir, your love of arts and literature, and the generous encouragement which you are known to have given them on all occasions. Who ever proposed any thing with a face of public good, that went from you discontented ? What Philosopher, what Poet, has applied to you without reward ? or what endeavour towards excellence in any kind, that has not been received with grace and candour ? The course of preferments among the Learned, the particular regulations of them in respect of the Clergy, the establishment of new Professors in our Universities, and the several Royal bounties bestowed in retribution of merit, are great public testimonies of this spirit in you.

A zeal so laudable for the interests of letters could arise only from a sense of their importance to society. You knew, Sir, that freedom, and its companion, riches, could not make a people great, without learning ; you saw the effects of encouraging it in kingdoms not free ; you had before you the example of statesmen who for this reason only are remembered with honour ; you knew likewise, that even Learning itself is under manifest disadvantages, unless great regard is had to the more elegant and polite branches of it ; for these are what not only make it shine, but give it in great measure its usefulness. Your own example, Sir, furnishes the brightest proof in the world of this truth ; that extensive knowledge you are master of had been unprofitable, had you not been able to make it the knowledge of other men ; those talents for business had been exerted much less advantageously, unassisted by your eloquence ; nor would truth itself, and the pleas of reason, have always taken place, apart from the powers of persuasion.

These,

These, Sir, were your motives for the patronizing of letters in general; the following reflections, I hope, will be an inducement to you to encourage them in a more particular channel. The interest and honour of your country will always sway with you; nor is there any thing, I conceive, that can tend more to promote a nation's interest and honour, than to recommend, where it can be done successfully, its language to the study of foreigners: this brings advantages, which even conquest cannot give. To make a country the standard of breeding and politeness to all others, and the mart of learning, to draw into it an endless concourse of foreigners, to give its learned Natives distinction and employment through the world, and to make the knowledge of its customs, manners, and history, the finishing of education; this is the finest art of extending dominion, and these are the certain consequences of universality in a living tongue. Was not this the case of Greece formerly? And is it not the same in France now? Effects will flow from their causes in all countries alike, and the same general prevalency of a tongue will produce the same things every where: moreover, what gives this privilege to one language will also give it to another; that which made the French and Greek universal, will make the English so too. The excellency of a language itself, certainly, goes a great way towards raising in strangers the curiosity and desire of understanding it; and this recommendation our own tongue may very justly pretend to, and more, I am apt to think, than any other of the modern ones, these being, for the most part, either too harsh and prærupt, or else unenergetic through their diffuseness. The English, on the contrary, has both softness and vigour; it is at once strong and flowing, suited to the familiarity of discourse, or to the castigations and severity of writing,

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with

with many other distinguishing perfections, which will come in my way to take notice of. To save the trouble of more words for the present, this subject has been discussed in a distinct * treatise, if the pedantry may for once be excused me of referring to my own writings; a privilege some Authors assume, who have never received that compliment from any but themselves.

If the goodness itself of a tongue be one motive to foreigners to learn it; another, not less strong, is the character of the writers in it, or its abounding with works of wit and genius; which is what men of wit and genius especially cannot resist: and this political reason only, one would think, if there were no other, were enough to justify the most lavish encouragement of such works: the Epic Poem of Tasso has been a motive, alone, to many to learn Italian; others have learned Spanish, for the sake of Don Quixote: and some, I am credibly informed, have applied to English, induced thereto by the immortal name of our great Dryden; among these was the celebrated Archbishop of Cambray.

A third, yet more powerful, inducement for the acquiring of a language is its having in it masterly and good translations, especially of old authors: this cannot but be an effectual and a decisive recommendation; for what further recommendation can a language want or have, after it has once transfused into itself the soul of the classical ages, when Greece and Rome re-flourish in it, and when the fountains both of ancient and modern wit and science are laid open by the industry of its writers? By this means it becomes sufficient, of itself, to all real purposes of knowledge; and whoever is acquainted with it has no occasion to be

* See the preceding "Dissertation on the Perfection of the English Language, &c."

acquainted

acquainted with any other ; by being master of this single tongue, he is, in effect, master of many ; he is, virtually, an universal linguist ; he is saved the infinite pains and drudgery of acquiring the several dead or living languages, nor needs to labour in many mines, when the discovery of one recompenses him with the riches of all : to understand such a tongue, is the same sort of benefit, as it would be to live in a country, that had in it the various growths of all the climates of the earth without the extremities of heat and cold, and without the toil and expence that conspired to their production. That great nation, Sir, so long the object of our fears, but now, through the wisdom of your counsels, in strict friendship and alliance with us, is a shining example of the truth of what I have asserted ; their language is now the language of the world ; the sterling speech, that passes every where ; one may travel, by its assistance, to the remotest parts, and almost through barbarous nations, without an interpreter : and what do they owe this to ? to nothing manifestly so much as to the great and constant encouragement given by them to men capable of making excellent translations into their tongue ; to such men they refused no rewards, and envied no honours ; they ranked them in the same order of merit with the writers of original works, and even with the great originals themselves, whose works they translated ; they did not leave this affair to fall into the hands of ignorant and necessitous persons, hired, as has been the practice many years among us, to translate from all languages without understanding any, nor gave it up a sacrifice to the craft, wrong judgement, or avarice, of booksellers, nor even made it necessary to carry on any great undertaking in it by the disagreeable methods of subscription ; in a word, merit in this way was made the object of public favour, the road

often to preferment, always to respect and distinction : their scholars, therefore, and men of wit, set themselves to translate with the same ardour they would have done to form works of invention ; they spent the same time and capacity in it : the famous translator, for instance, of Curtius, is known to have employed more than twelve years in that one labour ; and scarce any considerable work of antiquity, but found a hand equal to it, a genius, perhaps, of the same excellence with that which first composed it. Thus the French tongue, in a short space of time, became the key to all littérature, and, as it were, a compendium of all other tongues, or what comprehended them all in itself, and whatever was excellent and of use in them. There was no necessity, in truth, to know any other tongue : consequently, curiosity, interest, example, pleasure, every motive insensibly and swiftly drew in strangers to the learning of it, till by degrees it came to be thought unpolite not to understand it, and to speak it was made the reigning accomplishment, and the most essential part of education.

Such was the surprizing force and effect of placing a just value on the art of translating, and of facilitating that province in the hands of persons who could acquit themselves of it ; an effect the more to be wondered at, as our learned neighbours, instead of going through with their design, could at best execute it but partially ; an unhappiness, that arose from the natural defects or original insufficiency of their tongue, which wants the measure, and the cadences or variations of accent, besides other things essential to the being of poetry, together with the exactitude and richness of rhyme, not less essential to modern poetry, as also that roundness, that compactness, and full tone, required in poems of the sublimer kind. Hence it is, that they have never been able to attempt the great An-
tient

tient Poets with the least colour of success; this is what they could not so much as touch upon, so were obliged to content themselves with translating only prose-books; or, what is worse, with rendering into prose works of verse: it requires, it is likely, a more perfect acquaintance with a language, than I have with the French, to see through it, and to judge of it in its most intimate properties; but thus far I am undoubtedly in the right; and what was always my private opinion, I may declare with less reserve, since I have at length an * authority for it, that is not to be disputed: "I am," says this very polite Frenchman, "the more affected with what we have, of poetry, exquisite in our language, because it is neither harmonious, nor diversified, nor free, nor bold, nor proper for lofty flights, and our scrupulous versification renders fine verses almost impossible in a long poem."—And again, "the French poetry is confined; it has not the harmony of Greek and Latin verses." In another place: "Our Heroic verses fatigue the ear by their uniformity; the Latin has an infinite variety of inversions and cadences; the French admits no inversion of phrase; it always proceeds methodically, by a nominative, a verb, and the case governed by it." Again: "The severity of our rules has made our versification almost impossible; the long verses are almost always either flat or rugged." And M. de la Motte acknowledges, that there is a tiresome monotony in their Alexandrine, that is, their heroic verses: Father Tarteron goes yet farther.

This is the sense and judgement of one of the best, if not the very best judge and writer of the French tongue, his nation ever boasted; and it was owing, no doubt, to this knowledge of the imperfections of

* M. de Fenelon's Letters to M. de la Motte.

it, that none of his inimitable compositions are written in verse; he knew, that the French verse would cramp the force of his genius and imagination, and that he should want compass for his great poetic spirit to march in; he foresaw, he should sweat in the narrow boundaries of a language, abhorring from metre; therefore, he chose to express his thoughts always in prose; but though his writings have not the charm of numbers, and the other ornaments of versification, yet are they poetry in all the flame of it; the temple is void of the embellishments of paint and gilding, but yet strikes us with its majesty; we see plainly, there, the seat of the Deity.

The English language has none of these defects; it is infinitely harmonious; it is suited to the exigencies of every sort and genius of style; it complies, particularly, with the temper of poetry, and has strength for the utmost loftinesses of it; it needs not to bind up the sense at the close of a line or couplet, but can run the verses, at discretion, one into another, and that extreme naturally; a perfection not to be enough valued, as it creates an agreeableness not to be enough admired! It has the power of arranging its words, like enchantment, and can throw them out of the formal grammatical order, with the same beauty and freedom, almost, as those called the learned languages, "It is," to conclude, "capable of finely compounding its words oftentimes, like the Greek, and in verse as many measures, the Iambic and Trochee for instance, in common with the Greek and Latin; rhyme is peculiarly natural to it, varying itself to the ear with excessive sweetness and truth*."

You may perceive, Sir, in some measure, from what I have said, the many and signal advantages

* Dissertation on the Perfection of the English language.
which

which our language enjoys above the French ; and what we might reasonably expect, if we would make the use, which might be done, of this its superior natural strength and more fortunate constitution : many and excellent versions of good books from all tongues, even though they should fail, which is yet very improbable, to produce the consequence, here supposed, of universalizing the language into which they are made ; and though perhaps other fortuitous circumstances and things may have their sway in such an effect, yet are such versions, abstractedly from this view, of a very general good influence, and do a great deal of honour to a nation : nor are there wanting men, however humble my own pretensions may be, of abilities fit for the boldest undertakings of this nature. The English genius is not lost : it only sleeps ; it is yours, Sir, to re-wake its powers, and put them in action ; the shades of the mighty dead, all antiquity, shall arise at your command ; its poets, orators, and philosophers, appear by their living representatives, expressed in a living tongue, which may redeem them from the tyranny that time exercises over languages, and prefer them, though immortal, in one sense, to new life. This, Sir, is a glory, that will be most worthy of your administration ; it seems, beside, a debt, which you owe to those illustrious Writers, you have been so much obliged to. The first of them, that presumes to wait on you, is he who was the ornament of the Court of Augustus, and particularly honoured with that Prince's friendship, that Roman Horace, who has charmed every age since his own, and who, if he were rightly naturalized, and made a denizen of England, would cast a lustre on this nation, which no other can boast or is capable of. I cannot, I am sure, be censured for my ambition in aspiring to the patronage of the first and greatest

of all my countrymen, when I bring with me the first and greatest, in his way, of all the Ancient Poets; nor will I tire you with apologies for my incapacity, however sensible I am of it, for so important a labour; your favour will, in great measure, supply my want of ability, and may give me a spirit in the prosecution of my work, which a much abler Writer might fail of without that aid.

In the mean time, Sir, permit me to complain, to complain even to you, that, notwithstanding your own liberal heart and the good taste of a few others, there is not yet that general favour for the arts of politeness, which has been known in some former reigns, not of equal glory with the present in any other comparison: England was, then, a nursing-mother to the Muses, and cherished them with so indulgent a hand, that they were adopted even into the order of her Nobles; while the laurel was esteemed as great an ornament, as the blue or red ribband: thus things were carried to a laudable excess, if I may so term it, in favour of the learning of humanity: but our age, far from imitating the past, is making haste into barbarity. You are sensible, Sir, that pleasure is at length wholly migrated from the understanding to the senses; and that those noble and manly accomplishments, prized by our ancestors, and which are so agreeable to the good sense of Englishmen, are no more in our esteem, but yield either to the levities of those we have conquered, or to the effeminacy of those we despise. I will not therefore detain you on this hackneyed argument; enough of wit and dulness, reason and anger, has been already expended on it, every one speaking of it after his own heart, and according to his proper abilities. I shall only produce a paragraph on this head from a very modern author, if I may venture to quote

an

an author in so little credit with you or any of your friends. "We have," says this gentleman, "acquired a reputation for stupidity all over Europe; the taste of the most wealthy and fortunate people is fallen from every thing, that is sensible, ingenious, or noble, and come down to that of the rabble; wherefore an architect, a mathematician, or a poet, comes not here for preferment; but a rope-dancer, a singer, or a posture-master, expects to be caressed, and to make his fortune."

I know very well, that this quotation will make no great figure in the way of learning, nor give much weight to the opinion any one may have of my reading; and that a passage from Plato or Zoroaster would shine much more in the eyes of men of erudition, than one out of *Mist's Journal* *; however, since it was to the purpose, I have set it down, and the rather, Sir, as it gives me an occasion to hint to you, that this is a subject the disaffected are particularly fond of, and that they play off most of their engines of wit from this quarter, not altogether so much, perhaps, from their affection for the *Belles Lettres*, as for more important reasons; an esteem for learning and liberal arts is, they know, one of the most specious covers that can be made use of for discontent, and therefore politically enough they endeavour to charge the decay of them on the conduct of those whom they dislike; but the childish affectations, that now obtain in opposition to virtue and common sense, and the great popularity of expensive trifles, must, surely, arise from very different causes. Here, then, let me dismiss this ungrateful theme: may no future writer have reason to resume it! Only permit me, Sir, to take this opportunity to intimate, what would tenderly affect you in a vacant hour, the extreme mis-

* See *Mist's Journal*, May 6, 1727.

fortune of gentlemen of a learned education, who have that only to depend on for their support, and the justice and reason there is for regarding them with a more favourable eye. Wit is the last estate, or means, to live on, that a wise man would chuse; all other professions and conditions of life lie in the full view of prosperity; many of them are greatly gainful; others have numerous and considerable preferments annexed to them; all tend to some certain profit or establishment, and persons bred up in them, with very little merit, or with none at all, by the mere course of things, come into handsome circumstances. The unhappy men alone, I am speaking of, feed on the capriciousness of Fortune; all they have to trust to is the reputation of their pens; no places, no provisions, belong to them, as scholars, or as men of genius; they earn an uncertain livelihood with certain drudgery, and are often obliged to exert very uncommon qualities to obtain very humble things; and yet their talents have not been, the least of all others, beneficial to their country, nor has Government itself profited the least by their labours; it seems too to be their peculiar misfortune, that that complection, "a cast of diffidence in the mind," which so often accompanies a studious life, hinders them from pushing their concerns with that vigour, which people of far meaner qualifications are daily seen to do; they have been, and are, for the most part, on the side of truth and liberty: and I am persuaded, that the indiscretion of a few of them, by fondly over-rating their own merit, by partially and weakly preferring the talents for writing to others of incomparably more service to society, or by vain unreasonable expectations of things not fit to be granted them; I am persuaded, that this weakness of some will not, in a mind like yours, be of prejudice to the rest, nor deprive them of that favour and compassion, which they stand so much in need of.

of. It would, Sir, be a noble part of humanity in you, while you are casting your eye abroad upon the general interests of your country, to take these poor men into the view, to the end not any, not the least denomination of English subjects, but may be the better for you, and that all without exception may have reason to bless your administration. But, I fear, I am acting a part that does not become me, and doing myself, perhaps, an honour I have no claim to, while I thus presume to be an advocate for my unfortunate brethren; but my satisfaction is, they will find a much abler and better than in me, I mean, in that illustrious Poet, and Patron of Poets *, to whom I have the honour of addressing the first Ode of Horace in the following specimen of my translation of that author: it is by a providence, most auspicious to their interests, that this gentleman has so considerable a share in your friendship, and that he is so capable of defending by his power an art, he has so greatly adorned by his example.

I will only beg leave, Sir, further to trouble you with a few particulars relating to myself or my Author. His Odes are, no doubt, the most invaluable part of his writings, though, I know, some very ingenious men have thought and asserted otherwise, the most invaluable in all the essential merits of a Poet; for though the Satyrs and Epistles are written in a fine spirit, and with great purity of style; yet do they lie more on a level with prose, and are but a better kind of it. Horace himself, it is apparent, and all his contemporaries, thought his Odes his glory; it is in them, he has vindicated the master, in them displayed the delicacy at once and elevation of his genius, and it is there he contended for the prize with Pindar and Alcæus. Of this finest portion of the finest writer in the world, one half, Sir,

* See p. 174.

is already finished; the other waits only the honour of your commands, with a share of that learned leisure, and freedom from ordinary avocations, which verse, more than other things, requires. I have only to add, with respect to those Odes which I have chosen for the specimen of my work, that the reason of my placing former versions of them against my own is not, that I presume in the least to set myself in competition with those applauded men, who translated them before me; I only hope, if my translations will bear at all to be seen in a light with theirs, or can be read after them with the least approbation, that this will induce men of candour to presage favourably for my performance, since it is one thing to exercise one's self on a few lines in a great writer, and another to go through his whole works. A further motive, I hope, for indulging these weak essays of mine, will be the acknowledged great difficulty of translating this Author, more than any other; a difficulty so discouraging, that it is owing to it, no doubt, that so little of him has been yet attempted, except in the way of paraphrase and imitation; for men, despairing to reach his beauties in their natural strength and simplicity, have contented themselves with grafting on him fancies and wit of their own, very distant, however pleasing, from his manner and cast of thinking; persons, therefore, not acquainted with the Latin tongue, must needs have, I will not say, a disadvantageous, but a very untrue idea of the works of this capital Classic Poet. I omit saying any thing of the eminent but unfortunate gentleman*, who translated them all some years ago, because I take more pleasure in thinking of him as the translator of Lucretius; I would forget, if I could, the last efforts of his Muse, and remember only the first; for as

* Mr. Creech; whose name Welford has very delicately passed over.

SIR ROBERT WALPOLE. 173

he entered upon this latter work without a Walpole, so he executed it, one may say, without himself. Should my endeavours issue more happily, let the world, Sir, congratulate you upon it; give me the labour; the glory to my protector.

Thus, Sir, I have presumed to lay before you, with all the respect, I hope, that becomes me, though written in a great deal of haste, my thoughts on such topics and views, as may, if rightly attended to, extend their good influence far beyond my personal welfare. In consulting my good, you will consult that of many others; the interests of the Poet and his country are here, in distant prospect, blended together, and, by being the patron of the one, you will become more a patriot to the other. I am, with the most profound respect, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant, L. WELSTED.

PROPOSALS for translating HORACE.

THIS work is to consist of a translation of the entire works of HORACE in verse together with notes, and a new edition of the Latin, and shall be printed in five volumes in quarto *, on a very good paper and letter.

The terms of subscription are a guinea for each volume, two to be paid at the time of subscribing, one more on the delivery of the two first volumes in sheets, the rest on the delivery of the other three.

* “ Mr. Welsted, sensible of the value of such an Author well translated, offered proposals of a subscription for a Horace of his own translating, at the rate of five guineas a book. To forward the design, he published this Ode, with some others, by way of specimen: how just! how brisk! how flowing! how unaffected!” Weekly Medley, Nov. 21, 1729.

The remark here quoted was made by a Rival Bard, who, under the signature of Eugenio, gave specimens of three of the Odes that were printed by Welsted, which are all here copied. At the same period a translation of Horace was announced, and some specimens given, by a Major Hanway.

H O R A C E *, BOOK I. ODE I.
To the Right Honourable GEORGE DODINGTON.

I.

DESCENDED from old British fires !
Great Dodington, to kings allied ;
My Patron thou ! my laurel's pride ;
There are, whom thirst of fame inspires.

II.

To win the lordly Grecian prize ;
And the proud dust, and wheels, that roll,
Swift as the lightning, round the goal,
Uplift Earth's Sovereigns to the skies :

III.

These struggle, with ambitious pains,
To be by wavering crowds ador'd ;
Those, in their granaries, uphoard
The harvests mow'd on Libya's plains :

IV.

While others, pleas'd with rural arts,
Manure their own paternal fields ;

Nor

* The same by Mr. CREECH.

TO MÆCENAS.

Mæcenas, born of Royal blood,
My joy, my guard, and sweetest good ;
Some love with rapid wheels to raise
Olympian dust, and gather praise ;
Where races won, and palms bestow'd,
Do lift a king into a God :
And some in high commands are proud,
That great preferment of the crowd ;
Blown by their breath the bubble flies,
Gaz'd at a-while, then breaks and dies ;
Another ploughs his father's fields ;
His barn holds all that Libya yields ;

And

Nor shall the treasure, Phrygia yields,
Persuade them, with desponding hearts,

V.

To cros in ships th' Ægean seas :
The Merchant, when the south-west blast,
With furies struggling, drives the mast,
Most happy calls a life of ease ;

VI.

Most happy his sweet native air !
Yet, straight, he hastens to reform
His vessel, shatter'd in the storm ;
Ill-nurtur'd poverty to bear !

VII.

There are, who quaff, throughout the day,
Old Massic wine, or careless laid
Beneath the wilding-apple's shade,
Or where the rising fountains play :

VIII.

And many be, whom camps delight,
Who in the rife's, and clarion's voice,
The symphony of war, rejoice,
And battles, that fond mothers fright :

The

And hopes of wealth, and worlds of gain,
Shall never tempt him from the plain ;
Or draw his fearful soul to ride
In feeble ships, and stem the tide :
The merchants tost in angry seas,
That praise their fields, and quiet ease,
Yet rig their tatter'd ships once more,
Untaught, unable to be poor ;
Some, underneath a myrtle shade,
Or by smooth springs, supinely laid,
With mirth, and wine, and wanton play,
Contract the business of the day :
Shrill trumpets sounds and noisy wars,
That mothers hate, please other ears :

The

IX.

The Hunter bears bleak cold, and wet,
 Unmindful of his lovely spouse;
 Whether the stag the beagles rouse,
 Or the wild boar has broke the net:

X.

To thee the ivy crown belongs;
 For thee alike and Phæbus wove!
 Thee, Dodington, the gelid grove,
 And the light nymphs, and Druid-throngs,

XI.

Shall o'er the vulgar greatly blaze;
 If Clio not restrain the lyre,
 Nor she, that does the flute inspire,
 Refuse the Lesbian note to raise:

XII.

I too the golden harp, my pride,
 And fair distinction, fain would claim;
 Give me a Lyric Poet's name,
 And I'll look down on all beside.

The hunter does his ease forego,
 He lies abroad in frost, in snow;
 He soon forgets his pleasing wife,
 And all the soft delights of life,
 Whilst faithful hounds a deer pursue,
 Or have a raging boar in view:
 The purling streams and shady grove,
 Where nymphs and satyrs dance, and love,
 Green ivy crowns, that only spread
 Fresh honours round a learned head,
 Shall raise my name above the crowd,
 And lift me up into a God;
 If Muses kind shall string my lyre,
 Or tune my pipe, and heats inspire:
 If you, my Lord, approve my vein,
 And count me 'mongst the lyric train,
 Secure from death I'll proudly rise,
 And hide my head in lofty skies.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE I. 177

THE SAME ODE, BY EUGENIO.

MY noblest patron, dearest friend,
Whose royal lineage knows no end,
Mæcenas! some their pleasure place
In the chariot's rapid race;
Where the glowing wheels are lost
In the nobly rising dust;
Where the victor, big with praise,
Proudly grasps th' immortal bays.

One, with joy, assumes the God,
If the fickle crowds applaud.

Another's blest'd, if Libya's soil
For him alone with plenty smile.

A fourth, who ploughs paternal lands,
Nor greater revenues demands,
Will never sacrifice his ease,
Or for all India cross the seas.

The Merchant, when the tempests roar,
Cries, "Happy they who live on shore!"
Yet poverty he cannot bear,
Unbroken to the yoke severe:
But, safe at port, refits amain;
And straitway puts to sea again.

There are who love a chearful glass;
And half the day in quaffing pass;
Now on a verdant carpet laid,
Now at some sacred fountain's head.

Some love the clarion's voice of war,
So shocking to the mother's ear.

The hardy Hunter shuns the house,
Unmindful of his tender spouse;
Whether his stauncher hounds pursue,
And keep the bounding stag in view;
Or when, entangled in his nets,
The foaming boar his tusks whets.

Me if you aid, ye sacred Nine,
To touch the Lesbian lyre divine:
My brow shall be with ivy grac'd:
And I with Pan and Faunus plac'd,
Where Nymphs and Satyrs haunt the wood,
Distinguish'd from the vulgar crowd:
But, if Mæcenas hear my song,
And rank me in the lyric throng,
I, of immortal fame secure,
Sublime, above the stars shall soar.

N

HORACE,

H O R A C E, BOOK I. ODE III.

To the Yacht that is to bring over the Marquis of
BLANDFORD.

MAY Beauty's Goddess guide thy way !
The bright twin-stars dispense their ray !
The Sire of winds the winds compose,
All but the gale that northward blows !
O Yacht, that all my hopes dost bear,
Entrusted with great Marlborough's heir !
O guard the darling of the land,
And give him safe to Dover's strand !
Oak was his heart, his breast with steel
Thrice mail'd, that first the brittle keel
Committed to the murderous deep ;
Nor dreaded battling winds, that sweep

The

The same by DRYDEN.

SO may th' auspicious Queen of Love,
And the Twin Stars (the seed of Jove),
And he who rules the raging wind,
To thee, O sacred Ship, be kind,
And gentle breezes fill thy sails,
Supplying soft Etesian gales ;
As thou, to whom the Muse commends
The best of Poets and of Friends,
Dost thy committed pledge restore,
And land him safely on the shore,
And save the better part of me,
From perishing with him at sea.
Sure, he who first the passage try'd }
In harden'd oak his heart did hide, }
And ribs of iron arm'd his side ! }
Or his at least, in hollow wood,
Who tempted first the briny flood ;
Nor fear'd the wind's contending roar,
Nor billows beating on the shore ;

Nor

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE III. 179

The flood, the Hyads stormy train,
Nor furious South, of Adria's main
The lawless monarch, be his will
T' enrage the gulphy wave, or still :
All fear of death did he repell,
Who, tearless, saw the billows swell ;
Saw the fell monsters floating by,
And rocks, deaf to the seaman's cry !
Vain has Almighty Wisdom plac'd,
For earth's fix'd bourne, the watery waste ;

Nor Hyades portending rain ;
Nor all the tyrants of the main.
What form of death could him affright,
Who unconcern'd with stedfast sight
Could view the surges mounting steep,
And monsters rolling in the deep ;
Could through the ranks of ruin go,
With storms above, and rocks below !
In vain did Nature's wise command
Divide the waters from the land,
If daring ships, and men profane,
Invade th' inviolable main ;
Th' eternal fences over-leap,
And pass at will the boundless deep.
No toil, no hardship, can restrain
Ambitious man inur'd to pain ;
The more confin'd, the more he tries,
And at forbidden quarry flies.
Thus bold Prometheus did aspire,
And stole from Heaven the seed of fire ;
A train of ills, a ghastly crew,
The robber's blazing tract pursue ;
Fierce Famine, with her meagre face,
And Fevers of the fiery race,
In swarms th' offending wretch surround,
All brooding on the blasted ground :
And limping Death, lash'd on by Fate,
Comes up to shorten half our date.
This made not Dædalus beware,
With borrow'd wings to sail in air :
To Hell Alcides forc'd his way,
Plung'd through the lake, and snatch'd his prey ;
Nay, scarce the gods, or heavenly climes,
Are safe from our audacious crimes ;
We reach at Jove's imperial crown,
And pull th' unwilling thunder down.

180 HORACE, BOOK I. ODE III.

If impious men the art have found
 T' o'erleap th' inviolable mound :
 Bold man, that all things dares assay,
 Through crimes forbidden makes his way.
 Bold Japhet's race, of human-kind
 The curse, celestial fire purloin'd ;
 The fire celestial ill-obtain'd,
 Straight, the wan lingering Phthisis reign'd ;
 Came Fevers, with pestiferous breath,
 A spotted legion ! and slow Death,
 Far off before, though sure decreed,
 Catch'd up his steps, and march'd with speed.
 Presuming Dædalus ! he tried
 Through air, with wings to man deny'd,
 To journey ; rash Alcmena's son
 The barriers broke of Acheron.
 To deeds stupendous mortals rise ;
 We ev'n in folly brave the skies,
 Nor suffer Jove, through stubborn pride,
 To lay th' uplifted bolt aside.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V. *

WHO, Amoret, is now the joy
 Of thy fond heart ? what blooming boy,
 Rich-essenc'd, and on rose-beds laid,
 Pants o'er thee on the grotto's shade ?
 For whom, like rural maidens fair,
 Wreath'ft thou with flowers thy flaxen hair ?

How

* The same by MILTON.

WHAT slender youth, bedew'd with liquid odours,
 Courts thee on roses in some pleasant cave,
 Pyrrha ? for whom bind'ft thou
 In wreaths thy golden hair,
 Plain in thy neatness ? Oh, how oft shall he
 On faith and changed Gods complain ! and seas
 Rough with black winds and storms
 Unwonted shall admire !

Who

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V. 181

How oft shall he thy faith arraign ?
 Of the chang'd Gods how oft complain ?
 With what surprize, unwont, survey
 The lowring heavens and clouded day ?
 The youth who, now with smiles carest,
 Trusts in the charms that make him blest ;
 Who paints thee vacant, lovely, kind ;
 Unweening of the faithless wind !
 Curs'd ! who to those false smiles confide ;
 Doat on that darling face untry'd !
 In yonder tablet 'tis express'd,
 That I have hung my sea-dank vest,
 An offering, in his sacred shrine,
 To the great Power that rules the brine.

Who now enjoys thee credulous, all gold,
 Who, always vacant, always amiable,
 Hopes thee, of flattering gales
 Unmindful ? Hapless they
 To whom thou untry'd seem'st fair. Me in my vow'd
 Picture the sacred wall declares t' have hung
 My dank and dropping weeds
 To the stern God of Sea.

ANOTHER VERSION BY EUGENIO.

WHAT youth, in rosy bower laid,
 His locks with liquid odours spread,
 Now hugs thee to his panting breast,
 And thinks no mortal half so blest ?
 For whom dost thou, enchanting fair,
 In wringlets wreath thy flowing hair ?
 For whom, my Pyrrha, dost thou deign
 To deck thus elegantly plain ?
 Th' unwary wretch, who sees no guile,
 Drinks poison in at every smile ;
 And figures to his flattering mind
 Thee, always vacant, always kind ;
 Unwont to see, unwont to hear
 One chiding word, or look severe ;
 How shall he view, with secret dread,
 That heavenly face with clouds o'erspread ?

182 HORACE, BOOK I. ODE V.

How often curse his fatal love ?
 His Gods ? who so inconstant prove.
 Ah, hapless they ! who view that face
 Adorn'd with ev'ry winning grace ;
 Unknowing Pyrrha's fickle heart
 Full fraught with all-deceiving art !
 In yonder votive tablet's read,
 How I, from dreadful ship-wreck-freed,
 My dropping weeds hung up to thee,
 Great Neptune, ruler of the sea.

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.
 To the Right Honourable the Earl of PEMBROKE.

FROM Virtue's laws who never parts,
 O Pembroke, safe may go
 Without the Moorish lance or bow,
 Or quiver stor'd with poison'd darts,
 The womb of woe !
 Whether through Libya's scorching land
 To journey he provides,
 By savage Caucas' rocky fides,
 Or where the stream, o'er golden sand,
 Of Indus glides :

For

The same by Lord ROSCOMMON.

I.

Virtue (dear friend) needs no defence,
 No arms but its own innocence ;
 Quivers and bows, with poison'd darts,
 Are only us'd by guilty hearts.

II.

An honest mind safely alone
 May travel through the burning zone ;
 Or through the deepest Scythian snows,
 Or where the fam'd Hydaspes flows ;

III. While

HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII. 183

For while, with Norman landſchapes charm'd,

To my ſweet lute I play'd,
And, wrapt in Harriot, careleſs ſtray'd,
A wolf eſpy'd me all unarm'd,

And fled diſmay'd :

A direr portent, nor a worſe,

Has warlike Daunia view'd,
Through her vaſt wilds and foreſts rude :
Nor Juba's arid realms, that nurſe

The lion-brood :

Bear me to cold and wintry plains,

Where no fair-bloſſom'd trees
Adduce the ſoft-aſpiring breeze ;
But fogs abound, and chilly rains,

With dews that freeze :

In the burnt climate let me reek ;

The houſeleſs deſart Iſle !

There Harriot ſhall my cares beguile ;

My Harriot, that does ſweetly ſpeak,
And ſweetly ſmile !

III.

While, rul'd by a reſiſtleſs fire,
Our great Orinda I admire,
The hungry wolves that ſee me ſtray,
Unarm'd and ſingle, run away.

IV.

Set me in the remotest place
That ever Neptune did embrace,
When there her image fills my breaſt,
Helicon is not half ſo bleſt.

V.

Leave me upon ſome Libyan plain,
So ſhe my fancy entertain,
And when the thirſty monſters meet,
They'll all pay homage to my feet.

VI.

The magick of Orinda's name
Nor only can their fierceneſs tame,
But, if that mighty word I once rehearſe,
They ſeem ſubmiſſively to roar in verſe.

184 HORACE, BOOK I. ODE XXII.

ANOTHER VERSION BY EUGENIO*.

GREAT Pembroke, blest'd with soul sincere,
Needs not the Moorish dart, or spear :
Should he through burning desarts stray ;
Or shape o'er pathless rocks his way ;
Or where, immortaliz'd in song,
The rich Hydaspes rolls along.

As, full of love, and void of care,
I stroll'd in Sabine woods too far,
A hideous wolf arose ; but fled,
At bold integrity dismay'd :
Nor Daunia's woods, nor Afric's shore,
So dire a monster ever bore.

Place me, where no refreshing breeze
Is heard to whisper through the trees ;
Where every milder scene is lost
In endless snows and chilling frost :
Place me beneath the burning zone,
Where human foot has never gone :
Still constant all my song shall be
Sweet-prattling, smiling, Lalage.

* This Ode, it should be observed, has been since incomparably well translated by Dr. Johnson.

EPILOGUE

EPILOGUE to "The Widow Bewitched,"

a Comedy, by JOHN MOTLEY, Esq. 1730.

Spoken by MRS. HAUGHTON.

THE Widow was *Bewitch'd*, and Author too,
 To give his work a name so oddly new :
 He might have reason for this wild pretence ;
 But, sure, a *Wife Bewitch'd* were plainer sense :
 The standing ill, which courts and cities know !
 The peasant's grievance, and the statesman's woe !
 Through Heaven itself the magic reign'd of old,
 Where every *Married Goddess* was a scold ;
 From thence to earth, the gift of Gods ! it came,
 And Juno thunders in Xantippe's name :
 On its own strength this character relies,
 Bright and immortal as its native skies !
 From age to age deriv'd with greater sway,
 And re-confirm'd on every wedding-day !
 Thus womankind one fated impulse drives ;
 When maids, they're witches ; and bewitch'd, when
 But what's a title after all ? you'll say. [wives !
 Why, faith ! 'tis every thing, 'tis half the play :
 Whate'er's call'd merit, through the world, explore ;
 You'll find 'tis empty title, and no more :
 Set that aside, who might not safe defy
 Lord Belmour's wit, or Lady Spangle's eye ?
 " Were I," says Mopsa, " wedded to an Earl,
 " My life for yours, I'd be a pretty girl !"
 But, let this circumstance be as it will ;
 We have a title to your pity still :
 What bosom so revolts from Nature's laws,
 As not to plead this wretched *Widow's* cause !
 In her first chain ordain'd to drag-out life ;
 A fancy'd Widow, and a real Wife !
 With double cruelty by fortune cross'd,
 Who found a Husband, and a *Lover* lost.

ONE

ONE EPISTLE* to MR. A. POPE,
OCCASIONED BY TWO EPISTLES lately published.

“Spiteful he is not, though he writ a Satire,
“For still there goes some Thinking to Ill-nature.”

DRYDEN.

THE indecent images and the frequent and bad imitations of the Classics in the Dunciad, have occasioned several just observations upon so new and coarse a manner of Writing. I shall wave this topick at present, and only regard the most plausible insinuation in favour of this Author: which is, that he never began an attack upon any person, who had not before, either in print or private conversation, endeavoured something to his disadvantage.

The assertion is by no means true, as I shall immediately shew: if it were true, it might indeed bear some weight, but however with this distinction, that the reports of private conversation, brought to him by such emissaries as belong to him, are not always to be believed, and that no attack in print upon a man's poetical character ought to be re-paid by lampoon and virulence upon the moral character of his antagonist. Every person has a right to determine upon the talents of Writers, particularly of one who appears in publick only to gratify the two worst appetites that disgrace human nature; I mean, Malice and Avarice. And sure no man deserves a violent injury to his reputation as a gentleman, because perhaps, at a distance of several years since, he might have said, “that Mr. Pope had nothing in him original as a writer,

* This was a joint production of Welsted and Moore-Smythe. In the original title it was threatened, “To be continued;” but no more was ever published. The Notes on this Epistle are by Welsted and Moore-Smythe. EDIT.

that

that Mr. Tickell greatly excelled him in his translation of Homer, and many of his contemporaries in other branches of writing; and that he is infinitely inferior to Mr. Philips in pastoral." And yet such arguments or apologies as these have been used by himself, or his tea-table cabals, for calling gentlemen *scoundrels*, *blockheads*, *garreteers*, and *beggars*. If he can transmit them to posterity under such imputations, he is a bad man; if he cannot, he is a bad writer. I believe, that he would rather suffer under the first character, than the last: but, before I have done with him, I will make a very strict inquiry into both.

In the mean time I shall shew my reader, in general, the falshood of his main pretence, "that he has meddled with no one that had not before hurt him;" and in this view, though I should be ashamed of being too serious in a controversy of this sort, I think it proper to acquaint the town with the original design of the *Dunciad*, and the real reason of its production. This piece, which has been honoured by booksellers of quality, contains only the poetical part of dulness, extracted from a libel called "The Progress" of it, and which included several other branches of science; and perhaps some of those gentlemen who have in the warmest manner asserted the cause of the *Dunciad*, might have seen a publication of a work, upon the death of this writer, in which no past friendship could have screened them from lampoon for any pretences to excel in any science whatever. It appears, therefore, that he was teased into a publication of these cantos, which regarded the Writers of the age, by some attacks that were made upon him about that time: we must refer to a Miscellany of Poems published by him and Swift, to which is prefixed, "An Essay on the Profound," to consider if those attacks were justifiable.

justifiable. Mr. Dean Swift never saw the *Profound* till made public; and Dr. Arbuthnot, who originally sketched the design of it, desired that the initial letters of names of the gentlemen abused might not be inserted; that they might be *A* or *B*, or *Do* or *Ro*, or any thing of that nature; which would make this satire a general one upon any dull writers in any age. This was refused by Pope, and he chose rather to treat a set of gentlemen as vermin, reptiles, &c. at a time when he had no provocation to do so, when he had closed his labours, finished his great subscriptions, and was in a fashionable degree of reputation. Several gentlemen, who are there ranked with the dullest men, or dullest beasts, never did appear in print against him, or say any thing in conversation which might affect his character. Some replies, which were made to “*The Profound* *,” occasioned the publication of the *Dunciad*, which was first of all begun with a general malice to all mankind, and now appears under an excuse of provocations which he had received after he himself had struck the first blow in the above-mentioned *Miscellanies*.

I cannot indeed say much in praise of some performances which appeared against him; and I am sorry that volunteers entered into the war, whom I could wish to have been only spectators. But the cause became so general, that some gentlemen, who never aimed at the laurel, grew Poets merely upon their being angry. A militia, in case of public invasion, may perhaps be thought necessary; but yet one could always wish for an army of regular troops. I should not have touched upon this circumstance, but to obviate some imputations, which he had suggested, of my writing several pieces, which I never heard of till I saw them with the rest of the town †. But these suggestions

* See the memoirs of Welsted prefixed to this volume.

† Pope still, however, persevered in his assertions.

EPISTLE TO MR. POPE. 189

shall be considered in the preface to the next Epistle, in which, among other things, I intend to state several matters of fact, in contradiction to the notes of the Dunciad, particularly as they concern the writers of the following poem. [May, 1730.]

IF noble Buckingham *, in metre known,
With strains has grac'd thee, humble as thy own ;
Who Gildon's † dullness did for thine discard,
A better Critick, for as bad a Bard !
Not unregarded let this tribute be, [thee.
Though humble, just ; well-bred, though paid to
Parnassian groves, and Twick'nam fountains, say,
What homage to the Bard shall Britain pay ?
The Bard ! that first, from Dryden's thrice-glean'd
Cull'd his low efforts to poetic rage ; [page,

* The late Duke of Buckingham ! who made that fine alteration of the tragedy of Julius Cæsar from Shakspeare, and who is said by Mr. Pope to have bestowed the finest praise upon Homer that he ever received, in the following lines ;

- “ Read Homer once, and you need read no more ;
- “ For all things else will be so mean and poor,
- “ Verse will seem prose : yet often on him look,
- “ And you will never need another book.”

Duke of Buckingham's Essay on Poetry.

He also printed a copy of verses in praise of Pope, which were returned by another in praise of his Grace. There is so great a similitude in the style of these writers, that the reader, I think, need not doubt their sincerity in admiring each other.

- “ 'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways ;
- “ But 'tis much greater to give merit praise.”

Duke of Buckingham.

- “ Sheffield approves, consenting Phœbus bends,
- “ And I and Malice, from this hour, am friends.” Pope.

† Charles Gildon, dismissed from the Duke's pension and favour, on account of his obstinacy in refusing to take the oaths to Pope's supremacy.

Nor

Nor pillag'd only that unrival'd strain,
 But rak'd for couplets Chapman * and Duck-Lane,
 Has sweat each century's rubbish to explore,
 And plunder'd every dunce that writ before,
 Catching half lines, till the tun'd verse went round,
 Complete, in smooth dull unity of sound †;
 Who, stealing human, scorn'd celestial fire,
 And strung to Smithfield airs the Hebrew lyre ‡;
 Who taught declining Wycherley || to doze
 O'er wire-drawn sense, that tinkled in the close,
 To lovely F——r impious and obscene,
 To mud-born Naiads faithfully unclean;
 Whose raptur'd nonsense, with prophetic skill,
 First taught that Ombre, which fore-ran Quadrille;
 Who from the skies, propitious to the fair,
 Brought down Cæcilia, and sent Cloris ** there,
 Censur'd by Wake, by Atterbury blest,
 Prais'd Swift in earnest, and sung Heaven in jest,
 Here mov'd by whim, and there by envy stung,
 Would flatter Chartres, or would libel Young ††,
 By Fenton left, by Reverend Linguists hated,
 Now learns to read the Greek he once translated.
 Oh say, to him what trophies shall be rais'd,
 That unprovok'd will strike, and fawn unprais'd!

* A translator of Homer.

† Pope's reputation for versifying is a vulgar error, founded only on discreet theft. Half a line from Mr. Dryden's Conquest of Mexico, and another from his translation of Virgil, have seemingly made tolerable music, when joined in his works; but music of the Morocco kind, which has but one note.

‡ Burlesque of the first Psalm, more profest than Sternhold's. See before, p. 40.

|| Mr. Wycherley subscribed to a compliment (some say, before his death) upon Pope's Pastorals, in which he says, his Arcadia speaks the language of the Mall, but does not explain whether he means at noon or night. I do not agree with what Mr. Wycherley is supposed to have writ of him; but I do with what he certainly said of him, viz. "That he was not able to make a suit of cloaths, but could perhaps turn an old coat."

** See verses, in Pope's Poems, to the Memory of an Unfortunate Young Lady.

†† Sir William Young.

Each

EPISTLE TO MR. POPE. 191

Each favourite toast who marks, or rising wit,
To sketch a satire that in time may fit;
Still hopes your sun-set, while he views your noon,
And still broods o'er the closely-kept lampoon;
The lurking presents o'er the tomb he paid,
And thus aton'd our British Virgil's shade,
A mushroom satire * in his life conceal'd,
Since chang'd to libel, and in print reveal'd;
Who lets not Beauty † base detraction 'scape,
And mocks Deformity with Æsop's shape;
Who Cato's Muse with faithless sneers bely'd,
The prologue father'd, and the play decry'd,
On Hoadly's ‡ learned page dull-sporting trod,
Betray'd his patrons, and lampoon'd his God;
Translator, Editor, could far out-go
In Homer Ogleby, in Shakespeare Rowe.
Oh! how burlesqued, great Dryden, is thy strain,
When little Alexander || slays the slain!

On, mighty Rhimer, haste new palms to seize,
Thy little, envious, angry genius teaze;
Let thy weak wilful head, unrein'd by art,
Obey the dictates of thy flattering heart;
Divide a busy, fretful life between
Smut, libel, sing-song, vanity, and spleen;
With long-brew'd malice warm thy languid page,
And urge delirious nonsense into rage;
Let bawdy emblems, now, thy hours beguile;
Now, sustian epic, aping Virgil's style;
To Virgil like, to Indian clay as self,
Or Pulteney, drawn by Jervas, to herself:
Rheams heap'd on rheams, incessant, may'st thou
blot,
A lively, trifling, pert, one knows not what!

* Libel on Mr. Addison in Pope and Swift's Miscellanies.
[And see Pope's "Epistle to Arbuthnot."]

† Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

‡ Bishop of Salisbury.

|| See Dryden's Ode on St. Cecilia's day.

—— Fought all his battles o'er again;

—— And thrice he slew the slain.

192 EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

Form thy light measures, nimbler than the wind,
 Whilst heavy lingering sense is left behind ;
 With all thy might pursue, and all thy will,
 That unabating thirst, to scribble still,
 Giv'n at thy birth ! the Poetaster's gust,
 False and unfated as the Eunuch's lust !

Illustrious Fops, meantime, o'er-rate thy lays,
 And blooming Critics, as they spell thee, praise :
 Blest Coupler ! by blooming Critics read,
 At toilets ogled, and with sweetmeats fed :
 See, lisping toilets grace thy Dunciad's cause,
 And scream their witty Scavenger's applause,
 While powder'd wits and lac'd cabals rehearse
 Thy bawdy cento, and thy bead-roll verse ;
 Gay, bugled statesmen on thy side debate, [hate.
 And libel'd blockheads court thee, though they

* * * * *

Fools of all kinds their suffrages impart,
 The fools of Nature, and the fools of Art.

These in thy threadbare farce shall beauties show,
 Shall praise thy ribald mirth, and maudlin woe ;
 Praise ev'n thy imitating Chaucer's tales,
 And call that merry Temple *, Fame's Versailles :
 Thy shepherd song † with rapture they shall see,
 Which rivals Philips, as Banks rivals Lee ;
 Thy Guernsey ‡ and Barbados wreath shall own,
 Where D'Urfey ne'er was read, nor Settle known ;
 That wreath, that name, which through both worlds
 is gone,

Which Doctor Young || applauds, and Prester John.

* Temple of Fame, by Pope.

† Pope's Pastorals.

‡ See the original Preface to the Dunciad.

|| The Reverend Doctor Edward Young, who, in this quarrel of the great contending powers in poetry, has been courted by all sides. But some late incidents give a suspicion, that he has privately acceded to the treaty of Twickenham.

EPISTLE TO MR. POPE. 193

Lo! as Anchises to the Goddess-born,
So I the Worthies that thy page adorn
Point out to thee.—See * here * * * *

* * * * *
* * * * *
* * * * *

The Prelate! next, exil'd by cruel Fates,
Who plagues all Churches, and confounds all States;
With treasons past perplex'd, and present cares;
A fop in rhyme, and bungler in affairs †.

* * * * *
* * * * *

And here! a groupe of brother Quill-men see,
Co-witlings all, and Demi-bards like thee;
Such whom the Muse shall pass with just disdain,
Nor add one trophy to thy motley train:
But Quack Arbuthnot shall oblivion blot,
That puzzling, plodding, prating, pedant Scot,
The grating scribbler! whose untun'd essays
Mix the Scotch thistle with the English bays,
By either Phœbus pre-ordain'd to ill,
The hand prescribing, or the flattering quill,
Who doubly plagues, and boasts two arts to kill! }

'Midst this vain tribe, that aid thy setting ray,
The Muse shall view, but spare, ill-fated Gay:
Poor Gay ‡, who loses most when most he wins,
And gives his foes his fame, and bears their sins;
Who, more by fortune than by nature curs'd,
Yields his best pieces, and must own thy worst.

Thus propp'd, thy head with Grub-street Zephyrs
tainted,
By Rich § recorded, and by Jervas painted;
Jervas!

* The characters left out here may perhaps be inserted in some future edition of this poem.

† The true character of Atterbury was then but ill known.

‡ Mr. Gay, not thought to be the entire author of the Beggar's Opera, and ordered to own Three Hours after Marriage.

§ Gilbert Pickering Rich; a great admirer of Pope, eminent for his translation of Horace, which can be equaled by nothing

Jervas! who so refin'd a rake is reckon'd,
 He breaks all Sinai's * laws except the second:
 Thus prais'd, thus drawn, t'extend thy projects try,
 Leave the *blue languish* †, and the crimson sigh;
 Leave the gay epithets that beauty crown,
 White *Whitylinda* ‡, and *Brownissa* brown;
 Forget awhile Belinda || and the Sun:
 Forget the *fighths of stand*, and flights of run:
 No more let Ombre's play inspire thy vein,
 Nor strow with captive Kings the *velvet plain* **;
 Omit awhile the *silver peal* †† to ring,
 Nor talk dulcissant, nor mellifluous sing,
 Nor *bang suspended*, nor *adherent cling* ‡‡.

nothing but Pope's translating of Homer. He concludes the first Ode by giving "Sublimi feriam sidera vertice" in these words;

"I'll bound, I'll spring, I'll strike the weaken'd pole,
 "I'll knock so hard, I'll knock through it a hole."

* Second Commandment: "Thou shalt not make the
 "Likeness of any Thing in Heaven above, or on the Earth
 "beneath, or the Waters under the Earth."

† The phrases distinguished here in *Italics* are truly quoted from Pope; and the others, in company with them, ought to be in no other company.

‡ See Dunciad. Nigrina, black.

|| In the Rape of the Lock, Belinda and the Sun are very often said to be very much alike, which occasioned two lines in praise of that Poem, written by a friend of Mr. Pope;

"Here, like the Sun, Belinda strikes the swain,
 "In the same page like the same Sun again."

Monsieur Boileau, speaking of the Poetasters of his nation, in a Poem to the King, makes this comparison the Consummation of Dulness;

"Et enfin te compare au Soleil."

And in the end he compares his Majesty to the Sun.

** Here, a Card-table; in Pope, a Field of Grass.

†† See Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot, ver. 299, and note.

‡‡ This is a line which Dr. Warburton calls an execrable one in one of the best translated books of the *Odyssey*:

"Close to the cliff with both his hands he clung,
 "And stuck adherent, and suspended bung."

The tribe of small wits and criticks, he adds, could never have supported themselves without the consolation of such a verse, to which they have ever since *stuck adherent, and suspended bung*. Note on Imitation of Horace, Book II. Ep. II.

But

But haste to mount immortal Envy's throne,
 To crush all merit that disputes thy own;
 For thou wert born to damp each rising name,
 And hang, like mildews, on the growth of fame;
 Fame's fairest blossoms let thy rancour blast,
 Bane of the modern laurel, like the past;
 While stupid riot stands in humour's place,
 And bestial filth, humanity's disgrace,
 Low lewdness, unexcited by desire,
 And all great Wilmot's * vice, without his fire.

At length, when banish'd Pallas shall withdraw,
 And Wit's made treason by the Popian law;
 When minor dunces cease, at length, their strife,
 And own thy patent to be dull for life;
 By tricks sustain'd, in Poet-craft compleat,
 Retire triumphant to thy Twickenham seat;
 That seat! the work of half-paid drudging Broome †,
 And call'd, by joking Tritons, Homer's tomb:
 There to stale, stol'n, stum crambo bid adieu,
 And sneer the fops that thought thy crambo new;
 There, like the Grecian chief, on whom thy song
 Has well reveng'd unhappy Priam's wrong,
 Waste, in thy hidden cave, the festive day,
 With mock Machaon, and Patroclus Gay.
Sleep ‡, sleep in peace the works for Wapping born!
 No more thy cuckoo note shall wake the morn;

* Earl of Rochester.

† The Reverend Mr. Broome, who translated a great part of Homer, and construed the rest. N. B. *A half-paid Poet* is oftentimes the occasion of an *un-paid Taylor*.

‡ These lines are a parody of a famous passage in the tragedy of Phædra and Hypolitus:

"Sleep, sleep in peace, ye monsters of the wood:

"No more my early horn shall wake——

"So when bright Venus yielded up her charms,

"The blest Adonis languish'd in her arms;

"His idle horn on fragrant myrtle hung,

"His arrows scatter'd, and his bow untrung:

"Obscure in covert lay his dreaming hounds,

"And bay'd the fancy'd boar with feeble sounds;

"For nobler sports he quits the savage fields,

"And all the hero to the lover yields."

196 EPISTLE TO MR. POPE.

In ease, and avarice, and aukward state,
The fool of fortune, shalt thou hail thy fate;
 Slumbering in quiet o'er lampoons half writ,
 Which, ripe in malice, only wait for wit.

So when Vanessa yielded up her charms,
 The blest Cadenus languish'd in her arms;
 High, on a peg, his unbrush'd beaver hung,
 His vest unbutton'd, and his God unsung;
 Raptur'd he lies; Deans, Authors, are forgot,
 Wood's Copper Pence, and Atterbury's Plot;
 For her he quits the tithes of Patrick's fields,
 And all the Levite to the Lover yields.

OF DULNESS AND SCANDAL

OCCASIONED BY THE

CHARACTER OF LORD TIMON,

In Mr. POPE's Epistle to the Earl of BURLINGTON,
 1732.

"Turno tempus *adest*, magno cum optaverit emptum

"Intactum Pallanta ———

"Pallas te hoc vulnere donit." VIRG. *Æn.* x. 583.

WHILE strife subsists 'twixt Cibber and the
 Pit;

While Vice with Virtue wars, and Pope with Wit;
 While dreams to Walker * pregnant prudes disclose;
 To Chartres rapes, to light Corinna beaux;
 So long shall Thames through all his coasts proclaim
 Victoria's grief, and Pollio's injur'd fame.

Ye vales of Richmond, fraught with wafting
 thyme!

Ye beds of lilies, and ye groves of lime!

* Dr. Chamberlayne Walker, the famous man-midwife.
 Say,

Say, where is she that made those lilies bright !
The scribbler's shame, who was the swains' delight !

Behold the Charmer, wasting to decay ;
Like Autumn faded in her virgin May !
To pore o'er curs'd Translation, rest she flies,
And dims by midnight lamps her beamless eyes ;
With Iliads travestied, to age she stoops,
In fustian withers, and o'er crambo droops.
No conquest now, Victoria, shalt thou boast ;
The second victim to Achilles' ghost !
Yet fair, though fall'n ! a star with feebler fire ;
The more we pity, while we less admire :
The spell of nonsense, guiltless injur'd dame,
Thy charms that blasted, shall not blast thy fame ;
Thy fame, thy wrong, shall go to future times,
While Pope damns Sheffield with his bellman's
rhimes.

Nor Innocence alone its injury rues ;
Nor Beauty feels alone th' assassin's Muse :
His felon arts the Patriot's seats alarm,
And spite assails what dulness cannot harm :
See ! Pollio falls a victim to the rage, [swage ;
Which goodness * could not charm, nor friendship
Immortal Pollio ! high o'er malice rais'd ;
Honour'd by Kings, and by the Muses prais'd !
He whom the Happy love ! th' Unhappy blest !
Wealth to the Poor, and to the Wrong'd redress !
Who in the Orphan's anguish still has part,
And gives to sing with joy the Widow's heart !
Profuse in good, and like creation kind ;
The softest mercy in the noblest mind !
A mind sublime ! where vice nor passion reign ;
Nor proud in state, nor midst applauses vain !
The thousands weal, and the rich temple's plan,
His zeal to God proclaim, and love to man.

* See Pope's Epistle, ver. 99. & seqq.

198 OF DULNESS AND SCANDAL.

Inglorious Rhimer ! low licentious slave !
 Who blasts the Beauteous, and belies the Brave :
 In scurril verse who robs, and dull essays,
 Nymphs of their charms, and Heroes of their praise :
 All laws for pique or caprice will forego ;
 The friend of Catiline, and Tully's foe !

Oh ! born to blacken every virtuous name ;
 To pass, like blightings, o'er the blooms of fame ;
 The venom of thy baneful quill to shed
 Alike on living merit, and the dead !
 Sure, that fam'd Machiavel, what time he drew
 The soul's dark workings in the crooked few ;
 The rancour'd spirit, and malignant will,
 By instinct base, by nature shap'd to ill,
 An unborn Dæmon was inspir'd to see,
 And in his rapture prophecy'd of thee.

Ordain'd a hated name by guilt to raise ;
 To bless with libel, and to curse with praise !
 A softling head ! that spleeny whims devour ;
 With will to Satyr, while deny'd the power !
 A soul corrupt, that hireling praise suborns !
 That hates for Genius, and for Virtue scorns !
 A Coxcomb's talents, with a Pedant's art !
 A Bigot's fury in an Atheist's heart !
 Lewd without lust, and without wit profane !
 Outrageous, and afraid ! contemn'd, and vain !

Immur'd, whilst young, in Convents hadst thou
 Victoria still with rapture we had seen : [been,
 But now our wishes by the Fates are cross'd ;
 We've gain'd a Therfite, and an Helen lost * :

* To this circumstance is the allusion in Pope's " Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot,"

" Full ten years slander'd did he once reply ?

" Three thousand suns went down on Welfed's Eye,"

What were the particulars of the allusion it is not at this distance of time very easy to explain. But the circumstance shall be duly attended to in the Memoirs prefixed to this volume. See also p. 188.

The

The envious planet has deceiv'd our hope ;
We've lost a *St. Leger* *, and gain'd a *Pope*.

A little Monk thou wert by Nature made !
Wert fashion'd for the Jesuit's gossip trade !
A lean Church-pandar, to procure, or lie !
A pimp at Altars, or in Courts a spy !

The verse, that Blockheads dawb, shall swift
decay,

And Jervas' fame in fustian fade away :
Forgot the self-applauding strain shall be ;
Though own'd by Walsh, or palm'd on Wycherley :
While Time, nor Fate, this faithful sketch erase,
Which shews thy mind, as Reisbrack's bust thy face.

" Yet thou proceed † ;" impeach with stedfast
hate

What-e'er is god-like, and what-e'er is great :
Debase, in low burlesque, the song divine,
And level David's deathless Muse ‡ to thine :
Be Bawdry, still, thy ribald Canto's theme :
Traduce for Satyr, and for Wit blaspheme :
Each chaste idea of thy mind review ;
Make Cupids § squirt, and gaping Tritons || spew :
All Sternhold's ** spirit in thy verse restore,
And be what Bafs and Heywood were before.

* " This man [Wells] had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. Pope had occasioned a lady's death, and to name a person he never heard of. He also published that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a present of five hundred pounds: the falsehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. Pope never received any present, farther than the subscription for Homer, from him, or from *Any great man* whatsoever." POPE, Note on Ep. to Arbuthnot.

† Pope's Epistle, ver. 191.

‡ Pope's " Version of the First Psalm, for the use of a " young Lady," which is here and in some former passages alluded to, may be seen in the " Additions" to his Works, 1776, vol. I. p. 18.

§ Pope's Epistle, ver. 111.

|| Ibid. ver. 154.

** Ver. 193. " Jones and Palladio to themselves restore,
" And be what-e'er Vitruvius was before."

O F F A L S E F A M E;
An EPISTLE to the Right Honourable the EARL of
P E M B R O K E, 1732.

*Judice, quem nosti, populo, qui stultus honores
Sæpe dat indignis, & famæ servit ineptus;
Qui stupet in titulis & imaginibus. Quid oportet
Nos facere, à vulgo longè latèque remotos?*

HOR. I Sat. vi. 15.

“ —The rude multitude, you know,
“ Oft, on the worthless, honours will bestow,
“ Led by false notions, and with wondering eyes,
“ High-sounding titles and old statues prize.
“ How should those act, who from the vulgar train
“ Notions so widely different entertain?”

DUNCOMBE.

A MIDST the factions that the world enrage;
The wars which Monarchs, and which
Poets wage!

Amidst the feuds that make Parnassus groan;
Or shake the Sultan in his Eastern throne:
Attend, great Sage, these moralizing rhimes;
And teach me to reform misguided times:
For thou by Heaven wert destin'd to impart
The fountains, first, of Truth*, and Reason's art!
What record, from the birth of time, conveys
All Nature's knowledge, trac'd through all her ways,
Is given to thee——O! Wisdom's Son renown'd!
With peace, with length of days, and glory crown'd†!
Say

* See Locke's Dedication of his Essay on Human Understanding.

† The Nobleman to whom this Epistle was addressed, after having passed through several high offices in the state, was at this time in his 76th year, and died a few months after (Jan. 22, 1738-3). According to Bishop Burnet, “ Lord Pembroke

Say thou, what Glory is, and whence it springs;
If 'tis the breath of Courts, or boon of Kings:
In that base vogue, do Virtue's praises live,
Which Chance may offer, or Cabal can give?
These to a Newton's name no palm decree;
Nor throw the blaze on Fenelon and Thee:
These rais'd not Pembroke's Sidney to the skies—
Then call renown, the suffrage of the Wise.

The Rabble's cry, untaught by Reason's rules,
Nor truth to Traitors gives, nor wit to Fools;
Nor adds to Plume, nor takes from Chandos taste;
Nor Cinna grateful makes, nor Lais chaste:
The marsh becomes not, hence, a limpid rill;
Nor Windsor Forest shines a Cooper's Hill.

Lo! Hedges strikes the soft resounding lyre:
The style is Roman, and 'tis British fire!
If Nature did not her own gifts disarm;
Who shines a Poet, might a Senate charm:
The painting Poem, see! the Master draws;
He wins the laurel, and he shuns th' applause;
Vain vogue contemns, contemns the riot throng;
Nor bribes, nor flatters, for an hireling's song:
'Gainst shouting crowds, one Walpole's voice he
weighs;

And counts Almeria's smile a thousand bays.

From envy, and from base ambition, free;
With truth, as with a garment, cloath'd like thee;

"Pembroke was a man of eminent virtue, and of great and
"profound learning. There was somewhat in his person and
"manner that created him an universal respect; and there
"was no man whom all sides honoured and loved so much as
"they did the Earl of Pembroke." This noble Earl made an
admirable collection of ancient marbles at Wilton, and was an
excellent judge of all the antiquities he possessed. The collec-
tion consists of 133 busts, 36 statues, 15 bas-reliefs, and 10
miscellanies. He made also a curious and expensive collection
of coins and medals.

The

202 OF FALSE FAME.

The merit prizing, in myself unknown ;
 Though thou canst prize no merit, not thy own ;
 Thy tenor, Herbert, let me still pursue :
 False honour scorn, and frankly give the true ;
 Scorn vulgar fame, that incense long debas'd !
 Which shuns the noblest, and the worst has grac'd :
 To Oldisworth paid ! by Maynwaring fought in
 vain !

What Pope once had, and Dryden could not gain !
 Cast, learned Peer, oh, cast thine eye around,
 Through envy'd ages, and through states renown'd ;
 Still shalt thou find the injur'd Muse, in tears ;
 And all her lovely regions fill'd with fears !
 Imposture, pluming, shalt thou still behold ;
 And Vida's * tinsel pass'd for Dillon's † gold :
 Ev'n he, ev'n Mævius, got a Witling's name ;
 In Wit's own realms, and in the reign of Fame !
 Awhile he saw his furtive ivy bloom ;
 The foe of Virgil, and disgrace of Rome !
 Awhile, in France, the sway when Richelieu bore,
 A Pope was worship'd, in the dunce Montmaure ;
 Through all her streets that courtly fop was priz'd ;
 Racine unheard-of, and Boileau despis'd !
 And reign'd not Shadwell, long, the lord of all,
 By the great vulgar honour'd, and the small !
 While Dryden mourn'd his unregarded strain,
 As Syrens warble to the rocks in vain !

Look back, Montgomery, to the Tudors age !
 Behold, the great rude Writer of our stage !
 Not Jacob's shelves, but hulks, he then adorn'd :
 Defac'd ‡ so late, who was so early scorn'd !
 Ben's Smithfield || book the frequent audience drew ;
 While he, that kill'd dead Hotspur, smil'd to few ;

* An Italian Poet, from whom Pope borrowed his Essay on Criticism.

† Earl of Roscommon.

‡ The quarto edition of Shakspeare by Pope.

|| Ben Jonson's " Bartholomew Fair."

The eye saw fair Macduff, unflowing, weep !
 The ear scarce heard, when Glamis murder'd sleep !
 No tongue for poor Lavinia's wrong complain'd ;
 And the foul fiend, uncurs'd, in Edgar reign'd.

Such too, great Albion ! was our Milton's lot ;
 The hymns of angels, through an age, forgot !
 Darkling he sung, the emblem of his kind !
 For all was darkness, and the land was blind :
 Till Somers rose, and Eden brought to view ;
 Then bloom'd the Muse's tree of life anew :
 In the bright song, ev'n scepticks did believe ;
 " And blest the fairest of her daughters, Eve."

Now, Pembroke, hear ; the story I'll recite !
 And see imposture by an humbler light :
 See, in low life, and in an abject state,
 The spurious glory, and the guilty fate !
 Her infant years, in Shropshire, Cælia led ;
 A peasant's wench was born, a drudge was bred :
 Bare-footed, in the fen, she gather'd reeds ;
 In fields, the gleanings ; and in gardens, weeds :
 Up to the roost, or pent-house, wont to climb ;
 And watch'd the orchard-fruit in harvest-time :
 Or carries cheese, and beverage, to the plow ;
 Or pelts into the lane the pie-bald cow.

Though homely, buxom ; blowse, though rude
 of shape ;

And ripe to tempt a keen invader's rape :
 One day, she stopt Sir Jasper, straggling by !
 Smit with her lustful look and squinting eye,
 The tatter'd trapes he catches to his arms ;
 Lov'd, and enjoy'd, and hugg'd her dirty charms !
 Proud of his prize, to town he brings her soon,
 Dress'd, and adorn'd ; and doated half a moon :
 That moon declin'd, but, ere another came,
 He grows distast'd with his rustic flame :
 He loaths, he leaves her, impudent for change :
 " Go to the herd, and with the commons range."

By time and hunger taught, she hits her part ;
 Learns every pace, and every harlot's art :
 The light coquettish trip ! the glance askew !
 To slip the vizor, and to skulk anew !
 For Cuper's bowers, she hires the willing scull :
 A cockswain's now, and now a sharper's trull !
 A different face, by turns, or dress does borrow !
 To-day a Quaker, and in weeds to-morrow !
 At windows twitters, or from hacks invites ;
 While, here, a 'prentice ; there, a captain bites ;
 With new success, new 'ffrontery she attains ;
 And grows in riot, as she grows in gains :
 In tavern brawls, the shatter'd crystal flings,
 Swears with the rake, and with the drunkard sings :
 Shameless at length, that was but loose before,
 A fleeing, faithless, fluttering, flimsy whore !
 When, lo ! at Hamstead Wells, Lord Lovemore
 spy'd

The mimic charmer, in her plaster'd pride ;
 He saw, he lov'd, his eyes his passion tell ;
 And what he likes, the world must own a belle :
 Swift, through the town, th' affected murmurs go ;
 And Cælia's praise is caught from beau to beau :
 Now, the rich equipage her pride proclaims ;
 The tiffue brightens, and the diamond flames :
 Low bows the mercer, as her chariot flies !
 Each booby stares, and every coxcomb dies,

Meantime, ye gods ! if verse can truth convey,
 In Brumpton-vale the bright Lavinia lay :
 Obscure she lay, consum'd in pensive thought ;
 Nor sung by poets, nor by lovers sought :
 Lavinia ! born when Beauty's planet reign'd ;
 And Luna's silver beam with envy * wan'd !
 In stature, like the Tyrian Dido, seen !
 With more than Harvey's charms, in Suffolk's mien !
 Form'd for all parts ! in every shape to please !
 To dress, to move, with spirit and with ease !

* Astrologers ascribe this Nativity to the Unfortunate.

To grace the banquet, and to lead the ball !
From prayer, to love, the wandering mind to call !
To throng thin churches, or save sinking plays !
To stop processions, and make triumph gaze :

Yet, what preposterous fate ! this maid divine,
In cities, nor in courts, was doom'd to shine :
Her matchless charms an humble village blest ;
Her food but scant, but barely clean her dress :
Pleas'd, and contented, in the sylvan life !
Myrtillo's bliss, but not Myrtillo's wife !

Thus fare Parnassus' sons ! the meanest Bard
With favour, oft, is grac'd, and meets reward :
As oft the noblest mourn, compell'd to shun
The fame they merit, and the bays they've won !
Was he * not doom'd, an exile, to retire,
Who brought, from rival'd Greece, Arcadia's lyre !
Who thaw'd the melted soul, with Sappho † lost !
Then left us shivering, in his Danish frost ‡ ?
Who gave great Glo'ster || to the dying stage !
And made the benches shake with Vanoc's rage § !
Bavius, the while, till Fate decreed his fall,
A dunce triumphant reign'd, and captiv'd all :
Dull, on the golden harvest did he gaze ;
Grew envious with success, and pale with praise :
Still brew'd, in gall, his teasing, trifling song ;
And spar'd no malice, though he knew no wrong :
Writ, rail'd, and duncify'd, from year to year ;
The Jesuit's hate inflam'd the Eunuch's fear.

Unmark'd at first ! necessitous and scorn'd !
No patron own'd him, and no bays adorn'd ;
One ** Critic's pupil, with one †† Bard he vy'd,
And knew not to be " sick with civil pride ‡‡."

* Ambrose Philips.

† His translation of Sappho's Odes.

‡ Winter-piece from Copenhagen.

|| Humphrey Duke of Gloucester. See p. 96.

§ The Briton, a tragedy. See p. 96.

** Cromwell.

†† Gildon.

‡‡ See Pope's Epistle to the Earl of Burlington, ver. 166.

206. OF FALSE FAME.

A hungry scribbler, and without a name;
Till fraud procur'd him wealth, and fallhood fame!
That wealth obtain'd, faith, friendship he disclaims;
Sneers where he fawn'd, and where he prais'd de-
fames;

No virtue leaves unwrong'd, or vice untry'd;
No fame not scarr'd, no genius not decry'd:
In scandal curious, busy still to pry;
Ill-natur'd, servile, scraping, weak, and fly!
When most provok'd, a patient fearful Muse!
When most oblig'd, most ardent to abuse!
The rage of envy, and the reek of spite,
Spleen swell'd with grief, and dulness wrap'd in night,
His head to jargon, heart to guilt, incline:
And the next libel, Pembroke*, may be thine!

* The noble Collector did not escape without a lash in the very Epistle which occasioned this address:

"He buys for Topham, Drawings and Designs
"For Pembroke, Statues, Dirty Gods, and Coins."

Ver. 7, 8.

EPISTLE

EPISTLE to MR. WELSTED,
On the DEATH of his ONLY DAUGHTER, 1726.
By MR. COOKE*.

WHILE on the winding banks of Thames I
rove,

Or chuse, for silence more profound, the grove ;
Or in the flowery vale enamour'd stray,
Where Innocence and Truth direct the way ;
While charm'd sublimely by the various scene,
The Muse propitious, and the mind serene ;
What, to a mortal so divinely bless'd,
Can strike so deeply as a friend distress'd !

Ev'n now, dejected, I thy lot deplore ;
And the gay prospect can delight no more.
In vain to me the gilded land skips rise,
While the tears fall from my Horatio's eyes.
Well is my soul for friendship form'd, or love ;
In concert to my friend my passions move.
Ev'n now the sovereign balm, that never fail'd,
That always o'er the heavy heart prevail'd,
That ever charm'd me in the mournful hour,
Ev'n thy own lays, my friend, have lost their power,
Oh ! how I long to let our sorrows flow,
And mingle in the tender strife of woe !

'Tis done,—and lo ! the debt of nature's paid :
Soft lie the dust, and happy rest the maid !
And now the last, the pious, tear is shed,
The unavailing tribute to the dead ;

* By his first wife Mr. Welsted had a daughter, who died about August 1726, at the age of 18, unmarried ; and whose loss he lamented in " A Hymn to the Creator, written by a gentleman on occasion of the death of his only daughter" (published by J. Walthoe, in December 1726), of which I have not been able to meet with a copy. Mr. Cooke, the translator of Hesiod, addressed to him, on this occasion, Sept. 27, 1726, the Poetical Epistle here printed. See the Memoirs of Welsted, at the beginning of this volume.

208 EPISTLE TO MR. WELSTED.

No longer let thy faithful friends complain :
 See, they demand thee to themselves again.
 Petronius, now, allures thy soul to ease,
 A happy man ! by nature form'd to please :
 Whose virtues well may call Horatio friend ;
 Whom love and mirth-dispelling care attend ;
 In him, to full perfection met, we see
 All that the wise, or gay, can wish to be.
 In the sad hour from him I find relief,
 With him forget that I have cause for grief.
 Hasten to enjoy the hours I've heard you prize,
 Those hours known only to the good and wise ;
 To sacred friendship be thy days assign'd,
 Be to thyself, and thy associates, kind.
 Or if thy soul, all-resolute in woe,
 Still bids the wakeful eye of sorrow flow ;
 Make reason, the great guide of life, thine aid :
 Say, is the frenzy grateful to the maid ?
 Or, could the virgin-shade perceive thee mourn,
 Would she, embody'd, to thy arms return ?
 Whatever cause, my friend, concludes her date,
 The course of nature, or the work of fate,
 Let this the burden of thy heart relieve,
 'Tis weakness or impiety to grieve.
 What though her charms might savage rage com-
 pose,
 And vye in sweetness with the Syrian rose ;
 What though her mind beseem'd her angel's face,
 Where every virtue met, and every grace ;
 Yet think, my friend, the heavy-falling shower,
 Without distinction, lays the loveliest flower.
 Trace every age, in every age you find
 A thousand weeping fathers left behind ;
 The common lot of all is fall'n to thee,
 What was, what is, and what shall always be.
 To dust reduc'd shall thy Zelinda lye ;
 And know, thyself, thy dearer self, shall die.
 Know this, and stop the fountain of thine eyes ;
 Excess of sorrow ill becomes the wise.

THE

T H E
Dissembled Wanton ;
O R,
MY SON GET MONEY.
A
C O M E D Y.

As it was originally acted at
THE THEATRE ROYAL
I N
LINCOLNS-INN-FIELDS, 1726.

BY LEONARD WELSTED, ESQ.

*Isne tibi melius suadet, qui, Rem facias; rem,
Si possis, rectè; si non, quocumque modo rem;
Ut propius spectes lacrymosa poemata Puppi:
An qui fortunæ te responsare superbæ
Liberum & erectum, præsens hortatur, & aptat?*

HOR. I Ep. i. 65.

“ Are you more pleas’d with his advice, who says,
“ A large estate, my son, with justice raise,
“ If possible; if not, at any rate
“ Be sure, my son, to raise a large estate;
“ Till, towering o’er the vulgar, in the pit
“ Among the knights or senators you sit;”
“ Or his, who bids you look superior down
“ On Fortune’s malice, and defy her frown?”

P

DUNCOMBE.

Disseminated by nature

1. 2000

C. O. M. B. D.

1. 2000

1. 2000

1. 2000

1. 2000

1. 2000

1. 2000

1. 2000

To the HONOURABLE
GEORGE DODINGTON.

SIR,

THERE is a propriety in addressing a Work of this kind to you, which justifies itself, and carries its own approbation with it to the publick.

Nor will you yourself blame this ambition in me; for who would not wish for the guardian of his performance a gentleman, who could so well see into the beauties of it, if there were any, and had at the same time so much candour to forgive its errors?

It was the happiness of the great Writers of antiquity to inscribe their labours to men who knew the value of them, and who could distinguish the delicacy of a true genius from the grossness of pretenders: the Poets of those days had Poets for their Protectors; and the same age, that produced Horace, Virgil, Ovid, produced also Varius, Pollio, and Mæcenas; the Patron could, then, crown the Bard with a laurel from

his own brow : an illustrious circumstance, which this age and nation had wanted, and a glory I had been robbed of; had not kind Heaven given us a Dodington ! given us you, Sir, to preside over our art, and to be at once the defence and ornament of it !

Nature, fortune, education, are all concurring to qualify you for this great end ; nor could you have appeared in a conjuncture to be more useful, or of greater honour to your country, than the present ; a conjuncture, in which I know not what black clouds seem to lowr over arts and sciences, when men are daily falling from all sense of politeness, and an almost universal depravation of taste is spread through the kingdom.

I do not doubt, Sir, but you will answer the high expectations which the refined world conceive of you in this regard, and with great glory to yourself : in the mean time, be so kind as to accept with your wonted goodness the following scenes, written, I know not with what success, but with a view to please only men of your cast,

I

“ ————Atque

DEDICATION. 213

“ ——— Atque hanc sine tempora circum

“ Inter *Apollineas* hederam tibi serpere lauros *.”

VIRG.

I have the honour to be, with the highest
respect,

S I R,

Your most obedient, and

most humble servant,

LEONARD WELSTED.

* “ And ’mid the laurels which thy brows entwine,

“ Admit this humble ivy-wreath of mine.” WARTON.

P R O L O G U E.

By A GENTLEMAN of the Temple.

Spoken by Mr. RYAN.

OUR Author, though a stranger on the stage,
 Has, by his various Muse, enrich'd the age:
 All that are born to taste (those all, how few!)
 In his terse lines the British Horace view.
 Great though he be, he comes with reverence here;
 His entrance, long delay'd, avows his fear.
 How nice the task, at once to probe and please!
 To heal weak minds, whose folly's their disease!
 More dangerous still from modern plans to stray,
 And shun the route, where custom beats the way!
 These scenes no well-bred Dangers shall expose,
 That stale dramatic treat! Coquets and Beaux:
 Poor mimickries! that dullness still conceal;
 Th' insipid sheltering in the pert genteel!
 True humour is a happier cast of thought:
 By nature's hand that master-piece is wrought;
 Humour! which gives the comic work its grace,
 Where Wit itself holds but the second place.
 In antient Greece, the Muses' native soil,
 This mine repay'd the first discoverer's toil:
 By Grecian art refin'd, the smiling ore
 With Terence visited the Roman shore;
 In commerce thence to every realm it pass'd,
 The bullion, with fair Nature's impress cast,
 In her own mint, through every age shall last:
 Ev'n serious Spain the current coin receives,
 Where, spite of time, th' immortal Quixote lives:

The

*The lively French avow the sparkling vein,
 And boast of old their Rabelais and Montagne :
 In Britain, not till fam'd Eliza's age,
 The humourous Muse adventur'd on the stage,
 By Shakspeare's Master-band adopted there,
 (So much the Poet borrow'd of the Player.)
 Fluellin, Shallow, how they touch the soul!
 And Falstaff! that inimitable Droll!*

*Shadwell, at distance, the great model views,
 And with unequal steps his Sire pursues ;
 But few beside the happy mark have hit :
 To forc'd unnatural jests ye now submit,
 To labour'd scandal, and mechanic wit.* }

*Now, Poets, your adventurous brother spare,
 And, generous, make his first essay your care :
 If not to him, in pity to the age,
 Extend your old indulgence to this Stage ;
 This Stage ! to you still open, this alone :
 So delicate, ye know, the other's grown,
 No work can enter there, except their own.* }

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Lord <i>Severne</i> .	Mr. QUIN.
Colonel <i>Severne</i> , his Son.	Mr. RYAN.
<i>Beaufort</i> , Friend of Col. <i>Severne</i> .	Mr. WALKER.
Sir <i>Humphrey Staple</i> , a Citizen.	Mr. HALL.
<i>Toby</i> , his Son.	Mr. W. BULLOCK.
<i>Wormwood</i> , Servant to Ld. <i>Severne</i> .	Mr. HIPPISELY.

W O M E N.

<i>Emilia</i> , Lord <i>Severne</i> 's Ward.	Mrs. BULLOCK.
Sir <i>Harry Truelove</i> , the disguis'd Daughter of Lord <i>Severne</i> . }	Mrs. YOUNGER.
Miss <i>Jenny Staple</i> , Daughter to Sir <i>Humphrey</i> . }	Mrs. LEGAR.
<i>Lettice</i> , <i>Emilia</i> 's Woman.	Mrs. EGLETON.

SCENE, *the Lord SEVERNE's House*, St. James's.

THE

THE DISSEMBLED WANTON;
OR, MY SON GET MONEY.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

SCENE, *the Lord SEVERNE'S House at St. James's.*

Colonel SEVERNE and BEAUFORT.

Col. SEVERNE.

GOOD-morrow, Beaufort : you are early with us this morning !

Beauf. Eleven is indeed an early hour in this part of the town ; the day is almost as short at St. James's, all the year round, as in the Highlands in winter.

Col. Severne. And yet it is too long, for the use we make on't.—Our ancestors thought it wisdom to live according to nature ; but in this age, fruitful in vice and luxury——

Beauf. Our very pleasures are unnatural : nothing affects us, but what is monstrous ; the reasonableness of entertainments is an argument against them ; and a relish for wit is thought a mark of the want of it.

Col. Severne. Impertinences continually flow in upon us, and we daily import the vices of foreigners, without their virtues ; and cull out and adopt

adopt the vanity of all nations, the good qualities of none.

Beauf. In short, we are sing-songed at once out of our senses and our money.

Col. Severne. Thanks to a good Government, that defends us from Popery ! I'm sure, our diversions are Popish enough ; that is, they are performed in an unknown tongue.

Beauf. And by performers that can perform nothing else.

Col. Severne. So far, at least, we are got towards Heaven——We have music, without distinction of sexes.

Beauf. Mean time, where is our learning ? where our antient arts ? the politeness of the nation ?

Col. Severne. They are all bought up, and sent away to Switzerland ; and, in their room, we are supplied with certain nocturnal ceremonies, or revels, that much resemble the orgies of the ancients.

Beauf. Only with this difference——those feasts were in honour of Bacchus ; these are dedicated to Venus.

Col. Severne. Ay, they're the school of love—

Beauf. Rather say, the mart of maidenheads, the nursery of cuckolds, and the terror of citizens.

Col. Severne. Or the resource of stale virgins, and un-accommodated prudes.

Beauf. Well, Severne, you may be as pleasant as you please ; but ——Alas ! I have other things to think of——

[*Sighs.*]

Col. Severne. What ! sigh, dear Beaufort ? believe me, melancholy has no charms in it for either man or woman ; pr'ythee make a truce with your spleen, and learn to live from me.

Beauf. If you have any secret in philosophy, I would be glad to learn it.

Col. *Severne*. Only this: my philosophy is, to be always in good humour, or at least not to come into company without it. Wisdom, when it makes a man uneasy, is but folly with a grave countenance.

Beauf. Severne, Severne! I could be gay, and full of spirit, like you, and other happy men; but when the heart is afflicted, and we pant after blessings we can't attain——

Col. *Severne*. I see your head is eternally running upon my sister; it's true, my father has sent her to France, to prevent your marrying her: but never fear; I warrant you, she will find her way back again.

Beauf. O Charlotte! Charlotte! was ever such constancy in woman?

Col. *Severne*. Thou hast her heart, Beaufort. Poor girl! I'm afraid she passes her time in Paris much as thou dost in London!

Beauf. Yet I must wonder, Charles, how so good-natur'd a man, as my Lord Severne, could use his child with so much rigour as to banish her, only for thinking kindly of a man, at least under no reproach.

Col. *Severne*. My father is like other old men; the gallantry of passion is dead in him, and, in his present way of thinking, he cannot readily reconcile the inequality of your circumstances.

Beauf. Would I had never seen her! Perhaps she wishes so of me——

Col. *Severne*. Will you be rul'd? Urge my Lord no more on that subject for the present; our aversions at first are stubborn, and grow more obstinate by being opposed: strive not to wrest his opinion from him, and in time he may lay it aside of himself.

Beauf. This is a hard lesson.——

Col.

Col. Severne. Indeed, your best way will be to seem to think no more of Charlotte, and to endeavour to lead my Lord into that belief.

Beauf. His Lordship will not be easily cur'd of his suspicions.

Col. Severne. Yes, if you appear indifferent, fall into company, and make show of courting some other woman—— Let me see, there is Sir Humphrey Staple's daughter! She has a good fortune in her own disposal: make love to her.——

Beauf. Make love to one I have no love for, nor any designs to obtain! Will that be honourable, dear Severne? I may, possibly, win the young lady's affections.

Col. Severne. Poo! poo! no danger on't; my word for't, you shall never make any fatal impressions there! a light foolish girl! incapable of real affection! Your courtship to her will but amuse her vanity the present moment, and be forgot the next—There must be sense and delicacy to create distress in love.——Besides, her old father, Sir Humphry, will be a sufficient bar to all misfortunes of that sort; he is as watchful of his daughter as of his money, and will no more trust her out of his hands, than he would his East-India bonds: he'll prevent your coming to too close an engagement.—Ay, ay, I say, e'en make love to her, and you'll blind my Lord effectually.

Beauf. Well, well, I must e'en solve it this way; if it be wrong, 'tis all for my dear Charlotte; but I doubt I shall play my part but awkwardly.

Col. Severne. No matter, you'll gain your end by it; it cannot fail: and luckily Sir Humphry, his daughter, and the rest of the family, dine here to-day by invitation, it being Emilia's birth-day.—Charming Emilia! O Beaufort! that I could once call that excellent creature mine!

Beauf.

Beauf. But I am told, my Lord has alter'd his opinion, and that the preparations for your wedding are laid aside.

Col. Severne. There is a cloud hangs over that affair at present, but which I hope will soon disperse. The intimacy I formerly had with my Lady Bellamont is come to his knowledge; and probably some falsehoods have been built on that story, which you remember was the town-talk; and this is what perhaps makes him cautious of hastening the marriage.

Beauf. It is not unlikely—and ten to one but that precise fellow—

Col. Severne. Wormwood!

Beauf. Ay, that professor of saintship; ten to one but he has taken pains to improve the story, and by that means to do you ill offices with my Lord: you have not much reason to think him your friend.

Col. Severne. I know it; his grave behaviour, and seeming honesty, have given him credit with my father—The match propos'd between Emilia and Sir Humphry Staple's son is of his contrivance.

Beauf. Sir Humphry's son, I take it, has all the qualifications any one wants to get money, that wants nothing besides.

Col. Severne. Ay, he has just sense enough to mind his business, and too little to relish any thing else—

Beauf. It's plain, he's a rival you are in no danger from: but what say you to the young, the brisk Sir Harry Truelove? he's always about her, and she does not seem to dislike him.

Col. Severne. In faith! he's a formidable stripling, a pretty smock-fac'd hero as any in town. But no more of this! I find Sir Humphry and his family are arriv'd, and his pretty daughter comes this way—

Beauf. Miss Staple, I hear, is a wit, as well as a beauty.

Col.

222 THE DISSEMBLED WANTON; OR,

Col. *Severne*. No, Beaufort; but she's a fool, as well as a wit; that is, she is a pretty coxcomb, with a pert simplicity about her; she has always something silly and lively to say, and tells her mind to our sex as freely as to her own.

Beauf. And 'tis for that reason, I suppose, that women as silly as herself, who dare not be so free, think she's admir'd by the men for her wit.

Col. *Severne*. Right: now is the time to palm the lover upon her: after I have paid my respects, I'll walk apart—

Enter Miss Jenny Staple.

Pretty Mrs. Staple, the honour you do us is extremely obliging—I swear, you look as pretty as an angel to-day—You bring so many charms along with you, Madam, that you make up an assembly in your own person——

Miss *Jenny*. O Lord, Sir, you confound me! I don't know how to return your compliment.

[*Severne walks aside.*]

Well, I vow and protest, our citizens are no more like courtiers——Tell me, Mr. Beaufort, don't you think Col. *Severne* a charming man? something so gallant! so soldier-like! You see, Sir, he has thrown his bomb, though he would not stay to see what execution it would make.

Beauf. Oh! Madam, the Colonel has more policy than your humble servant; he makes a safe retreat in time, and dares not trust himself in the midst of so many dangers.

Miss *Jenny*. Nay, now, I protest, I think you are a charming man too; but tell me, Mr. Beaufort, don't you think the Colonel a most agreeable creature?

Beauf. I think you a most agreeable creature, and him and all men happy that are prais'd by you: for my part, I have no greater ambition—

Miss

Miss *Jenny*. Lord, Sir, I wonder at you, that you can talk so ! I protest, I'll call to the Colonel—I know you do but flatter me too.

Beauf. Where beauty like yours is, flattery loses its nature.

Enter Lord Severne, attended by Wormwood.

Ld. *Severne*. Mr. Beaufort, your servant—Madam, I'm proud of this favour—Is your father come ?

Miss *Jenny*. Yes, my Lord : I think he is in discourse with Mr. Wormwood.

Ld. *Severne*. You are all welcome. This respect shewn to fair Emilia, the orphan daughter of my most valued friend, deserves my acknowledgement : you are heartily welcome.

Miss *Jenny*. I suppose, my Lord, Emilia is disengag'd from her toilet by this time. Come, gentlemen, what say you ? shall we go make her our compliments ?

Ld. *Severne*. You'll do her an honour.

[*Exeunt Col. Severne, Beaufort, and Miss Jenny.*]
How anxious is a parent's condition ? how full of fears ! Wormwood——

Worm. My very good Lord.

Ld. *Severne*. You see my perplexity, from the uncertainty I am in about my children ; my daughter Charlotte has forc'd me, by her ill-placed love, to send her to her aunt in France, in hopes that time and absence may cure her of her passion for Mr. Beaufort.

Worm. Very melancholy indeed ! but your Lordship must have patience ; in due time she will return to her duty.

Ld. *Severne*. Charlotte's disobedience is not all : Emilia, whom I love next to Charlotte, gives me reason to suspect her discretion ; her behaviour to young Sir Harry Truelove is too familiar and unguarded ; you have often observ'd it ; and then the account you have had from Lettice amazes me.

Worm.

Worm. Truly, an please your Lordship, I thought it my duty to make this discovery to your Honour: as I owe all to your goodness, I could not see you so abus'd; though prying into such things is very contrary to my disposition.

Ld. Severne. You do well—Now I should wrong my son in the tenderest point, by marrying him with a wanton; on the other hand, my son, I fear, is in too strict an alliance with another lady, to be so good a husband as he ought to Emilia.

Worm. That he is under strict engagements to that lady, I'm certain; it appears from the letters under her own hand to him, which I shewed your Lordship.

Ld. Severne. I would not wrong poor Emilia so much as to wed her to a man, whose fidelity she cannot be assured of; my design therefore is, to defer their marriage till I can satisfy myself as to the distrust I have entertained of them both.

Worm. Your Lordship's prudence is daily my astonishment.

Ld. Severne. Wormwood, what have you lately observed between Emilia and Sir Harry Truelove?

Worm. Alas! it grieves me to mention it. Good my Lord, do not question me about such matters.

Ld. Severne. Make it your business to watch them closely, and inform me of what you shall see.

Worm. My good Lord, do not command me to pry into such secrets.

Ld. Severne. This fellow is honest, but somewhat too precise—Sir Humphry Staple proposes his son to me as a match for Emilia—What think you of it, Wormwood?

Worm. Why, really, my Lord, if I may speak my mind without offence, I should think she were a much fitter match for Mr. Toby, than the Colonel. Mr. Toby, my Lord, is a sober staid youth, full of discretion, and goes regularly to church; more-
over

over he is meek; she may live peaceably with such a husband,—and have a gallant into the bargain. [*Aside.*—But see, Sir Humphry approaches.

Enter Sir Humphry and Toby.

Ld. *Severne.* Sir Humphry, this is kindly done. I am glad to see you.

Sir *Hum.* Why truly, my Lord, I have left some matters at sixes and sevens, to wait on your Lordship. Stocks are wavering up and down this morning, and I am come without doing any thing; but the respect I have for your Lordship must excuse me to myself, if I should lose making a lucky turn.—Well, my good Lord, does my proposal of a match between Madam Emilia and my son seem to please your Lordship?

Ld. *Severne.* Sir Humphry, I have considered of it; but I am slow in coming to a resolution in an affair of so great importance.

Sir *Hum.* But, my Lord, do you consider the ill consequences of marrying the young Lady to your son, the Colonel? My Lord, he is already engaged; he is promis'd, he is contracted, to you know who: in brief, to my Lady Bellamont; 'tis a secret all the town is acquainted with.

Ld. *Severne.* Sir Humphry, I shall make it my business to enquire into the bottom of that affair.

Sir *Hum.* My Lord, my Lord, there is no doubt to be made of it; I have what I tell your Lordship from that Lady's near relations and confidants, who have affirm'd it to me on their own knowledge.

Ld. *Severne.* Sir Humphry, I will not question your truth, and in a short time you shall know my resolution.

Sir *Hum.* I see I shall wind about this bubble of a peer—This story, whether true or false, well managed, will do my business. [*Aside.*—My Lord,
Q I dare

I dare not forfeit my integrity. A citizen's word is a Bank-note—I beg leave to present my son—Come, Toby, make your bow to my Lord—From Temple-Bar to Aldgate there is not a more hopeful youth. Hold up thy head, Toby.—Ah, my Lord, did you but know the obedient and orderly spirit of this boy! I have made him supple—Pay your respects to my Lord, Toby.—

Toby. Hem! hem! ha!—

Ld. Severne. What language does your son talk, Sir Humphry?

Sir Hum. O! my Lord, he wants for no language that will turn the penny.

Toby. No, that I don't.—I have language enough—Ships language, brokers language, and merchants accompts—No sort of English comes amiss to me.

Ld. Severne. You're a very great linguist indeed, Sir.

Worm. What a promising son is Sir Humphry blest with! Ah! were but our Colonel like him! [*Aside.*

Ld. Severne. But I forgot: I am wanted within.—You'll be so good as to excuse me, Sir Humphry.

Sir Hum. My Lord, you are too obliging—

[*Exit Ld. Severne.*

Well, Mr. Wormiwood, what say you? If this business succeeds, you shall have a fellow-feeling—

Worm. You and I are old acquaintance, Sir Humphry; we know one another: you never neglected your friends, to my knowledge; and you may depend upon't, I sha'nt be wanting to give my helping-hand; but I have my little affairs too to mind this busy day—Your Worship's goodness will dispense with me.

Sir Hum. Dear Mr. Wormwood, we excuse you—My son and I are very good company by ourselves.

[*Exit Wormwood.*

Come hither, Toby; I am about to settle thee, my boy.

Toby.

Toby. In what part of the City ?

Sir Hum. To get thee a wife, I mean.

Toby. Yes, Sir.

Sir Hum. But, before I trust you in the world, it will be proper I give you some instructions.

Toby. Ay, and so it will.

Sir Hum. In the first place, you must learn to overlook affronts, and never to think any thing an abuse, but a bad bargain.

Toby. Ay, and so I will.

Sir Hum. You are going to be married ; do you mark me, Toby ! There are a sort of fine fellows at this end of the town, who covet all the goods and moveables of us Citizens, not excepting our wives. If you find any of these spruce coxcombs frequent in their visits to your spouse, never interrupt them ; be blind, be dumb, be deaf ; give them their way ; you may chance to recover some thousands of pounds upon their frolicks. In a word, Toby, look upon your wife as so much running cash.

Toby. But then, if folks should point at a body, you know ?

Sir Hum. Sirrah, do you grow proud ? Thrive, I say, through your humility ; you must not only think meanly of yourself, but be contented that others think meanly of you too.

Toby. Ay, and so I must.

Sir Hum. In the next place, and above all things, Toby, never lend money for lending sake : nothing for nothing, and something for something ; give little for much, and take much for little, boy.

Toby. That's pretty, father ; let me see, something for nothing, and much for little——

Sir Hum. Ah, blunderbuss ! thy head is made for turning a piece of sense the wrong side out : now mind me again ; nothing for nothing, and something for something ; give little for much, and take much for little, boy—This was thy great grand-

father's lesson to all his children ; and these maxims got his four sons, each an estate, in four different counties—Therefore, I say, lend no money.

Toby. But, Sir, if a friend should, through misfortune, fall into want ?

Sir Hum. Why, thickscull ! that is his misfortune, not thine—Dost thou take me ?

Toby. Ay, right. That is his misfortune.

Sir Hum. An excellent lad this ! quick of apprehension ! Yes, yes, the rogue will thrive—But harkye, Toby, you will in time be a magistrate.

Toby. Not in time, father, but when I am out of my time.

Sir Hum. There you had like to have been witty again : Sirrah, did not I correct you yesterday ? Now mind me ; when you are a magistrate, disburse not a penny of your own money.

Toby. How must I do, to eat and drink then ?

Sir Hum. Upon your office ; you then eat and drink for the publick, not for yourself ; and the publick is to pay for it : and this is what most wise men mean by public spirit.

Toby. Nay, father, for that matter, you know I love dearly to dine at the halls.

Sir Hum. Ay, ay, you may board at least upon the publick ; 'tis a poor magistracy, that cannot maintain itself. Now, my boy, I have a secret to entrust to you.

Toby. Any goods to run ?

Sir Hum. Fiddles to run ! Such secrets I can trust with any Custom-house Officer ; I mean, a secret for your own good : I have contrived every thing aptly to be a bankrupt in a short time.

Toby. Aptly, father ! What will become of me then ?

Sir Hum. Be not frightened, boy ; I mean not to become such a bankrupt, as to break thee : my breaking shall be thy making ; I shall double my
estate

estate by it. A prudent man ought to break once at least in his life, for the good of his family.

Toby. At this rate, father, you only break others, not yourself.

Sir Hum. Right——

Toby. Why, ay, Sir, as you said before, that is their fault, not yours.

Sir Hum. Right again, boy. When this is brought about, Toby, I shall be able to purchase a borough for you.

Toby. And can I be a Parliament-man, Sir?

Sir Hum. Thou shalt be a Parliament-man, Toby.

Toby. I am afraid, I han't wit enough.

Sir Hum. Not wit enough, Numscull! Thou art rich enough; and whosoever is rich, is witty; a rich man is witty without wit, and may be a senator extremely wise without wisdom.

Toby. But how shall I do to speak in the house, father?

Sir Hum. Speak? You can vote, firrah: and let me tell you, a vote is a pretty thing for a young man to begin the world with; a very pretty thing! You can say, Ay and No, Toby, can't you? Two short syllables! Ay and No; that's all—and let your looks speak the rest.

Toby. Let me alone for that, father! Nobody looks like me, that's certain.

Sir Hum. Come, now let me see some of your most significant looks——

Toby. Now, Sir!——

Sir Hum. The importance of that face! How greatly his gravity prevails over his youth! It is a look of credit! There's not a man at St. James's, or White's, could borrow a hundred pounds upon his countenance at fifty years of age; and I am sure thou could'st have borrow'd a thousand at fifteen.

Toby. Shall I look again, father?

Sir Hum. Ay, Toby, once more—There it is again! the self-same! the family countenance! Depth of thought impenetrable——

Toby. Ay, guess my meaning, who can!

Sir Hum. Now, other fathers promise themselves wonders from the sprightliness of their children, which I call levity. Do thou, Toby, preserve thy gravity, and study to improve that lucrative solemnity of thy features. But hold, Toby—it will now be a proper time for me to introduce you to the young lady—meanwhile, remember what I have been saying to you, and stick close to that same *physiognomical wisdom*: for, as the poet has it, (not that I read poetry, or would encourage any man to do it; but truly the moral of these lines is so incomparable, that I could not but get them by heart—) Now observe me, Toby.

“The fool of nature, thoughtful in disguise,
 “If back’d by money, shall be counted wise:
 “Sage looks may seem grimace, the purse not full;
 “But rich grave men are ne’er reputed dull.”

Most incomparable, o’ my word!

[*Exeunt.*

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Emilia and Sir Harry Truelove.

Emilia. **D**EAR Sir Harry Truelove, or rather dear Charlotte, now we are alone!

Sir Harry. Yes for a moment; and to my dear Emilia, I am Charlotte again.

Emilia. How agreeable, my dear, are these intervals of privacy, when we can chat over our little female concerns together, as it were by stealth, and be as wise, or as silly, as we please.

Sir

Sir Harry. Agreeable, indeed, to be thus free from the restraints we are under in public, and in our commerce with the men ! It is, methinks, like the ease one feels in being undrest ; the dishabille of life !

Emilia. All one does is so disengaged and natural ; no pain for our behaviour ! no fear of dropping an unguarded expression ! or of looking out of rule, or abating of one's distance ! The tongue, the eye, the soul, is at liberty.

Sir Harry. And, what is worth all, while we are thus alone, we may praise the man we love, nor blush to own we love him. I may speak of Beaufort with rapture ; and you as fondly of my brother. And now we talk of love, my dear, what think you of the success of my stratagem thus far ?

Emilia. Its success surprizes me : I could not have believed it possible things should have gone so well.

Sir Harry. Yes, possible enough ; my retirement into the country, the letters I contrived to be sent as from Calais, signifying my arrival there, and others afterwards from Paris, of the same import, could leave my father in no manner of suspicion but that I was really in France. Then upon my coming to town again, in this disguise, under the name of Sir Harry Truelove, my admission into the family, as a relation of yours, was but natural, and to be expected.

Emilia. If I judge wrong, you must impute it to my cares for you.

Sir Harry. That I remain undiscovered here, is owing to the guard and caution I always carry about me—Should Beaufort, or my brother, find me out, there were no great harm in it ; and as for my father, I come so little within his observation, that I am not much in danger of being known by him.

Emilia. If the letters you transmit to Paris are but regularly conveyed back again, I think you tolerably safe.

Sir Harry. And who knows what happy events may arise, during my supposed absence, to favour my hopes ?

Emilia. In the mean time, you meet with variety of entertainment, and pass through a world of gallantry.

Sir Harry. So much, I'm tired with it : more women have made love to me since I have been a man, than ever men did while I was a woman—But, by the bye, Emilia, how comes it to pass that your wedding is deferred ?

Emilia. Indeed, I don't know ; something or other is wrong, that I can't find out : but, my dear, I have news for you more disagreeable.

Sir Harry. What is it ?

Emilia. Why, Beaufort has deserted you ; he makes love publicly to Miss Jenny Staple ; to my knowledge he does.

Sir Harry. I dare trust him ; 'tis only a feint ; some artifice to deceive my father. Should it prove otherwise, I know how to fit him, that is, I'll be his rival, and court Miss Jenny at the same time.

Emilia. What will you get by that ?

Sir Harry. I shall at least discover the bottom of his design ; besides, I shall have the pleasure to mortify him : for if I do not get his mistress from him, with a languishing look or two, and a few empty speeches which I have at command, I renounce all my pretensions to gallantry for ever.

Emilia. Thou hast a good deal of vanity, however, to thy share.

Sir Harry. But I have more beauty ; and you know, when they meet in perfection in our sex, they set off one another : but you mistake me all this while ; I don't say, I could rival Beaufort with a woman

woman of sense, but I'll undertake to play the fool with Mistress Jenny more to her liking than he can. But, my dear, I had like to have forgot to have told it you, I am treating with my Lord for his daughter; I have proposed myself as a match for my myself; what think you of it?

Emilia. The humour was very well for once, but you must be cautious of carrying that jest too far.

Enter Colonel Severne.

So, Mr. Severne! it's a wonder, I think, to see you.

Col. Severne. And to see you, Madam, is seeing a wonder.

Emilia. I know you fine gentlemen affect to say fine things to the ladies; but 'tis more to shew your own wit to advantage than our beauty.

Sir Harry. I believe, Madam, the ladies are of opinion, a man seldom shews his wit to advantage but when he praises their beauty.

Emilia. Pr'ythee, Sir Harry, don't you pretend to know our sex so well.

Col. Severne. Know them, Madam! That peruke and that face cannot but know more of woman-kind than all the philosophers in the world: a taller man mayn't know half so much. But, Madam, you seem to single out Sir Harry from the rest of the company so particularly, that I doubt you'll create him envy; he has, indeed, the most youth and beauty——

Sir Harry. I have my share, I think indeed, Colonel; but you are too secure of your interest in this lady, to fear me, or any other, for a rival.

Emilia. Who told you so, Sir Harry? If you make me your confident, I don't make you mine—Why, indeed, Mr. Severne, I must own, I like Sir Harry's company; tho', perhaps, I should not much envy any woman that had him for a husband; but
he

he happens, I know not how, to have an opinion of my discretion, and, thinking me a tolerable judge of my own sex, he has taken a fancy to intrust me with his secrets.

Sir *Harry*. Even so, Sir. I never talk my affairs to a young fellow, lest he should betray me, or prove my rival.

Col. *Severne*. Oh! I commend your prudence highly, and am sorry for having interrupted your counsels so long. [*Exit Colonel Severne.*]

Emilia. I fancy, Charlotte, the Colonel thinks I have a mind to run away with you, or you with me.

Sir *Harry*. If I were sure that was his opinion, I'd make my advantage of it; he should have more reason for his fears than he has at present—— But now, Madam, to my design upon Mistress Jenny——What think you of this cock! and this bow! and this close rapturous hug!

[*Lord Severne and Colonel Severne observe them.*]

Emilia. Why, I think, you are a very impudent agreeable young fellow.

Sir *Harry*. Heavens! what a neck and shape! what an air! O this hand! I could feast upon it for ever.

Emilia. Go, go, Sir Harry; now I think you more impudent—

Sir *Harry*. And more agreeable. Here's my Lord and the Colonel; let's avoid them. [*Exeunt.*]

Enter Lord Severne and Colonel Severne.

Ld. *Severne*. You see, Charles, I have not entertained suspicions of Emilia's conduct without reason.

Col. *Severne*. I know not what to think: this behaviour in any woman but Emilia, I own, would look suspicious.

Ld. *Severne*. And is Emilia then not a woman?

Col. *Severne*. I have been used to think her more than woman, and cannot lightly be prevailed upon to bring her down to the level of her sex.

Ld.

Ld. *Severne*. Charles, I do not blame you for the concern you shew: but be advis'd; rather support this distress a while, than suffer it to betray you into greater.

Col. *Severne*. I'll endeavour to compose this tumult: if she is not virtuous, my Lord, she is not lovely.

Ld. *Severne*. Indeed, if she is not virtuous, she is no wife for thee, Charles; however, I would not wrong Emilia, nor conclude any thing rashly to her prejudice in so tender a point.

Col. *Severne*. Doubt it not, my Lord, but I'll search this business to the bottom.

Ld. *Severne*. You know, Charles, your behaviour hitherto towards her has been that of a fond respectful lover; your way now will be, to assume the easy freedom of a gallant; if this manner of address proves acceptable to her, you may reasonably conclude she admits Sir Harry's familiarities upon the same foot.

Col. *Severne*. I hope, I shall be able to dissemble my passion so far as to follow your Lordship's directions, and I'll lose no time in it.

[Exit Colonel Severne.]

Ld. *Severne*. To my son alone have I confided my suspicions of Emilia; to Emilia alone will I confide my suspicions of my son. And here she comes.

Enter Emilia.

Ld. *Severne*. I have something to impart to thee, and now answer me truly: have I ever dealt unkindly by thee in any thing?

Emilia. My Lord, that question is your first unkindness.—

Ld. *Severne*. I am glad you think so. You were too young, when your father died, to have any knowledge of the friendship that was between us. Your father was an honourable man, and he thought so of me; you were his latest, and his only

only care; and, in the declining state of his health, the more his indispositions increased upon him, the more were you the subject of his discourse to me; and he often said with satisfaction, "My daughter will not want a father, while you live."

Emilia. Indeed, my Lord, you have been an indulgent father to me.

Ld. Severne. Be assured, *Emilia*, I am tenderly concerned for thy welfare, and for that reason only have I deferred your marriage with my son. I have jealousies concerning him; and must beg your assistance to come at the truth. You seem surprized—

Emilia. My Lord, you have instructed me to think so well of Colonel Severne, I could almost imagine you speak this only to try my esteem for him.

Ld. Severne. Not so, *Emilia*: to be plain with you, I am informed, he has an interest in a certain Lady of quality, of such a sort as may interfere with your happiness: the town gives him out for her lover.

Emilia. How, my Lord!

Ld. Severne. Hear me, child; this being supposed, I'm obliged to proceed with caution: my fondness for my son shall not lead me to injure you; I must act as a common father to you both.

Emilia. Your Lordship, I fear, carries your suspicions too far: I would answer with my life for the Colonel's honour.

Ld. Severne. *Emilia*, I believe my son loves thee; and that he would be glad to acquit himself of this woman, if he could do it with honour: but whether he may not have private obligations to her, which may embarrass his conduct, and hereafter give you uneasiness, is what I am apprehensive of.

Emilia. Be pleased, my Lord, to trust this business with me; if there be the least ground for your apprehensions, I'll engage to search it out.

Ld.

Ld. *Severne*. It is my opinion, Emilia, that you can do it more successfully than any one; he has already intrusted you with his love, and will not suspect his most retired thoughts unsafe in your keeping.

Emilia. I doubt not, my Lord, but I shall be able to win the secret from him, if there be any.

Ld. *Severne*. It will be your interest; you are often alone together: watch him in his fond moments, and, when his mind is off its guard, take your opportunity. [*Exit Emilia*.]

Enter Sir Harry Truelove.

So, Sir Harry.

Sir *Harry*. My Lord, your servant.

Ld. *Severne*. What can this young man mean, by applying to me for Charlotte? [*Aside*.]—Sir Harry, I must, once for all, inform you (you will excuse a plain behaviour in a man of my years, and in an affair of such concernment); I say, Sir, I must plainly inform you, that I cannot think of you as a husband for my daughter, and I desire I may hear no more of it.

Sir *Harry*. My Lord, I should not have presumed to aspire to that honour, had not Mr. Beaufort's pretensions been rejected; for, I must acknowledge, I think he has every good quality and accomplishment that can recommend a gentleman to one's esteem, or make one desirous of his alliance.

Ld. *Severne*. Mr. Beaufort is very much obliged to you: I have not, it's true, many objections against him; but I have one in my eye, to whom I have none at all: at least, Sir, the person I give my daughter to, be he who he will, shall have no other engagements.

Sir *Harry*. Your Lordship, I presume, does not know of any that I have.

Ld. *Severne*. Are you very sure of that? But no matter—that's not the point—Look you, Sir, to

cut things short, I am of opinion, my daughter's quality, breeding, and character, entitle her to a much better match !

Sir *Harry*. My dear Lord, don't be angry with me, I cannot help smiling—Now, upon my life ! do I think myself every whit as well-bred, and of as fair a character, as her Ladyship.

Ld. *Severne*. A more pert coxcomb have I never met with. [*Aside.*—Good Sir Harry, let me entreat you, that we may have no disputes on this subject : I have told you already, and I tell you once more, I am absolutely determined never to marry my daughter into a family below her own.

Sir *Harry*. If that be all, my Lord, you can have no just reason to refuse me ; for, with submission, my family is as good as yours.

Ld. *Severne*. Your family as good as mine, stripling !

Sir *Harry*. Pardon me, my Lord ; my family is as good as yours, and something more antient.

Ld. *Severne*. How !—Well, Sir,—but whatever our family is, I am the more antient in my own person—Go, you're a boy—

Sir *Harry*. Perhaps your Lordship may find yourself mistaken.

Ld. *Severne*. Again !

Sir *Harry*. Depend upon it, my Lord, I am no boy—at least, Emilia does not take me for one.

Ld. *Severne*. No ! and do you triumph in it ?—But hold, I must hide my resentments till I examine further. [*Aside.*—Well, Sir Harry, you gentlemen and ladies, now-a-days, have mighty new sentiments to what we had in our time ; among you, nothing is weighed by the nature of the thing, but by the appearance : you value no good action but what is known, and regret no ill one that is secret.

Sir

Sir Harry. My good old Lord, you speak like an antient philosopher; and I live like a modern one.—Come, don't be moody, my Lord; but send back for your daughter; and believe me, who know what the sex is as well as any gentleman in England,

“He that would women rule must have the skill,
“Not to restrain, but rightly guide their will.”

Ld. Severne. Extremely well, Sir!—Your servant. *[Exit Lord Severne.]*

Sir Harry. Go thy ways, Papa! I'll teach you to be disobedient to your own daughter.

Enter Beaufort.

You're a pretty gentleman, Mr. Beaufort! I hear you make court to Miss Staple.

Beauf. What then, Sir?

Sir Harry. What then, Sir!

Beauf. Would not you have me?

Sir Harry. Would not I have you!

Beauf. Have you a mind to her yourself, Sir Harry?

Sir Harry. A mind to her myself! what do you mean, Sir?

Beauf. Nay, nothing at all; but what do you mean?

Sir Harry. Nay, nothing at all: but, by the bye, you are not so cunning as you imagine; I see through your design, and this courtship is only a trick to blind my Lord Severne. Come, pr'ythee, Beaufort, own it.

Beauf. If you have the art to find out a secret, I hope you have the honour to keep it.

Enter Emilia.

Sir Harry. It's as I told you, Madam; Mr. Beaufort makes court to Mistress Jenny only *en passant*, and to divert my Lord's fears for Charlotte: is it not so?

Beauf.

Beauf. You will have it so.

Emilia. Here comes Miss Staple, with her father, Sir Harry, if you please, we'll avoid them; I have something to communicate to you.

Sir Harry. By all means, Madam; it would be ill-bred to disturb a gentleman in his affairs.

[*Exeunt Sir Harry and Emilia.*]

Enter Sir Humphry and Jenny.

Beauf. Pretty Mistress Staple, where have you been absent from my eyes so long?

Miss Jenny. I just parted from Colonel Severne! Well, he's a fine gentleman! so diverting! so entertaining!

Beauf. It is impossible, Madam, to be otherwise in your company; you was born to inspire the world with good humour and gaiety——

Miss Jenny. I vow and protest, Mr. Beaufort, you are very comical.

Beauf. I swear by all that's sacred, you are very pretty.

Miss Jenny. Lord, you'd make one die with laughing.

Sir Hum. Hey-day! why, how now, huzzy! what have you to do, to be dropping your courtesies, and to be simpering upon every one you meet? A man can't appear, but he draws you to him, like a loadstone—Mr. Beaufort, you'll excuse me; my daughter, I fear, is a little too forward for you courtiers.

Beauf. Her simplicity and innocency become her; and no gentleman will take advantage of it.

Sir Hum. Mr. Beaufort, I understand you court my daughter; I must take the liberty to inform you, no man shall marry her without my consent.

Beauf. Her consent, and yours, is what I should be glad to obtain.

Sir Hum. As to her consent, I believe, you may have it for asking; but with me, there must be more

more words than one to a bargain ; my daughter is as my merchandize, and I'll not part with her upon credit ; something for something, and nothing for nothing, as I often say, is our family wisdom.

Beauf. Then there is some hope, Sir Humphry, of gaining your consent.

Sir Hum. There is a possibility.

Beauf. And, pray, within what compass may that possibility lie ?

Sir Hum. Why, Mr. Beaufort, it is within the compass of Bank-notes, land, or specie : produce fifty thousand pounds in money, or money's-worth, and my consent shall be forth-coming.

Beauf. I doubt, Sir Humphry, it will be impossible I should produce such a sum quickly, and honestly.

Sir Hum. Sir, it matters not how you come by the sum ; I never ask impertinent questions ; no man worth fifty thousand pounds was ever thought dishonest ; you may be dishonest while you are getting an estate, but, when once you have got it, I'll answer for you, you shall be honest again.

Beauf. But, Sir Humphry, I would feign propose an equivalent to you. What think you of a competent fortune, accompany'd with good birth, and a liberal education ?

Sir Hum. Why, Mr. Beaufort, that's the fashion of the plate, as the goldsmiths call it ; now I never consider that, when I take in a pawn : the weight is all—But I have other objections against you.

Beauf. Will you do me the favour to inform me, what those objections may be ?

Sir Hum. In the first place, I am informed, you have the misfortune to have a great stock of wit ; I would not be thought to blame you for what you cannot help ; neither am I to blame, when I shun what I cannot approve of.

R

Beauf.

Beauf. And pray, Sir Humphry, why should you be an enemy to men of wit?

Sir Hum. Because I know, Sir, it is a profession with you wits to ridicule sober men, and make a jest of industry, and of all prudent persons that are in a way of thriving.

Beauf. But, Sir Humphry, I claim not that distinction in myself, though I esteem it in others; and I believe you'll allow wit to be a valuable quality in the keeping of a wise man.

Sir Hum. Sir, no wise man was ever a wit; and no wit was ever a rich man; and this is enough, in conscience, to bring it into discredit with me.

Beauf. But, Sir Humphry, perhaps I am slandered; many honest gentlemen have been very unjustly accused of this crime: you may have been misinformed.

Sir Hum. If I am, 'tis a misfortune to you. To be a wit, is a character, I assure you, that will do you no great service among men of business; and, perhaps, you'll not get much by it at court. To deal plainly with you, Mr. Beaufort, I would have for my girl a diligent man, that will follow business, and get money: I should not dislike a man who could sometimes content himself with a pint of neat Port after his fatigue: now, I suppose, you can relish nothing but Champaign and Burgundy.

Beauf. Certainly they are generous liquors; they advance mirth and good-humour, and are reckoned friends to the Muses.

Sir Hum. But what is this to thrift, and good husbandry? Sir, I admire at your expressions. Is being a friend to the Muses an argument with a moneyed man, who neither knows where the Muses live, nor what ware-houses they keep, nor what trade they drive?

Beauf. I hope, Sir Humphry, the Muses have done you no injury, if they have done you no good.

Sir Hum. Yes, yes, injury enough ! I am told, their bullies, the wits and poets, make it their business, in their plays and prologues, to abuse their betters ; and that they treat persons of good reputation very injuriously, giving them nick-names, such as *Nikin*, *Gripe*, *Scrape-all*, *Split-fartbing*, and the like. Now, Sir, I must be plain to tell you, that this licence is unreasonable ; and that persons of substance and credit ought not to be libelled by your poets, and people of their character.

Beauf. I am sorry their character should suffer with those who are most able to be serviceable to them.

Sir Hum. In reality, Mr. Beaufort, they have not a very good name.

Beauf. How so, Sir ?

Sir Hum. To say no worse of them, 'tis not very creditable to be poor ; 'tis but an indifferent character to want money. I don't know what the sentiments of your courtiers are ; but with us in the City, honesty and wealth signify the same thing ; and, when we say *a good man*, we mean a rich man.

Beauf. I find then, Sir Humphry, that in the City you have a language peculiar to yourselves, as well as customs and manners.

Sir Hum. Sir, we have a laudable language, that goes all the world over : my bills are understood at Constantinople : and, as for our manners, it is to dress clean, to live plentifully, to get money, to owe nothing, and trust nobody.

Beauf. You are very much to be commended : but the young lady is out of the question all this while ; she is extremely pretty, and I think not unlike you.

Miss *Jenny*. You courtiers have always something so agreeable to say !

Beauf. You sigh, Madam—

Miss *Jenny*. It is, to think how dull and insipid our conversation is in Lombard-street.

Sir *Hum.* Say you so ! very fine ! [*Aside.*

Miss *Jenny*. Can't you play at ombre, Mr. Beaufort ? You shall teach me. But, pray, tell me now ; do you love to see plays ? I protest, I think they are very silly ; but the operas are mighty diverting : shall we have any masquerades this winter ? do you know ? though I believe not—Was you there the last time, Mr. Beaufort ? I was.

Beauf. Was you so, my pretty one ?

Miss *Jenny*. Ay, and I met the prettiest man there, that told me so many stories, and things of the town—I was never so charmingly entertained in my life—Was it you ?

Beauf. That I can't tell, indeed ! but I saw there a young lady in the habit of a Shepherdess, so beautiful, so witty ! Was it you ?

Miss *Jenny*. Was it you ! did you say ? My stars ! how pleasant you are !

Sir *Hum.* Come away, I say. Mr. Beaufort, your most obedient.

Miss *Jenny*. Dear Sir, adieu : you'll excuse me.

[*Exeunt Sir Humphry and Jenny.*]

Beauf. Adieu, my Angel !

Enter Colonel Severne.

Col. *Severne*. Beaufort, you must come with me : I have business of the last consequence, in which I must have your advice and assistance.

Beauf. Your summons is very sudden ! What is the affair ?

Col. *Severne*. 'Twill startle you to hear it. Would you believe ! Emilia, of all her sex ! would you believe, Emilia was not virtuous !

Beauf.

Beauf. I would as soon believe that Severne was not honest. You play with me?

Col. Severne. By Heaven, I do not! there are strong presumptions, that I have been deceived in her, and that she accounts lightly of her honour. Not to keep you in suspense, my father has made the discovery; I have seen the intrigue in part myself; her gallant is Sir Harry Truelove: the rest I'll inform you of more distinctly.

Beauf. 'Tis prodigious! but be easy, my friend! If this be true, you have had a good escape. Better be a mistaken lover, than to be ranked with the unhappy married men.

Col. Severne. Faith, Beaufort, if my suspicions are just, the difference is not great betwixt me and the gentlemen you speak of.

“ They mourn the violated marriage bed;

“ I pay a husband's debt before I wed.”

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Beaufort and Colonel Severne.

Beauf. **H**OW! what! no resentment! no sense of wrong done her! and, was she so complying? did she yield, say you, to your loose solicitations at first, without any token of reluctance!

Col. Severne. At first, indeed, she dissembled, I know not what faint surprize, and seemingly endeavoured at a blush: but those light appearances soon went off, and gave way to the strength of appetite. Ay, ay, in faith! she has yielded fairly, given up her character, and promised me all, all that wantonness itself could give or promise!

R 3

Beauf.

Beauf. Most unaccountable and astonishing ! had she then no pride ! A lady of her rank and condition ! had she no pride at all left ?

Col. Severne. Pride, in woman's heart, like thorns round roses, was planted there for her protection ; but she has lost that outguard of honour ; she has lost it, Beaufort ; and any loose vain coxcomb may touch, may taste, may gather her— Fallen from her bright orb of innocence, and her great soul levelled with vice !

Beauf. Then all womankind is false ; and yet, Charles, I must still think that Charlotte is virtuous !

Col. Severne. By the eternal powers ! I do not know if my mother was——

Beauf. But Charlotte, Charlotte, I say——

Col. Severne. Why, what of Charlotte ? she's in France, is she not ? where she has nobody to observe her, no witness of her actions ; at full liberty to do or say as she pleases.

Beauf. In France !

Col. Severne. Ay, and ten to one but, this very moment, some sprightly Marquis may be lacing on her stays for her ; you know the freedom in use among the ladies of that gay country.

Beauf. 'Sdeath ! I am on the rack.

Col. Severne. Or, may be, she's sitting up in her bed, at chocolate, and a spruce smart Abbé with his arms round her.

Beauf. Psha, Psha ! pr'ythee no more on't. You drive me to distraction.

Col. Severne. How do companions in pain administer relief to it ! Now am I half eased, only by seeing him moved : but it is an ill-natured pleasure, and an unreasonable one.—Come, dear Beaufort, quiet yourself : I was wild with rage and sorrow, when I drew this idle picture of my sister : I do from my soul believe her good and virtuous,

virtuous, as she is lovely. This is my cool judgement—But Emilia—

Beauf. Kind Severne ! excuse the warmth I was betrayed into, thou best of friends !—I think, I see Emilia at a distance.

Col. Severne. What most perplexes me is, that she should imagine me to be under a promise of marriage to my lady Bellamont.

Beauf. What did you say to her on that subject ?

Col. Severne. 'Twas impossible to get the notion out of her head, so I was forced to humour her in it, and seem to acknowledge the thing, as well for my own quiet, as to bring her the more easily to what I desired. But she comes ; withdraw a minute, and observe. [*Exit Beaufort.*]

Enter Emilia.

So fair ! yet so kind ! such richness of beauty ! endeared by so sweet condescension !

Emilia. I am very much in the spleen ; killed, killed with spleen ! and all, I believe, for want of being flattered.

Col. Severne. To be admired, is what you can never want, except you hide yourself.

Emilia. I don't know how it is ; but I can neither enjoy myself by day, nor sleep by night, for want of something or other—Dear flattery ! thou cordial of a woman's waking spirits, and her opiate for rest ! It is an hour, a long dull hour, since you told me, I was a goddess.

Col. Severne. You shall be a goddess again : but then be like other goddesses, and descend sometimes to charming mortal frailty.

Emilia. Lord, what a corrupt world is this ! one cannot get so much as a compliment without bribing for it. There's something so cold and faint in your civilities ! I really fancy you don't like my looks to-day ?

Col. *Severne*. Not like them, Madam ! Bless me, you look like the Spring with all the Graces round you.

Emilia. Take care, or you'll make me redden ; and then I shall be more like Autumn than the Spring.

Col. *Severne*. Ay, that's the point. Autumn ! the fruits of beauty ! the promised fruit, my love ! when will you give it me ?

Emilia. Pish !

Col. *Severne*. Think, my Angel, you are in the bloom of years, and ought to improve the advantage while it lasts ; life is too short, to protract our happiness.

Emilia. You talk, Sir, as if one was to be an old woman to-morrow : indeed, I expect to be a Bloomer fifteen years to come.

Col. *Severne*. What is fifteen years ! they'll steal away unobserv'd : and, like the rest of your sex, you'll become antiquated, long before you suspect it.

Emilia. Dreadful ! and cruel ! his behaviour shocks me to the very soul.—To be treated as a lewd commoner ! mercy !—but soft, my heart—bear this pang awhile—

[*Aside*.

Col. *Severne*. But, my dear ! my life ! I must press you to performance of articles.—

Emilia. I find it is dangerous to converse with you. I beg you, leave me to myself—I must endure his insults, to carry on my design.

[*Aside*.

Col. *Severne*. I must not, cannot leave you ; remember you have given me your promise.

Emilia. No, I have not ; or, if I had been so indiscreet, a guilty promise, you know, ought not to be kept.

Col. *Severne*. Can there be any guilt in pleasure, child ? Fie, fie ! you are misled by education and opinion !

opinion! that trick, that common cheat, and enemy to delight!

- " 'Twas folly, or injustice, first that plac'd
- " The fame of woman-kind in being chaste:
- " When love and soft desire subdue the will,
- " The deeds that follow are not simply ill:
- " No moral crimes to appetite belong,
- " Nor can our parent Nature guide us wrong:
- " Truth, justice, friendship, honour's bounds
- " controul,
- " And virtue lives not in the blood, but soul."

Emilia. Poetry, thus applied, is the worse for being good. Come, be advised for once, Mr. Severne; change your way of thinking, and quit the advantage you have of me.

Col. Severne. What can I do in the distress of so much beauty before me? how forbear hastening to the possession of it? You forget, my dear, you have consented, faith you have; you have given me your word.

Emilia. I gave you no word, no consent——Or whatever I did, 'twas on condition you should first discover to me the whole affair with Lady Bellamont.

Col. Severne. O! has jealousy a part in your consent? [*Aside.*]—Well, I'll conceal nothing from you, upon honour.

Emilia. But your letters, and the writings of contract! I must have them too.

Col. Severne. You are very particular, Madam: I'll put them into your hands.

Emilia. It is too plain. He's certainly engaged. Gracious Heaven! Where shall I fly for refuge! Every where abused!

[*Aside.*]

Col. Severne. But then you must not forget the condition: you know the reward I am to expect.

Emilia.

Emilia. I shall deal honourably by you.

Col. Severne. O my charmer ! how dost thou fire me ! But, my life, the time ! the place ! Don't torture me with delay.

Emilia. Hift ! company is coming this way ; we shall be over-heard. I'll come to you again.

Col. Severne. " Cælia, to thyself bejust,

" Not to-morrow vainly trust :

" Every moment you are coy,

" Is a moment lost of joy."

[*Exit Emilia.*

Re-enter Beaufort.

Col. Severne. You over-heard all——

Beauf. I did.

Col. Severne. You see, she is determin'd in her opinion as to Lady Bellamont.

Beauf. That determination, I believe, if she is determined, is but the effect of some tittle-tattle among her acquaintance ; credulity and curiosity are more than half in a woman's composition.

Enter Sir Humphry and Toby.

Col. Severne. Mr. Toby ! my friend and rival.

Toby. Pshaw !

Col. Severne. Nay, not so coy, Mr. Toby : though we are rivals, yet, like Generals, we may beat a parley, and confer together upon terms of peace.

Toby. Why, look you, as for that matter, I am above-board. I don't wish to be your hindrance, seeing this is more my father's doing than mine ; though I must observe one thing to you, by the way : if the young gentlewoman should chance to like me best, that's none of my fault ; e'en let her take her choice : beauty, you know, is all fancy.

Col.

Col. *Severne*. Mr. Toby, I can't blame you ; but how Sir Humphry can acquit himself, I don't see. Emilia is mine by right of love, by my father's promise, and, as I have flattered myself, by her own inclination.

Sir *Humphry*. Hark-ye, Colonel—I understand the case thus—Here is a commodity to be disposed of ; you, I, another, are alike at liberty to bid for it ; and the fairest bidder has, in course, the best claim. Now, Sir—

Beauf. With your leave, Sir Humphry, beauty is not, like common merchandize, to be sold by cant and auction, or to be put up by inch of candle. That is for African slaves, not free-born British ladies.

Toby. What you say, father, for all him, stands to reason. Now put case, a tenement is to be let ; if I offer to raise the rent, and pay down a fine, it is but fitting I should have a lease for life—

Sir *Hum*. Toby, use your parts with moderation, firrah—There is, Mr. Beaufort, a natural aptitude in this boy towards wit ; and, if I did not perpetually correct him, his head would be over-run with that unprofitable weed.

Col. *Severne*. Well, Mr. Staple, we'll leave you a clear stage—I think, I see your mistress coming.

[*Exeunt Severne and Beaufort.*]

Sir *Hum*. Now, Toby, to the point. What think you of wooing the Lady ?

Toby. Nay, father, if you go to that, first tell me what you think.

Sir *Hum*. I think very well of it—

Toby. Why, so do I too—

Sir *Hum*. But can you act your part gracefully, I would say ? There is skill in making court ; you must shew the Lady a great deal of complaisance ; you must praise her beauty.

Toby.

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Toby. Before her face, or behind her back, do you mean?

Sir Hum. Why, both, simpleton. You must endeavour to persuade her that you are in love, and that you are dying for her.

Toby. And that I am dying for her! that's right, indeed!

Sir Hum. But here she comes—leave me to speak first.

Enter Emilia.

Madam, I take the liberty, with my good Lord's permission, to introduce my son. Toby, salute the Lady. I have made bold, Madam, to propose a match between you and my son Toby; and I dare recommend him to your Ladyship, for a youth of singular parts and sobriety.

Emilia. He does, indeed, seem to be of singular sobriety; I believe, Mr. Toby, you never play'd truant, or robb'd an orchard in your life.

Sir Hum. I'll answer for him, he never did.

Emilia. To be free with you, Sir Humphry, I should not like him the worse, if he were a little more upon the rakish, provided he has no tendency to extravagancy.

Sir Hum. Madam, you may trust him; extravagancy is not the vice of our family; frugality and industry are the arts I have train'd him up in; the arts by which our house flourishes! we have been famous for them through generations. I can shew you, Madam, wrought beds, curtains, tapestry, the work of my great, great grandmother; they rose with the sun, and work'd till his going down; and all for the good of the family.

Emilia. I fear, I shall be a disgrace to such industrious ancestors: rise with the sun! mercy! 'twould kill me;—and work till his going down! I am ready to swoon away at the thoughts of it.

Sir

Sir Hum. Alas ! Madam, you do not know how prevalent example is ! it would delight your heart, Madam, to see in my family the daily instances of thrift and good housewifry.

Emilia. I suppose so, Sir Humphry, especially in your house-keeping.

Sir Hum. Madam, you shall have no reason to find fault with my house-keeping : I can't promise you ragousts, and fricasees, and kick-shaws of that sort ; but you'll meet with a substantial family dish every day ; wholesome English food ! such as was eat in good Queen Bess's days ! I assure you, Madam, we don't live upon frogs and mushrooms—

Emilia. No, Sir Humphry ; but don't you live in clouds and smoke ? I have been so much used to breathe freely about St. James's, that I doubt I shall be stifled in the city.

Sir Hum. Madam, you wrong the citizens : 'tis true, we have no Mall to walk in by owl-light, nor a Ring to trollround about, like children in flying coaches at a fair : but, notwithstanding, we often take the benefit of the fresh air.

Emilia. At Islington, I presume !

Sir Hum. Yes, Madam, at Islington. I have a house there, at your service, just on the road, with trees before it, and the sweetest little garden and arbour behind, you ever saw. Then we have our city diversions too, Madam ; there's my Lord Mayor's show, the Sheriff's feast, and the children of Christ-church hospital ; all very pretty sights !

Emilia. Sir Humphry, I am charm'd with the arguments you bring to make me happy : and then the credit of being allied to so reputable and rich a person as you are !

Sir Hum. Madam, you do me too much honour ; I'll shew you, I'm generous, as well as rich, Madam ; I have the finest set of china in England, to give you, and a purse as long as my arm, of broad
pieces

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pieces and gold medals, which my father and I have been picking up these hundred years; and I have the prettiest Black in all London: and a— and a— and a thousand fine things besides: but I'll leave you together; you'll agree it best by yourselves. Madam, I am your most obedient.

[Exit Sir Humphry.]

Toby. Now, if I did but know what to say to her: just now, I thought, I had a world of things in my head.

[Aside.]

Emilia. Mr. Toby, you don't seem merry—

Toby. No truly, I cannot say I am merry; you must know, I am mightily given to be melancholy, when I am alone.

Emilia. But, Sir, you are not alone now; if I may be thought company.

Toby. Yes, that's true, as you say, Madam, I'm not alone neither.—Plague on't! I wish my father were at Jericho for leaving me here! I must try to speak to her, however. [Aside.]—Madam, an please you,—hem! hem!

Emilia. Sir!

Toby. I had it, in a manner, at my tongue's end, to say something to you, as it were, of a certain affair, that is to say, concerning certain points, about which my father, lately in discourse, and therefore, for shortness sake, without farther preambles—

Emilia. What would you please, Sir?

Toby. Pray, Madam, could you tell me what o'clock it is?

Emilia. Yes, Sir, I believe I can: it is some minutes past seven, if my watch goes right.

Toby. Say you so? but I can give you to understand one thing; there's nothing more uncertain than clocks and watches; they differ mightily, at our part of the town, from what they are at yours. But t'other day, now, for argument sake, when I was in Cornhill, 'twas not half an hour after four;
and

and when I came to Westminster-abbey, it was just upon the stroke of five.

Emilia. The clocks might agree very well, notwithstanding that : I suppose, you was half an hour going thither, for argument sake.

Toby. Yes, as you say, it may be so ; it is true, I did not think of that.

Emilia. I am surpris'd, a person of your ingenuity should overlook such a circumstance. Good Sir, you'll excuse me for laughing.

Toby. Nay, if you are pleas'd, I am pleas'd too, Madam. I don't desire to know what you laugh at ; I'm not curious after secrets.

Emilia. No ! and yet you seem to have found out a great many.

Toby. Zooks ! I wish I was fairly off ! I see, I cannot hold up the discourse with her.

[*He seems musing.*]

Emilia. A penny for your thoughts, Mr. Toby ! What are you meditating upon ?

Toby. A bite ! I was thinking of nothing at all ; there you was mistaken.

Emilia. Have you no sweet-hearts in the city, Mr. Toby ?

Toby. Sweet-hearts ! No, not that I know of.

Emilia. What, was you never in love ?

Toby. I was to have been in love once ; my father order'd me ; but, I cannot tell how, it went off again.

Emilia. I am inform'd, you are in love with me.

Toby. Why, that's very true, I assure you ; you may see it in my face, Mistress Emilia.

Emilia. 'Tis a very mournful one, indeed ; and how long have you been in this sad condition, Mr. Toby ?

Toby. From the day you was at our house, Madam : I have not been able to sleep a wink ever since, upon the word of a citizen !

Emilia.

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Emilia. Poor Mr. Toby ! I believe so ; you are so very much fallen away.

Toby. O ! mightily, Madam ! before that time I was very fat, and a great deal taller.

Emilia. This fool serves to relieve my anxiety, and divert the thought of Severne. Which way shall I explain his conduct ? Can I forgive such an indignity offered to my honour ? to court me as a strumpet !— O ! I shall lose all patience—and yet I must suffer it, the better to obey my Lord's commands : reason tells me, I ought not to forgive ; but my heart says, I shall. [*Aside.*

Toby. Odso ! she is talking to herself ! I wish she ben't a little beside her wits ; I thought her discourse to me was very whimsical.

Enter Wormwood.

Odso ! I'm glad of this ; now I'll sneak off.

[*Exit Toby.*

Worm. Madam, I'm commanded, by my good Lord, to let you understand, that he desireth to speak with you *instantly*.

Emilia. You may tell your good Lord, I will wait upon him *instantly*.

Worm. I shall—graceful woman ! sweet woman !
[*Aside.*] [*Exit Wormwood.*

Enter Colonel Severne.

Col. Severne. I see, Madam, you are rectifying some accidental disorder of your drefs.

Emilia. 'Tis an impertinent trouble I'm giving myself.

Col. Severne. Not so, Madam ; for though these little adjustments may add nothing to real beauty, yet, the very doing of them has something so pretty in it, one could *almost* wish, there were always something or other amiss about you.

Emilia. 'Twas a mere trifle ; only my tucker happen'd to be incommoded.

Col.

Col. *Severne*. Ay, the tucker ! the wit of woman never appear'd more than in that charming invention of the tucker : what agreeable modesty and sweetness do you shew in composing it !

Emilia. You have the art, Colonel, of striking gallantry out of every thing—but I cannot stay with you ; my Lord has sent for me in haste.

Col. *Severne*. O ! but the appointment ! let that be fixed, however : tell me, my dear, where, when, shall we be in private ?

Emilia. Pshaw ! no where, never, not at all.

Col. *Severne*. Nay, what do you mean ? You must let me know. At nine o'clock ?

Emilia. Well, well, at nine o'clock then.

Col. *Severne*. To-night !

Emilia. Ay, ay, any night ; when you will.

Col. *Severne*. But where ?

Emilia. I don't know---In Lettice's chamber.—How suddenly is this man chang'd from a tender lover, to a cruel destroyer ! [*Aside*] [*Exit Emilia*.

Col. *Severne*. That she should be this abandon'd creature ! I know not what to resolve on—Perhaps, her behaviour is dissembled ; I must carry my enquiries farther : ay, and here comes one likely enough to inform me, if I have but the address to lead him into it.

Enter Sir Harry Truelove, crossing the stage.

Sir Harry, good Sir Harry, a word with you.

Sir *Harry*. Twenty, if you please, Sir.

Col. *Severne*. I have been talking with Emilia, Sir Harry, and find your success with the Ladies to be such, that I would give any thing for your receipt, for a dying lover. I'd give the world to know how it is you make your advances.

Sir *Harry*. I don't know ; nobody takes less pains about women than I do. I'm perfectly indolent in

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my endeavours to please them; but, for all that, the poor fools, I think, will be taken with me!

Col. *Severne*. There's a love-potion, an enchantment, in all you smock-faced fellows do or say.

Sir *Harry*. Sincerity and truth, Mr. *Severne*, have charms beyond youth, or beauty, or any thing.

Col. *Severne*. It ought to be so: but, Sir *Harry*, be good-natur'd now, and tell me, How does your affair with *Emilia* go on? have not you—have not you—I doubt not, you are a prosperous suitor; a soldier in love, whose services have not gone unrewarded?

Sir *Harry*. What do you mean? you are jealous, I believe.

Col. *Severne*. Not I, faith! you know my thoughts run upon women of quality: but what do you mean, Sir *Harry*? why so cautious? In friendship, there ought to be no reserve: come, you may safely trust your thoughts with me.

Sir *Harry*. All the world, indeed, are fond of parting with their secrets, when they can gratify their vanity by it. Well, what is it you would know?

Col. *Severne*. Why, as to your intimacy with *Emilia*! She is lavish in giving you opportunities, and I'm convinc'd, you don't want the skill to improve them.

Sir *Harry*. She allows me, I own, to trifle about her; to be fond of her parrot, to play with her fan, to fancy her dress; and, I think, she is scarce angry when I praise her shape or complexion.

Col. *Severne*. Is this all! No, no, Sir *Harry*, such gallantries are agreeable only as they lead to more solid pleasures: these amusements are but the preludes to what we truly desire.

Sir *Harry*. You are a very intelligent person—I see he is jealous of *Emilia*—'ll tease him for it [*Aside.*]—Well, Colonel, since you will have it, I can

can tell you, I may be vain; but, hark ye, not a word must be said of this; if I hear on't, you know the consequence.——

Col. *Severne*. You need not fear.—

Sir *Harry*. Why then, to be frank with you, I have met with what most of all things pleases me in Emilia; she is a most delicious creature! a sweet bedfellow; in faith, *Severne*—

Col. *Severne*. How! have you had her? really! Precious wanton! This discovery, instead of easing my mind, the more distracts it. [Aside.

Sir *Harry*. I see it works.

[Aside.

Col. *Severne*. But, sure, you are only gallant, Sir *Harry*; this is not true, on the honour of a gentleman?

Sir *Harry*. Nay, if you doubt my honour, I have done.

Col. *Severne*. Enough, Sir; I'll pay so much deference to your understanding, as to believe you above the mean vanity of trifling with a Lady's reputation.

Sir *Harry*. Hift! here's Beaufort. You shall know more of this intrigue another time: I depend on your secrecy. [Exit Sir *Harry*.

Enter Beaufort.

Col. *Severne*. Beaufort, you are come luckily: have you got a draught made of those sham writings, and feigned letters, as I desir'd? Emilia is impatient to have them; and, in the light I now see her, I am on fire to deliver them: she has appointed me to meet at nine this evening.

Beauf. Is it possible! But, Charles, you do not mean to go through with this affair; you are more a man of honour, than to be the instrument of her undoing.

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Col. *Severne*. Gad ! Beaufort, I am turn'd wild, a very savage !—Go through with it !—Yes, yes ; I'm too great an epicure in love, to refuse so luxurious an entertainment ! the fruit is so tempting, I would snatch, and taste, though death ensued.—

Beauf. Think better on't ! 'tis your passion speaks, not your reason. You'll ruin her for ever.

Col. *Severne*. Alas ! Beaufort, she is ruin'd already. Sir Harry Truelove has confess'd to me his whole affair with her ; there is more in't than we expected ; and, you may depend on't, he has had from her every thing in her power to grant.

Beauf. Unfortunate Emilia ! Well, Charles, though you cannot enjoy Emilia's fortune, 'twill be something to be in possession of her charms.

“ The world, perhaps, with reason, will approve

“ Your good and bad success at once in love :

“ Who would not count it fortunate in life,

“ To find a mistress, where he lost a wife ?” [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Wormwood and Toby.

Worm. COME, Mr. Toby ; I am not often so profuse of my master's goods ; but, to oblige a friend, and embolden you in your addresses to your mistress, I have brought you a cup of such wine—such wine, Mr. Toby—

Toby. What do you call it ?

Worm. They call it Nonfuch, alias Tokay ; verily, the thought of it maketh me facetious—My service to you.

Toby. Fakins ! it's rare good ! I find myself lighter already.

Worm.

Worm. Say you so? My service to you again, then—This is the wine, Mr. Toby, that your Popes and Cardinals drink: it is a juice of incomparable efficacy, and it causeth grave men to utter pleasant sentences.

Toby. Special liquor, I assure you, Mr. Wormwood: Priest port is a fool to it.

Worm. Come, t'other glass—'twill give you courage; 'twill make your words run as glib as oil, as glib as oil, Mr. Toby.

Toby. Nay, for that matter, if it were not for my being so bashful, I could be as witty as other people.

Worm. Fear not: this wine is a specific cure for bashfulness—Here's good success to you, Mr. Toby.

Toby. Zooks! I am clear another sort of a man already, as you say, and she shall find it; let her look to herself; let her look to herself, Mr. Wormwood.

Worm. Well said, Mr. Toby; don't be backward in your own just commendations; modesty brings no good to any body.

Toby. Let her look to herself, I say: I'm for her—

Worm. Speak your good qualities with confidence; let her know who you are, and what you are.—Now, Mr. Toby, now make up to her briskly; I'll stand by you, and put in my seasonable word; she sometimes minds what I say.

Enter Emilia.

Emilia. Mr. Toby, I have been told that you are secretly, and in your heart, a wit; only your father forces you upon trade.

Toby. Ho! ho! since she has heard of me, I'll over shoes, over boots. [*Aside.*—I swear, Madam,

I don't know whether I have wit or no: but my father suspects me sadly; he's always bidding me avoid it, but I can't forbear, as he says.

Emilia. I have heard there are abundance of young gentlemen spoil'd by a cross education against their genius; and, if I am not mistaken, the last Lord-mayor's show, under a hat and feather and a lac'd coat, I saw that gay face and spruce person.

Toby. O! Madam, I have been a Soldier—I beg my own pardon—I have been an Officer in the Trained-bands this three or four years; and if our next ships come home well, I don't question but I shall be Lieutenant Colonel of our regiment.

Emilia. Why then, I find, Mr. Toby, that you city-soldiers, though you serve by land, run no hazard but at sea.

Toby. Right, Madam Emilia! Why, you are a wit, as well as I; we should make a rare couple.

Emilia. Your servant, Mr. Toby; you are too complaisant.

Worm. Madam, Mr. Toby can be diverting, when he pleases.

Toby. I protest, Madam, now I see you are so pretty-humour'd—though when I first came in I was afraid so much as to shew you my wit—but now I can shew my wit and valour too.

Emilia. Your valour, Mr. Toby! what, against a woman, your valour! you are not going to draw upon me?

Toby. No, no, there's no danger in our valour, Madam; we only exercise; we never fight in earnest; but, when I was taught in the Artillery-ground, I have wish'd any woman, that lov'd me, had seen me exercise; for you must know, Madam, we are taught to turn about any manner of way, which soldiers call our *facings*; but which, I think, would be a prettier word for making love, than making war:

as thus, *To the front—Present—To the right—* then I present again—to the right—to the right—to the right.—You see, Madam, you have me, and you have me not, every moment.—Now, while you are looking at me, you quite lose me again—*To the right about—*There's nothing in it, Madam, but keeping firm upon one heel : pr'ythee try it, Madam Emilia.

Emilia. O, Mr. Toby, how can you say you love me, and would make a soldier of me ? Sure, you would not have me kill'd ?

Toby. Why, Madam, an't I a soldier, and yet I'll neither kill, nor will be kill'd : but, upon second thoughts, Madam, you are always a soldier, for you are always a-killing—there I was with you, Madam.

Emilia. This creature has so much vivacity, that, if he had not been an idiot, he had been a coxcomb. [Aside.

Toby. Madam, you smile upon me ; but I'm afraid you laugh at me, more than you admire me.

Emilia. O, Mr. Toby ! a Lady must not say, she admires ; but I sincerely wonder at you.

Toby. O ! Madam, had you seen me, when I mounted the trenches in the Artillery-ground, how I laid about me ! and when I met a poor neighbour in arms, what raps I gave him ! I broke the head of one fellow, that owed us money, in the last battle ! you'd have wonder'd, indeed, then, Madam.

Worm. Trust me, the youth will prevail : the virtues of Tokay are great. [Aside.

Toby. There's one piece of soldiery, Madam, that I would act against you, if you would give me leave.

Emilia. Really, you are such a terrible man, I'm afraid to ask you what that is.

Toby. Why, Madam, I would present my arms, do you see, Madam, against those bright eyes, that
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have wounded me, do you see, Madam; and then Madam, instead of firing upon you;—do you mind me, Madam,—I'd bring my musket to club, as thus—and then, by surprize, run away with you, as thus—

[Catches her in his arms.]

Emilia. Hold! hold! Mr. Toby; we have our artillery, and instruments of war, as well as you.

[She gives him a rap with her fan.]

Come, Sir, I'll shew the exercise of the fan, which is a woman's valour.

Toby. Will you so, Madam? with all my heart. I believe, I might venture to fight with you, though I were naked—There I was with you again, Madam. Now for your valour——

Emilia. Thus, then, I handle my fan—now I unfurl it gradually; you see, Sir, you have me and you have me not; now you have lost me; but here you have me again: now you see me by a side glance, and here I kill you at full glare.

Worm. He! he! in truth, I'm pleased with her folly.

[Aside.]

Emilia. Now, Mr. Toby, be upon your guard; now I discharge my fan full at you.

[She cracks it in his face.]

There's a report for you, half as loud as a gun—courage, courage, Sir! there is no danger—Do you mind me, Sir, I recover my fan—I ground my fan—

Worm. Madam, Mr. Toby can stand a Lady's fire. He! he!

Emilia. There is one more action I would shew you, Mr. Toby.

Toby. I an't afraid to ask you what it is.

Emilia. Why, that is, Mr. Toby, the flutter of the fan. Now this, for example, is the indolent flutter—this the disdainful one—and this, Mr. Toby, is the furious—the furious—the furious flutter.

[She drives him about.]

O! Sir,

O! Sir, I assure you, the fan is a formidable weapon; and I understand the menage of it, as well as any coquette in London.

Toby. Coquette! that's a pretty word; I never heard on't before: I wish, Madam, you'd be so kind as to tell me what it means.

Emilia. Why, Mr. Toby, there's a true and a false coquette: the true coquette is a creature whom nature, not art, has made innocently careless; she does not seem to know what she is doing, yet does nothing wrong, and is pleased to be admired, but at no pains for it:—her mimic, the false coquette, rather than not seem free, will be indecent; and perpetually mistakes nonsense and absurdity, for life and air.—But here comes Colonel Severne——Let me see, aye, right, it must be so—Hark ye, Mr. Toby, as soon as Colonel Severne appears, take me by the hand, and lead me out.

Enter Colonel Severne and Beaufort.

Col. Severne. I hope, Madam, we don't interrupt you: perhaps you have business, and would be private?

Emilia. No, Sir, not till nine o'clock. We were just a-going.

[*Exeunt Emilia, Toby, and Wormwood.*]

Col. Severne. 'Sdeath! that's the signal! Is not she a brave girl, Beaufort? Not till nine o'clock! did you mind that?

Beauf. I did; 'tis now almost that time.

Col. Severne. Would it were come! I'm impatient to be in her arms, and every other thought and thing is irksome to me.

Beauf. Compose yourself; you see the perplexity the day gives you; the house is full of people, and every apartment is open to every body; you must expect

expect to meet with fifty interruptions and impertinencies.

Col. *Severne*. Aye, and here comes one of them—Pr'ythee get rid of the old fellow as fast as you can; I must return here immediately, to meet Emilia.

[*Exit Colonel Severne.*]

Enter Sir Humphry.

Sir *Hum*. I hope, Mr. Beaufort, I have not disoblig'd you, by refusing you my daughter: it is not that I want a due respect for men of merit.

Beauf. I can't blame you, Sir Humphry, for consulting your children's good according to your own judgement; but I wonder you don't think of settling them, and retiring from business and noise. I wonder you are not weary of growing rich.

Sir *Hum*. Why truly, Mr. Beaufort, I should be glad to live quiet and easy in my old days; but then people would say, I was idle: it is not for the sake of money altogether that I continue in business, but to keep up a reputation: if it were not for that, why should I fatigue myself? I want for nothing.

Beauf. True, Sir Humphry; for you are too wise a man to make the wants of others your own.

Sir *Hum*. It has always been a principle with me, to mind myself and my own affairs.

Enter Toby.

So, Toby—what say you, Mr. Beaufort; is not my son a youth of good expectation?

Beauf. A miracle, Sir Humphry! his face is a comment upon your doctrine.

Sir *Hum*. The boy, indeed, forms his countenance most exquisitely, and he does it without study.

Beauf.

Beauf. He that can look thus extempore, may carry the world before him.

Sir Hum. Why, the lad promises well, I confess; and has but one fault, Mr. Beaufort.

Beauf. One fault ought to be forgot, among many virtues.

Sir Hum. It is only when he forgets himself; he is apt sometimes to brighten up into a ridiculous pertness, which, I greatly fear, will be misconstrued for wit.

Beauf. Your fears, Sir Humphry, are not unreasonable.

Sir Hum. In the main, like other persons of weight and gravity, he does not talk much; but then he has it in him.

Toby. Yes, that I can tell you; I have a world of thoughts, that I keep to myself.

Sir Hum. Keep them to thyself still, Toby; be not too profuse even of words; parsimony is a virtue in all things—This, Mr. Beaufort, is my way of thinking; not that I would be reckoned covetous; but, as I said, this is my way of thinking—Well, Toby, and how goes your courtship on? do you seem to have made any impression on the Lady?

Toby. O! father, things go swimmingly; I am a made man.

Sir Hum. Then, I find, you pushed it home!

Toby. No, I thought it more adviseable to let that alone till we are married.

Sir Hum. What's that? O my conscience, a double entendre! a double entendre, Mr. Beaufort! He has been aiming several times before; but this is a manifest quibble! 'tis down-right—

Beauf. Don't disturb yourself, Sir Humphry: wit in a citizen, like dulness in a witty man, may be forgiven sometimes.

Toby. Yes, yes, father, you may be easy; I believe I am almost at my wits end.

Sir

Sir *Hum.* What again! why, firrah, firrah!—Mr. Beaufort, it is wonderful to consider the pravity which is in human nature! Now this boy is witty against the force of education, against the force of custom! I never set him an example in all my life.

Beauf. You are too severe, Sir Humphry. Wit, perhaps, when it is a contracted vice, and the effect of much labour and industry, deserves censure; but in Mr. Toby 'tis mere original sin.

Sir *Hum.* Hark ye me, firrah; let me hear but the tenth part of a jest from you after to-day—and I'll disinherit you.

Enter Lettice in hurry, and pulls Beaufort by the sleeve.

Lettice. For Heaven's sake, Sir! carry off the old gentleman and his son to some other room. Mr. Severne sent me to you in haste; he wants to speak a word to my mistress in private: and the house so swarms with people, they have no place but this, and their business requires the present minute—Lord, Lord! I'm quite out of breath!—

Beauf. Very well [*Aside.*—I find, Sir Humphry, it is taken ill that we separate ourselves from the company, who are amusing themselves with viewing my Lord's pictures in the gallery; shall we join them?

Sir *Hum.* With all my heart, good Mr. Beaufort, with all my heart! Sir, I'll wait upon you.

Toby. Pshaw! Pictures! I had rather be up to the elbows in a good rump of beef. [*Aside.*

[*Exeunt Beaufort, Sir Humphry, and Toby.*

Enter Emilia.

Emilia. Lettice, you are not to enquire into the reasons of my conduct, nor to ask me why I have appointed to meet Col. Severne, or, why I send you in my place: necessity forces me to go into this expeditious,

pedient, that I may come at a secret, on a knowledge of which all my happiness depends.

Lettice. Madam, I am satisfied.

Emilia. And do you think you can personate me, so as to avoid the least suspicion?

Lettice. My life for yours, Madam, I'll manage it so, the Colonel shall not have the least doubt but that your Ladyship's own very self is there in person; he shall believe he talks to you, touches you, and has you in his arms—What did I say! Lord! I'm frightened! an unlucky thought comes cross me on a sudden.

Emilia. What's the matter! what are you afraid of!

Lettice. I hope your Ladyship will not be displeased: only Madam, if so be—

Emilia. Pr'ythee, don't trifle; speak plainly to me.

Lettice. You can't be but sensible, Madam, in cases of this nature—

Emilia. What does the creature mean? can't you speak?

Lettice. In short then, Madam, you know the Colonel is young and eager; he'll come full of expectation, and in all likelihood will be for seizing what he wants without ceremony: now, Madam, what I fear is, if in this case any misfortune should happen—

Emilia. What do you say?

Lettice. I say, Madam, if any misfortune should happen.

Emilia. Has no misfortune happened already? are you sure of that? ha! why do you blush?—O' my conscience! I'm afraid to trust this wench; I may be the instrument of her doing what I abhor to think of myself! I must keep my eye upon her! [*Aside.*—Well, Lettice, don't be concerned.

Lettice. Rather than disoblige your Ladyship, I would run any hazard.

Emilia. You are very complaisant. Mind methen; if the Colonel should be so extremely rude as you apprehend,

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apprehend, keep him at a distance with reserves and guards, so as—you know what I aim at.

Lettice. O Lord! Madam, all that is as natural to one—

Emilia. Gain as much time as you can this way; and, when you can decently carry it no farther, pretend to hear some noise or disturbance, and, in a dissembled fright, slip away from him by the back-stairs.

Lettice. I will do my best endeavour, Madam.

Emilia. [*looking on her watch.*] Bless me! the time is just come; I expect him every minute—do you think your cloaths may not be discerned by the moon-light?

Lettice. If you please, Madam, I'll slip on your white sattin night-gown, and your Mechlin night-cloaths.

Emilia. Aye, do so, and tie on the cherry-coloured cross-knot I wore yesterday: and, do you hear, Lettice, clap a large patch on the left side here, and another here; and, mind me, Lettice, put on a farfenet-hood, to shade your face.

Lettice. It shall be done, Madam.

Emilia. Go then, and get yourself ready immediately.

Lettice. In an instant, Madam.—Now Heaven send good luck! it would fret one to the heart to have it all come to nothing.

[*Aside.*

[*Exit Lettice.*

Enter Colonel Severne.

Emilia. O Lord! are you come already? I swear you frightened me!

Col. Severne. Gad! how she charms me! the courage of men in danger is not so lovely, as these pretty female terrors—come, my soul, I shall soon ease you of your fears.

Emilia. I can't imagine what it is you design; pray, let me be off of this affair: you'll certainly bring mischief upon me.

Col.

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Col. Severne. Mischief, my life! You'll look ten times handsomer in ten minutes: O! you cannot conceive what a glow of beauty you'll get.

Emilia. Fiddle-faddle! I know you'll be rude; you'll ruffle me, or tear my cloaths, or spoil my head-dress, or do me one hurt or other.

Col. Severne. Fear not; indeed, I'll be wondrous well-bred.

Emilia. Ho! ho! I think I am sleepy! Well, I'll go lie down on the bed a little while.

Col. Severne. And mayn't I follow?

Emilia. No, no, I charge you don't—Upon my life, I'll lock you out.

[*She runs out, followed hastily by Colonel Severne.*]

SCENE *changes to Lettice's Apartment.*

Re-enter Emilia and Colonel Severne.

Emilia. Go, you brute; you have made me tire myself—Well, positively, I will not go in with you.

Col. Severne. Nay, then I must force you.

[*He takes hold of her.*]

Emilia. Yes, yes, I will, I will, I will—but you shall promise me not to look in my face.

Col. Severne. Upon my honour.

Emilia. Then stay here a minute, and I'll give you notice, by a tap upon the door, when you may come in—but make no noise, I beg you: be very silent. [*Emilia withdraws into the inner room.*]

Col. Severne. You shall praise my discretion—Now let me consider! what is it I am going about? why, what most men go about sometimes, old and young, priests and laymen, saints and sinners! But, after all, I shall only have another's leavings—Mark Antony had no more—Ay, but if she should make a great deal to do, and bustle about it—let her—so—I am summoned.

[*Goes in.*
Enter

Enter Wormwood with a key.

Worm. If I mistake not, I over-heard somebody in Lettice's apartment: my mind strongly misgives me, that she is not faithful unto me; I will advance softly, and look in—*[Looks in]* O! the harlot! the wicked harlot! behold, she is in secret with a finer! Ah! miserable Wormwood! how art thou abused. *[Weeps]* *[Coming out.]*

Col. Severne. Retire, my life! we are interrupted—Who is there? What, Wormwood! what, in the devil's name, brought you here?

Worm. Give not thyself up to cursing.

Col. Severne. Tell me, you old formal rogue, what business you have here; or, by Heaven, I'll—

Worm. Rather, what business hast thou here? What hast thou to do with the sweet-heart of my bosom? Thou hast sown discord between me, and my beloved: yea, I suspect thou hast polluted her.

Col. Severne. What does the old fellow mean? what would thy mysterious discourse aim at?

Worm. I say, thou hast treacherously shared with me in things which ought not to be shared, and therein made the remembrance of past joys bitter unto me. I have beheld her iniquity; I have seen her falshood. Faithless woman! that ever I should put trust in a harlot!

Col. Severne. A harlot! Why, hast thou known her? Her! the same, that was with me?

Worm. Verily, I know so much of that very same I saw with thee, that my soul is grieved with seeing thee there.

Col. Severne. It cannot be! tell me again: hast thou? what is that thou knowest?

Worm. Be not wroth, and I will inform thee—what I know is, that I caught thee where I had much rather have been myself? *[Weeps]* O eyes! would ye had not seen! O ears! would ye had not

not heard! [*Weeps.*] Alas! what is vanity? what is sin? it is even like unto a whip-syllabub, or as the froth of the sea.

Col. *Severne.* Damn your cant! No cant, villain! let me have plain English; tell me directly, tell me what you mean, or I'll cut your throat, you dog! [*Draws his sword.*]

Worm. Oh lord! Sir, have patience; have mercy on me, and I will tell you---

Col. *Severne.* Tell me truth, or, by heaven, I'll cleave you!

Worm. Why, that same lady and I have really, through frail nature, taken an earnest of more honest joys to come; we have---pray forgive me.

[*Falls on his knees.*]

Col. *Severne.* 'Tis enough---Go your way; but not a word of this, as you value your life, not a word on't.

Worm. No, not a word, not a word, dear Sir. God be with you. [*Exit Wormwood.*]

Enter Lettice.

Lettice. Sir, Sir.

Col. *Severne.* So, pretty Mistress Lettice; what have you to say to me?

Lettice. Sir, I am come from my mistress; she desires to speak with you, half an hour hence, without fail.

Col. *Severne.* What, here?

Lettice. No, Sir, in the inner room, where she will be ready to receive you; the door will be left open for you to go in.

Col. *Severne.* A trusty confident, on my word! Very well, child; you may inform your lady, I will certainly wait upon her-----But harkye, Lettice! come, my dear, I know you are acquainted with your lady's secrets; pray, did you never carry messages of this sort to Sir Harry Truelove?

Lettice. Lord, Sir, I wonder how you can put
T such

such questions to one! If a body was to tell all those things, one should have one's neck twisted round one.

Col. *Severne*. O you dear little jade! what trash do women intrust their affairs with! for half a piece, this creature would betray all her mistress's intrigues to me---But I know enough already.

[*Aside.*

Lettice. O goodness heart! Sir, Sir, now I protest, I had like to have forgot half my errand! I was to have spoke to you, Sir, about-----about some papers.

Col. *Severne*. I know what you mean: she shall have them immediately: be sure you tell your lady, I'll be very punctual.

[*Exit Col. Severne.*

Lettice. Yes, Sir---Ay, and so will I be punctual too.

Enter Emilia.

Emilia. Now, *Lettice*, what does the Colonel say? will he come?

Lettice. Madam, he says, he will wait upon you without fail: he seems overjoyed---

Emilia. Overjoyed! Confusion! how inordinate and libertine a creature is man! Well, *Lettice*, you see, I stand in need of your assistance once more; you must be ready to meet the Colonel again at the time appointed: but be very cautious---

Lettice. Do not distrust me, Madam; I'll warrant you, I'll top my part.

Emilia. Dress yourself in the same manner as before, and follow the instructions I have given you very exactly; I'll provide, you shall come to no harm.

Lettice. You may be easy, Madam; I can take care of myself---I wish her Ladyship would mind her own concerns, and not be so very anxious about me!

[*Aside.*

Emilia.

Emilia. Be sure, I say, to be very careful.

Lettice. Lord, lord, Madam !

Emilia. Madam !

Lettice. Nay, nothing, Madam ; only your Ladyship is pleased to use me, as if I were a child ; or as if there were something very uncommon in these things.

Emilia. Why, is there not ?

Lettice. Not that I know of indeed, Madam : I hope, your Ladyship won't take it ill ; but I have lived in very good families, and been in many creditable services, before I had the honour to come to your Ladyship, so that one cannot well be supposed to be very ignorant of the world. I was some years with my Lady Mechlin, and before with my Lady Tarnish, and afterwards with the Countess of Evergreen, and several other persons of quality, and people of the first rank ; than whom nobody lived in more esteem ; and yet, to my knowledge, they had all their secrets.

Emilia. Is it so ? I ask your pardon.

Lettice. I can assure you, Madam, nothing in this world so common ; I never knew it otherwise. In short, Madam, I cannot conceive, if ladies had no affairs, what occasion they could have for us.

Emilia. Hold your tongue, you grow impertinent—Let me consider—no, none can censure me—it is a necessary, though little reparation, I am meditating for my injured honour ; all honest and impartial minds will acquit me in what I do.

“ Ev'n he, the cruel author of my flame,

“ So harmless a revenge shall blush to blame :

“ Let this slight punishment his crime o'ertake ;

“ And then I'll grieve to death for Severne's
fake.”

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Colonel Severne and Beaufort.

Col. Severne. **S**IR Harry Truelove your rival, said you? That's unlucky; my father pays him a great regard, and, no doubt, would gladly dispose of his daughter so much to her advantage.

Beauf. Then I am lost.

Col. Severne. I thought Sir Harry had never seen my sister.

Beauf. He says he has often seen her in the country, at a relation's house; 'tis there, perhaps, he may have fallen in love with her.

Col. Severne. But what reasons have you for these fears?

Beauf. He has himself inadvertently betrayed his designs to me. But you are in haste to go to your appointment.

Col. Severne. Yes, Emilia will expect me soon.

Beauf. Well, but one word then. Sir Harry's views must be unravelled, if one knew how to do it; could you advise me?

Col. Severne. Let me see; if in conversation with Sir Harry you affect to speak slightly of Charlotte, you may perhaps form some judgment from the temper he shews on that occasion.

Beauf. The thought is happy.

Col. Severne. And see! an opportunity offers; here he is. *[Exit Severne.]*

Enter Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. What, Beaufort, for ever thoughtful and pensive! still retired, though in public!

Beauf.

Beauf. Faith, Sir Harry, I was thinking of my Mistrefs, my dear Charlotte.

Sir Harry. Then you have been agreeably entertained ?

Beauf. Heaven knows ! it is for the last time.

Sir Harry. This is surprising ! You'll excuse my curiosity, if I wish to be acquainted with your reasons for it.

Beauf. Sir Harry, I dare intrust you with all my concerns : in a word then, I see no likelihood of success ; the bars that lie against me are insuperable ; and therefore I have determined, by force of reason to set myself at liberty : for why should I pine after a good, that flies from me ? why pursue a happiness, that eludes my hopes ? I am confident you will not blame me.

Sir Harry. I blame you ! not I indeed ! I think 'tis a very manly resolution.

Beauf. That is my judgment of it : for the future, I purpose to live as you do, follow my pleasures, drink, wench, and range at freedom.

Sir Harry. You'll do mighty well. But I thought, Sir, you admired Charlotte to such a degree——

Beauf. No, faith, Sir Harry, I never considered her as an object greatly to be admired.

Sir Harry. Perhaps you never loved her ?

Beauf. Yes, I did ; but I cannot tell how to account for it.

Sir Harry. Account for it ! It is not unnatural, sure, to be in love with a lady of her beauty and accomplishments ?

Beauf. I don't know.

Sir Harry. A person of less discernment than you could, perhaps, explain such an effect from very reasonable causes.

Beauf. I cannot tell——

Sir Harry. Cannot tell ! why, is not she genteel ?

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Beauf. I think, I have seen much genteeler women.

Sir Harry. Some people affect a strange singularity in their opinions, as if nothing could be a mark of one's wit but differing from all the rest of the world.

Beauf. 'Sdeath! 'tis as I suspect; he's in love with her. [*Aside.*]

Sir Harry. Surely, Mr. Beaufort, you do not think her wholly to be despised? You know she sings, and plays finely on the harpsichord; nay, I have heard you yourself say so.

Beauf. Music-masters, or songsters, may be pleased with such accomplishments; but they are not for my taste.

Sir Harry. And she speaks French perfectly well.

Beauf. I should esteem her as much for speaking Welsh.

Sir Harry. And nobody dances better—but perhaps that may be no recommendation to you.

Beauf. Not the least: fidling and dancing give me no more diversion than push-pin.

Sir Harry. I should be glad to know, Mr. Beaufort, what it is you esteem an ornament in a female character; and what, in your judgment, makes a fine woman: she that has charms for you, must be more than mortal.

Beauf. No, Sir Harry, I'm not difficult to be pleased: though I am a critic in beauty, a very moderate share of it in a wife would content me.

Sir Harry. What, then, has Charlotte none at all? not a moderate share?

Beauf. I cannot compliment her so far, as to say I think her handsome.

Sir Harry. Not handsome! A puppy! not handsome! An impertinent puppy! [*Aside.*]—Pray, Sir, what fault do you find with her?

Beauf.

Beauf. I find no fault : it may be my want of judgement.

Sir Harry. She has fine eyes, white teeth, a good complexion, regular features——

Beauf. Notwithstanding all this, I don't take her to be a beauty.

Sir Harry. No, to be sure ; she's neither accomplished, nor genteel, nor handsome, nor any thing else. Lord ! I wonder how you came to fancy her.

Beauf. The girl is agreeable enough.——

Sir Harry. Agreeable ! O coxcomb, coxcomb ! I could tear him to pieces ! but I must keep my temper, for fear of discovering myself. [*Aside.*

Beauf. Sir Harry, one would think you was in love with this lady : if I were of a suspicious nature, I should believe you to be my rival.

Sir Harry. O ! Beaufort, Beaufort ! thou canst not have a rival in my affections ! [*Aside.*

Beauf. So violent an admiration would make one imagine you had a view to her yourself.

Sir Harry. Provoking, and injurious ! Do you then think me so base, as to profess friendship, only to betray you ? No, Sir, it was your seeming constancy to Charlotte made me your friend, and gave me zeal in your service ; I had no other motive.

Beauf. You seem disturbed, Sir Harry.

Sir Harry. Indeed I am : so cruel a behaviour !—

Beauf. Ha ! he weeps : generous youth ! Now by my soul ! I have wronged him——Sir Harry, I ask your pardon ; I have been playing the hypocrite with you all this while : I'll confess all—

Sir Harry. What will you confess ?

Beauf. That I have wronged you out of jealousy. I suspected you were secretly my rival ; and to discover if it were so, was the reason I treated my dear Charlotte so slightly.

Sir Harry. Is this true, on your word?

Beauf. Yes, upon my honour.

Sir Harry. I fear you dissemble; you have some fetch or other in your thoughts.

Beauf. No, Sir Harry, I am sincere, indeed!

Sir Harry. And do you indeed think Charlotte handsome?

Beauf. Ay, above angels! By heaven! there's not a particle in all her perfect form which is not full of beauty.

Sir Harry. Nay, now you flatter her—but hold, we are interrupted; if you'll step into the salon, I'll follow immediately. *[Exit Beaufort,*

Enter Emilia.

Now, my dear, in what forwardness are you?

Emilia. Ripe, ripe for execution; the Colonel is just a-coming; he bites as eagerly as a fish at a fly.

Sir Harry. And I warrant you, we'll make sport with him, and here he is; I'll leave you.

[Exit Sir Harry.

Enter Colonel Severne.

Emilia. I hope, Sir, you'll now think me worthy of the confidence you have reposed in me: To trust you with my honour, is as large security as you could expect.

Col. Severne. Were I, Madam, at liberty for words, I could be an orator in your praises; but expectation is a balk on utterance; and when the heart is over-busy, it leaves the tongue no employment.

Emilia. I would not defer what you promise yourself so much satisfaction from; and therefore I'll retire: in a very little time you may come after me. *[Exit Emilia.*

Col. Severne. A very little time! How furiously she's bent upon it!

Enter

Enter Lord Severne.

Ld. *Severne*. I think, Charles, your affair with Emilia is now at a crisis; and it is time for me to come to some resolution.

Col. *Severne*. Your Lordship may be assured, she is ready to give me the utmost proofs of her good nature.

Ld. *Severne*. I hope, you will not take them, Charles. My view only is, that you should reduce her to a necessity to let the breaking-off of your marriage come from herself; for, should it come from me, it would not be difficult to guess at the true reasons of it; and I would not have her suspect, not yet at least, that I am apprised of her levity.

Col. *Severne*. Your Lordship, I hope, will permit me to be just to my appointments. Emilia has made me promise to meet her this minute privately in her maid's chamber.

Ld. *Severne*. Is it possible she should do this! yield as soon as asked! make her own assignations! Can she be so flagrant?

Col. *Severne*. If your Lordship pleases to follow me but for a moment, you may see Emilia, where she now is expecting me; there is a place on the back stairs, through which you may discern her.

Ld. *Severne*. I am unwilling to see her dishonour, and would feign, if I could, disbelieve it—Had her good father been alive, 'twould have broke his heart—Yes, Charles, I will go with thee, though with a troubled mind.—Poor undone Emilia!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE *changes to Lettice's Apartment.*

Re-enter Lord Severne and Colonel Severne.

Col. *Severne*. My Lord, you saw her distinctly.

Ld.

Ld. Severne. I did so——

Col. Severne. Your Lordship will please, after I am gone in, to retire into the gallery.

Ld. Severne. 'Tis very well.—[*Col. Severne enters the inner room*]. All I feared, and more than I believed, is manifest. Oh, Virgin Honour ! oh, spotless Virtue ! have you a real being, or do you subsist only in sound ? But what have I to do here ?

[*As Lord Severne goes out, he meets Emilia entering, followed by Sir Harry.*]

Ha ! Who art thou ? Emilia !

Emilia. My Lord——

Ld. Severne. Art thou really Emilia, or but her shadow ?

Emilia. Your Lordship surprizes me.

Ld. Severne. Why, thou art there ! within there ! I saw thee there, this moment ; I'll shew thee to thyself !

Emilia. My Lord, you only mistook my woman for me : it was Lettice, you saw there.

Sir Harry. Where is the Colonel, Madam ?

Emilia. With Lettice in the inner room ; I suppose he has some private business with her.

[*The Colonel comes hastily out ; he stares at Emilia.*]

Col. Severne. I beseech you, Madam, if you are in earnest Emilia, as you seem to be, who was she within with me ; that other Emilia ? It was not nobody, I'll take my oath.

Emilia. Even my maid Lettice ; the very same person you met in the very same place, about half an hour ago.

Sir Harry. What, Colonel, twice in one hour ! It was unreasonable to take up your quarters with the maid, when you was so near the mistress.

Col. Severne. 'Sdeath ! what a wretch am I ! I shall be an occasion of mirth to the whole world, as if I were a fellow made only to give scope for jests.

Ld.

Ld. *Severne*. Have patience, Charles—Now, Emilia, inform me; since I find you know of the grounds of this mistake, how my son has been misled, and what his false expectations were built upon.

Sir *Harry*. One cannot but be curious to know the causes of so unfortunate a piece of gallantry.

Ld. *Severne*. Be not concerned, Emilia; whatever it be, I shall not be offended with thee. What, in tears! nay then I must know; I lay my commands upon you.

Emilia. I wish I could forever conceal from your Lordship what but through chance you had not known.

Ld. *Severne*. Conceal what!

Emilia. That he, I esteemed of all the world, has given me cause to hate him—Indeed, my Lord, your son has greatly injured me; and this affair, you enquire into, was a contrivance of mine, to punish him for a fault I will not name, because I have forgiven.

Ld. *Severne*. Hast thou been wronged then? Tell me, perhaps he did attempt thy honour—Again, she is in tears! Ay, it is so.—Now, heavens be thanked, I have been deceived.

Col. *Severne*. I am all over astonishment! [*Aside*.

Ld. *Severne*. Be comforted, my fair-one; while I live, none shall injure thee. Emilia, I say,

Emilia. My Lord.

Ld. *Severne*. Since the discourse I had with you concerning the Colonel, I have been better informed; and the papers, you gave me, confirm me to have been deceived; they were plainly an artifice to amuse you.

Col. *Severne*. How! the papers! This puzzles me still more. [*Aside*.

Emilia. I am glad, my Lord, the Colonel has no other guilt to answer for—his wrongs to me are forgot.

Ld.

Ld. Severne. They were not his wrongs. *Emilia.* Take my word for the present, and believe that what he did was not his own fault.

Emilia. I will, my Lord. How easily do we believe what we wish!

Ld. Severne. He shall not be ungrateful to you: I hope, all is well; my heart begins to be at rest again; and it will be the most pleasing act of my life to give you to each other.

Col. Severne. My Lord, you must excuse me. Indeed, I cannot consent to it.

Ld. Severne. How! not consent!

Col. Severne. Not till I have clearer proofs of that Lady's virtue.

Emilia. My virtue! This, my Lord, I am sure, is his own fault; now it's plain I am wronged.

Col. Severne. I fear, Madam, you are not!

Emilia. What do you mean, Sir?

Col. Severne. Sir Harry Truelove can best explain it to you.

Emilia. What can Sir Harry Truelove explain to me?

Col. Severne. The very same he has explained to me; the uncommon obligations he has to you!

Emilia. Obligations to me!

Col. Severne. Yes, yes, Madam; the kindest, the last of all favours your sex can bestow! 'tis in vain to dissemble longer; your gallantries are known; Sir Harry has confessed the whole intrigue; you see, he does not deny it.

Ld. Severne. Amazement! They are silent! guilt confessed! Why, Sir Harry! *Emilia!* Not a word! Undone, undone!

Enter Wormwood.

Worm. My good Lord, the post is arrived, and has brought you letters.

Ld. Severne. Ha! I must see what they bring.—*Emilia,* stay you here till I return—

[*Exeunt Lord Severne and Wormwood.*

Sir

Sir Harry. What's to be done? [To Emilia.

Emilia. Your indiscretion has ruined all—

[To Sir Harry.

[Severne fixes his eyes on Emilia.

Emilia. Lord, Sir! you fix your eyes upon me, as if you observed something new and extraordinary; I hope, you see nothing monstrous about me!

Col. Severne. I believe, Madam, I may look on without danger of putting you out of countenance.

Emilia. You are very free with me, Sir; a different behaviour would become you much better.

Col. Severne. Madam, Madam, believe me, 'tis time to have done with this silly affectation; 'tis impertinent now: after such a conduct, a conduct so egregious, resentment from you becomes ridiculous, and anger is a jest.

Emilia. 'Tis very well, Sir, 'tis very well; I shall remember how you have been pleased to treat me.

Col. Severne. Remember how you have treated yourself, and the regard you have had to your honour; remember your loose intrigues, and notorious gallantries; remember Sir Harry Truelove.

Emilia. Yes, yes, Sir, I shall remember it all—Your cruel, unjust suspicions might have been removed, and your unprovoked indignities atoned for, had it not been for this, for this—Oh! this outrage is insupportable.

Col. Severne. Your tricks are insupportable.—To have counters put upon one for gold, that is insupportable; to be grafted upon an unsound stock, to be drawn in, cheated, imposed upon, to be made a tool, an instrument, a cover, a very, very husband! this, this, Madam, this is what is most insupportable! To be trifled with for years! to be hopped about at pleasure, like a bird in a string,

string, and at last to be rewarded with the leavings of a coxcomb ! this, I say, is insupportable, damnable insupportable !

Emilia. So, Sir, have you done ? [*As out of breath.*]

Col. Severne. And, after you had been amusing me so long in this exquisite manner, to come canting and dissembling, to pretend to be injured, to sob, and cry before my father, and then, with a whining speech, “ Indeed you had been wronged, “ and he, you esteemed of all the world, had given “ you cause to hate him ; and ’twas only a harmless contrivance to punish him for a fault you “ would not name, because you had forgiven.” If all this be not insupportable, in the Devil’s name, what is so ?

Emilia. I’ll tell you ; this brutality ! this gross want of manners ! these shameful, licentious abuses—

Col. Severne. Hark-ye, Madam, I have some esteem, or rather concern for you still, and I’ll shew it by giving you good advice ; there is but one way of repairing your reputation, that is, by marrying some commodious person ; such a one is Mr. Toby ; e’en take him at his word ; he’s a fool will tally exactly with your purposes.

Emilia. Sir, your advice is good, and I’ll follow it : a hundred fools may be better borne with, than one madman.

Col. Severne. I think I shall be mad indeed—Oh, here he comes.

Enter Sir Humphry, Toby, and Jenny.

Sir Hum. Madam, by your acceptance of my son’s addresses, you have highly honoured our family, and I shall be always ready to acknowledge it.

Emilia. I rather think, Sir Humphry, I shall do credit to my own by the choice I have made.

Toby. [*Aside.*] Oons ! I long to be at her.

Sir

Sir Hum. Madam, your most obedient. There is, I think, nothing wanting now but my Lord Severne's consent.

Emilia. And that gentleman's—

Col. Severne. My consent, Madam! upon my word, it is at your service; you shall have it with all my heart—Sir Humphry, Mr. Toby, I congratulate you, on my soul! I was never more delighted in my life: Sir, I'll sing, I'll dance at your wedding: and here's Beaufort shall do the same.

Enter Beaufort.

Toby. Really, Mr. Colonel, I am mightily obliged to you.

Col. Severne. Ay, that you are, more perhaps than you imagine; but hark-ye, my friend, a word with you—don't you know, there are such things as monsters in the world! [Toby stares.] horned monsters!

Toby. Why yes, I do know so; what then?

Col. Severne. Take care of your wife then, take care of your wife, or your head may come to ake most heavily.

Toby. Pish, I don't fear it.

Emilia. Mere spight, mere spight! the rage and malice of disappointed love! stung to the heart, to see another preferred to himself, he gives this unmannerly loose to his fury.

Sir Hum. Indeed, Madam, I'm afraid the Colonel is touched.

Emilia.] O stark-mad! fit for Bedlam.

[Col. Severne looks about surprized, puts his hands in his pockets, and hums over songs.]

Re-enter Lord Severne as reading letters, and Wormwood.

Ld. Severne. Strange! I could not have believed it! Poor Charlotte! would she were in England! would the dear girl were here!

Col. Severne. Do your letters, my Lord, bring any thing particular?

Ld. Severne. Mr. Beaufort, I have unexpected news for you; your great and good friend, Sir John Talbot, is dead.

Beauf. Alas! that is melancholy indeed!

Ld. Severne. I think, Charles, you must set out in all speed for France, to conduct your sister home—would she were here!

Col. Severne. Your Lordship surprizes me; is there any thing in your advices relating to my sister?—

Ld. Severne. Yes; Sir John, as Mr. Thompson informs me, has bequeathed her a legacy of ten thousand pounds, that she need not be constrained (these are the expressions in the will) to marry against her inclinations. Poor child! she shall be left to her inclinations in every thing.

Beauf. Ha! this looks indeed, as if I were to be happy!

Ld. Severne. Come hither, Charles—Be a kind son, my boy, and study to bring comfort on my age; all my thoughts and all my joys are now in thee and Charlotte; in thee, I say, and thy sister! for that lady has dishonoured us.

Emilia. My Lord—

Ld. Severne. Here, Madam, I give up my trust of guardianship—these are the writings of your estate, and what else relates to you.

Emilia. For Heaven's sake, my Lord, hear me! have a minute's patience! I can clear myself—

Ld. Severne. I'll hear nothing—Take them, I say, and for the future care for yourself—Mean-spirited Emilia! And as for that dishonourable young man, for your paramour, Sir Harry Truelove—we may, Madam—

[*Going out.*]

Sir Harry. This must not be—O my father! turn! see your poor daughter at your feet! I am not Sir Harry Truelove.

Ld. Severne. Ha!

Sir Harry. I am not Sir Harry Truelove, but your child, your own beloved and favourite Charlotte.

Ld. Severne. What! my daughter!

Col. Severne. My sister!

Miss Jenny. Mercy! Charlotte!

Beauf. Amazement! what do I hear! what do I see!

Ld. Severne. My daughter!

Emilia. Yes, my Lord, it is your daughter, your only daughter, that kneels before you.

Ld. Severne. O! my child! my dear Charlotte! [*catches her in his arms*] Grief, and my severity, I think, have altered thee! O my dear child! let me embrace thee! Here, Beaufort, take my daughter, and be happy in her: at length, you have my consent. [*Beaufort and Charlotte embrace.*] And, Charles, do you reconcile yourself with Emilia; you must forgive your mutual wrongs: what mistakes have happened, are in truth chargeable on Charlotte; nor are you, Madam, wholly free from blame—but no matter, it shall be all forgot.

[*Colonel Severne advances to Emilia.*]

Col. Severne. Madam, you have seen in me the weakness and the unhappy passions of human nature—may I hope for your forgiveness?

Emilia. I fear, Sir, I shall stand in need to be forgiven myself.

Toby. So! I'm finely fobbed indeed! this is what comes of going a-wooing—very well—I shan't believe what women say in haste.

Ld. Severne. Sir Humphry, I shall study to make your son the best amends in my power for his disappointment.

Sir Hum. 'Tis very well, my Lord, 'tis very well: you have your reasons, no doubt; and I desire not to break into your Lordship's measures. I give your Lordship joy of your daughter, and the young Lady of herself.

U

Ld.

Ld. Severne. We thank you, good Sir Humphry.

Emilia. And what say you to it, Mr. Toby?

Toby. Nothing at all : I tell you plainly so : for example, what is't to me, whether she be a boy or a girl ? one way or t'other, I shall neither get nor lose by it.

Sir Hum. My good Lord, mark the solidity of that young man's reflections ; when he does reason, 'tis deep, and to the purpose.

Ld. Severne. I observed, Sir Humphry, what he said : almost all the great men of my acquaintance have fallen into the same way of thinking.

Worm. I take leave likewise to congratulate your good Lordship.

Col. Severne. Hold, Sirrah ! hold——There is one affair more, my Lord, which I must intreat you to interest yourself in.

Ld. Severne. What is it ?

Col. Severne. This solemn figure here, this sober fellow, has had the conscience to debauch poor Lettice. I hope your Lordship will be so just as to oblige him to marry her.

Ld. Severne. How, Wormwood ! is this true ?

Emilia. Bless us ! what, Lettice !

Beauf. Pious Wormwood !

Col. Severne. What a hanging look he has ! Away, for shame, with that dismal penitential phiz !

Sir Hum. In truth, Mr. Wormwood, your countenance is too sorrowful to suit with the agreeable circumstances the company are in at present.

Ld. Severne. This disorder in my family is what I should not have expected : but I'll see it remedied.—In the mean time, let us hasten to finish what is so happily begun ; it is fit we end with joy a day passed in so much care and perplexity.

Col.

Col. *Severne*. The sense of past distresses will give new vigour to our happiness.

“Howe’er perplex’d and rude the chances prove,
 “Which thwart our hopes in Fortune or in Love;
 “Yet Truth through wrongs and dangers shall pre-
 “vail,
 “Nor can th’ unblemish’d life of Honour fail:
 “The Brave and Virtuous, sure, though late, shall
 “find
 “Good days, and planets to their wishes kind.”

E P I L O G U E.

Written by Mr. MOLLOY.

Spoken by Mrs. YOUNGER, dress'd as a BEAU.

OUR Bard, to gain the Ladies smiles—you see,
 Equips me thus a Beau—à la Paris!
 For, certain Authors write, it is not rare
 To see Three Things the Favourites of the Fair;
 That is, to prattle, play with, stroak, or so:
 These are a Parrot, Monkey, and a Beau.
 'Tis therefore I am chang'd. (Nay, never doubt me)
 With all th' accoutrements of Love about me,
 With powder, patch, and eke that dread machine,
 That's call'd a snuff-box, arm'd, I do begin:
 Snuff-box! which, manag'd by some gentle hand,
 Ye Gods! what mortal beauty can withstand!
 But hold—My brother Beaux begin to sneer,
 To see a thing like me make love en Cavalier.
 But triumph not—If Orange Moll says true,
 I am as much a Man as some of you:
 For, sure, n gentle Fop, since Love began,
 E'er towz'd a Girl, like that rude creature Man.
 Husbands, be safe—Your Beau's a harmless thing;
 We flutter round your wives, but never sting.
 But stay, Gad's curse—
 I was to speak about the Play and Plat:
 But which way—Stap my vitals, I forgot.
 But sink the Play—For how should friendship grow
 Betwixt a modern Poet and a Beau!
 Poets are slovens—Who e'er yet did see
 Wit in embroidery, or a smart toupée?
 What were the Muses, which these Creatures brag on?
 Nine strolling gypsies, that had scarce a rag on—
 Bold girls, half naked—Eh! so strange a sight,
 Gad's curse! would put a Beau into a fright.
 Then, since these Wits abuse us in each Play,
 Because we're prettier fellows much than they;
 I say, since half their joke at us are meant,
 Split me—Let's damn all Poets by consent.

A POEM

A POEM to her ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES;

Occasioned by her late happy Delivery, and the
BIRTH of a PRINCESS, 1737*.

" Jam nova progenies cœlo demittitur alto.
" Aggredere, O ! magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,
" Clara Deûm soboles !" VIRG. Ecl. iv. 7. 56.

" See a new progeny from Heaven descend !
" Assume thy state ! thy destin'd honours prove,
" Dear to the Gods ! O progeny of Jove."

WARTON.

STRIKE the deep note, the concent swell,
S My psaltry, and my golden † shell;
No more delight in shepherds themes,
Or warble to mæandering streams :
For, lo ! the Triumph-song we bring,
To the fair Daughter of a KING
Devoted. — Britons, this is She,
Who shall your tower and bulwark be !
With CAROLINE, who wipes the stains
And griefs away of former reigns :
Nor England's ‡ Angel now bemoans
Her childless Queens, and barren Thrones.

Within the womb, in silence kept,
While yet the Babe Imperial slept :
Distrust, the harbinger of Sorrow,
With panting breast still wak'd the morrow :

* Augusta, born July 31, 1736, married to the Prince of Brunswick, Jan. 17, 1764.

† *Aurea testudo*, or the Lute.

‡ Genius, or Guardian Deity.

294 TO THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

But now, dispers'd those doubtful glooms,
 Gay Pleasure mounts on eagles' plumes :
 I feel, I taste, Joy's saffron gale !
 Bright Princess ! blest AUGUSTA, hail.
 Sweet Blossom of a conquering Race * ;
 The realms of Conquest doom'd to grace !
 Beneath the dazzling British Sun,
 Great Beauty's circuit shalt thou run :
 Lo ! in thy eye Love's lightnings stand :
 All o'er thee is his *promis'd Land*.

To Heaven the Hallelujah send !
 Where shall our thanks or raptures end ?
 Most fair of Mothers ! happiest Bride !
 Like palms art thou, the brook beside ;
 Like fields with waving harvests crown'd :
 The fields which lilies border round !
 Ordain'd to bless a Royal Line,
 With virtues and with charms divine ;
 To bless a more than Royal Youth,
 With boundless love and spotless truth.

Recount me, Muse, the Dames of old,
 In Christian charts, or Jewish, roll'd ;
 Whom Israel's or whom Albion's swains
 Have canoniz'd in mighty strains !
 See, led by Abraham's lordly hand,
 The tempting Foundress of her land !
 Here, lo ! the Star with Nassau seen :
 There, proud Ahasuerus' † Queen !
 Anne Bullen this——too lovely rose !
 Who views her form, shall feel her woes :
 That's ‡ She, in Egypt's grand attire,
 Who tun'd the Hebrew Monarch's lyre !
 Such were the high-rais'd Nymphs, whom Fate
 Gave to subdue the Wise or Great ;

* See the History of the House of Saxe Gotha.

† Hester.

‡ Pharaoh's daughter, one of the wives of Solomon.

Whom,

Whom, through a thousand rubric days,
Fame's never dying heralds blaze :
Yet, sparkling Princess, could I be,
As Time to them, most just to Thee ;
O'er theirs thy brighter name should last,
And present glories cloud the past.

At length, Hope bleeding now no more,
A virtuous Empire's danger o'er,
Come, Goddess, forth ! and with thee bring
The gloss that mocks the cygnet's wing !
The * mien, t' Immortals that belongs :
The voice, more sweet than sky-lark songs !
The face, that, innocent of wiles,
Like Hebe blooms, like Venus smiles.

Yet first awhile the long'd-for day,
The Virgin's jubilee, delay ;
Nor gladness yet through worlds inspire ;
Nor yet re-wake great Vario's lyre :
First with thy God the covenant seal ;
At his all-hallow'd altars kneel ;
Devoutly, sweetly, charming there,
Lift to the Mercy-seat thy prayer ;
There praise the Power, that propt the life
Of GOTHAM'S Sister, FREDERICK'S Wife !
In battle † cover'd GEORGE'S head,
Through whom the Belgic surges fled :
Who quell'd Sedition's angry dart,
And now o'erjoys thy Prince's heart.

* " Et vera incessu patuit Dea." VIRG. Æn. i. 409.

" And her majestic port confess'd the God." PITT.

† Oudenard, in Flanders.

THE SUMMUM BONUM;
OR WISEST PHILOSOPHY.

IN AN EPISTLE TO A FRIEND, 1741.

Ἐφ' ἡμῶν μὴν ὑπόληψις, ὁρμή, ὀρεξις, ἐκκλησις· δὲ ἐφ' ἡμῶν
τὸ σῶμα, ἡ κλῆσις, δόξαι, ἀρχαί. EPICTETUS.

SMILE, my Hephsestion, smile; no more be
seen

This dupe to anger, and this slave of spleen;
No more with pain Ambition's trappings view,
Nor envy the false greatness nor the true.
Let dull St. Bevil dream o'er felons fates;
Bright Winnington * in Senates lead debates;

* Thomas Winnington, Esq. M. P. for Worcester. He died April 23, 1746. See his epitaph, and a particular account of his family, in Dr. Nash's *Worcestershire*, vol. II. p. 370; where he is described as a "a man of great wit, fluency of language, and knowledge of the world. He was a man of pleasure and expence, though when at Christ Church, Oxford, reckoned by his companions attentive to money; on which account they gave him the nick-name of *Penny* Winnington; and his name is so printed among the Subscribers to Bishop Smalridge's Sermons. After his death, a pamphlet was published, intituled, 'An Apology for the Conduct of a late second-rate minister,' said in the preface to be found among his papers. It endeavoured to prove that Mr. Winnington, though a considerable personage among the Ministers of King George II, did all along endeavour to bring in the Pretender. Whether this pamphlet was written in jest, or with an intent to deceive, was never known, any more than the author of it: however, it occasioned so much talk, that the executors of Mr. Winnington's will (Mr. Fox, afterwards lord Holland, and Mr. John Ingram) thought proper to advertise, that no such pamphlet was found among his papers.—It is more than probable that he died through the ignorance of his physician: his case occasioned many pamphlets to be written."

Vain

Vain Bulbo let the Sheriff's robe adorn,
And Holles * wake to bless the times unborn.

The world will jog, my friend, as it begun;
Nor can you change the course 'tis doom'd to run:
As well you'll hope to move the milky-way,
In other orbits bid the planets stray.

On birth-days see old Doris, ever showy,
Beset with fifty gems, to one of Chloe.
Five flaunting lacqueys still Berrault shall keep;
Still Meursius dine on plate, in tissue sleep:
And Mirimont attain, and crowds beside,
The glitter, and the pomp, to you deny'd.

The palm excels, that trembles o'er the brooks,
The bastard-rose, nor half so gaudy looks:
The myrrh is worth, that scents Arabia's sky,
A hundred gourds, yet rises not so high.
This not disturbs you, nor your bliss alloys;
Then why should Fortune's sports and human
toys?

What is't to us, if Clod, the self-same day,
Trolls in the gilded car, and drives the dray?
If Richvil for a Roman patriot pass,
And half the livery vote for Isinglafs?

With grateful minds let's use the given hour;
And what's our own enjoy, and in our power.
To his great chiefs the conqueror Pyrrhus spoke:
"Two moons shall wane, and Greece shall own
"our yoke."

"'Tis well," reply'd the Friend, "admit it so;
"What next?"—"Why, next, to Italy I'll go,
"And Rome in ashes lay."—"What after that?"
"Waste India's realms."—"What then?"—
"Then sit and chat;

"Then quaff the grape, and mirthful stories tell."—
"Sir, you may do so now, and full as well."

* Welsted's great Patron, the Duke of Newcastle.

Look through but common life, run o'er man-
kind ;

A thousand humbler madmen there you'll find ;

A thousand heroes of Epirus view :

Then scorn to beat this hackney'd path anew ;

In search of fancy'd good forget to roam,

Nor wander from your safer, better home :

Is't not more wise to fix enjoyment here ?

To move unhurt within your destin'd sphere ?

See Heartgood ! how he tugs for empty praise !

He 'as got the vine, yet scrambles for the bays :

A friendly neighbour born, his vain desire

Prompts him to get a little cubit higher ;

When all unvex'd, untroubled, he might live ;

And all that Nature ask'd, his farm would give.

Colvil and Madge one field, one cow, possess'd ;

Had dwelt, unanxious, many years, and bless'd :

A quiet conscience, and their neighbours praise,

They held—it was in Friar Bacon's days.

No thief alarm'd the lowly cottage roof,

And pride and base contention kept aloof.

At length, the rumour all about was flown,

The Monk had found the Philosophic Stone :

Quoth Colvil, " Be 't.—In comfort, peace, we live ;

" For his arcanum not a hair I'll give.

" To me all wealth contentment does impart ;

" I have this chemic secret in my heart."

Let Munich bow the haughty Ott'man crest ;

Among my humble teams I'll be as blest.

Let the great Schach o'er trembling Ganges ride ;

I'll boast more conquests by my chimney-side.

What post you stand in, trust me, my Hephestion,

The part you bear in life, is not the question ;

But how you act it, how your station grace !

There is the matter—that's the point in case.

All one, if peer or pedlar you sustain,

A laurel'd victor be, or shepherd swain :

For

For social weal alike each state was made,
 And every calling meant the other's aid :
 Together all in mystic numbers roll ;
 All in their order act, and serve the whole ;
 Who guard the laws, or bid the orchard bloom,
 Who wield the sceptre, and who guide the loom.

Behold the moon, her splendour who renews,
 To cheer the herb, and silver o'er the dew !
 Behold the taper, whose consuming fire
 Supplies the day when Phœbus' beams retire !
 Behold the glow-worm next, whose glimmering
 light,

For humbler uses, decks the silent night !
 With the same thought the moral world survey,
 And mark the different glories in your way :
 See different lights arrang'd with equal care ;
 A Farinello here, a Nassau there !
 The one the ear with syren music charms,
 And one protects us with the victor's arms :
 The same omniscient Power and ruling plan
 Design'd the Demi-god and Demi-man.

Thus wisely Heaven its vary'd cares extends,
 And different men are form'd for different ends :
 With temper'd warmth, and with a candid heart,
 Review the whole, consider every part ;
 The pomp, and show grotesque, unmurmuring fee ;
 What God has made you, that content to be :
 Nor, for the gifts you want, inglorious pine ;
 Nor envy orbs about your own that shine :
 Of Science deep I cannot tread the maze,
 Nor trace Antiquity to Adam's days ;
 Yet still a Sykes's * honours I'll rehearse,
 Though Drollman and Delany † puff the verse :

* Arthur Ashley Sykes, D. D. whose abilities as a Divine and a Controversial Writer are well known. He died Nov. 23, 1756, in his 73d year.

† The famous Dean of Down ; who died, at an advanced age, May 7, 1768.

If Gordon's * works a fame o'er mine presage,
 I'll yet the fire confess, and manly page ;
 Ev'n to a rival hand will candour show,
 Nor scorn the genius, if I hate the foe. {found,
 True worth be prais'd and own'd, where-ever
 Prais'd in a name or nation unrenown'd.

With wars and factions compass'd round we
 stand ;

We see an envious and divided land ;
 On interest interest, sect on sectary starts ;
 The blast of honour, and the bane of arts !
 What can one do?—Why, thus :—Like Chan-
 dos † live ; [give ;
 What-e'er is right, commend ; what's wrong, for-
 Where good and ill are mix'd, the merit prize,
 And even view the vice with virtue's eyes.

Let's still for man a faithful verdict find ;
 Just to his worth, and to his failings kind ;
 Not every heedless slip, dishonour call ;
 Nor, like Thalestris, madly rail at all.
 " See, see," she cries, " the fool to dice is gone ;
 His wife, his children, and his race, undone !
 A whole year's pay this luckless die shall cost ;
 A hundred faggots at that throw are lost !"
 Again, " Behold, ye stars, that wretched rake !
 Plague him, for Woman's and for Virtue's sake :
 Each wanton look his vagrant eye alarms,
 And every wench he meets has Richmond's
 charms.

Vile Poacher ! who her virgin fame shall save !"
 Be still, my soul, and let the Beldame rave ;
 While we the weak or indiscreet befriend,
 Nor flirt at all we can't approve or mend :

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, joint author (with Mr. Trenchard)
 of " Cato's Letters," and of " The Independent Whig."
 He died July 28, 1750.

† The Duke of Chandos was another of Welsted's Patrons.
 This

This error I'll impute to hasty thought;
To human frailty give that venial fault :
Let Avarice grow, let Pride her branches shoot,
But cut up base Ill-nature from the root.

There is, 'tis true, what can be solv'd by none,
A thing most hard to bear beneath the sun,
The Dolt ! that all at once the quarry gains,
Deny'd to honesty, and ages' pains !
Thus Fortunebrags, when halters were his due,
In one auspicious minute got Peru ;
And Stockwell, by a bold and lucky jobb,
The city caught at once, and echoing mob.

Yet fret not for't ; repine at no success ;
Nor mind whom ragmen and the ring cares :
Let this not nourish spleen and gloomy hours :
On strumpets Jove will fall in golden showers :
In robes of ore and ermine fools will shine ;
What then ? Their happiness not lessens mine.
If Periosto pants for conquest's charms ;
If Swift, like Vainlove, dies in Venus' arms ;
If Gulliver's eclipses Crusoe's fame ;
If Hoadly and Hortensius are the same ;
'Twere "spite," ye gods, "proud spite !" the
soul of pride,

To hate such Heroes, or such Wit deride :
I'll never cavil, nor my stars impeach,
For laurels, and for crowns, beyond my reach.

An easy and contented mind is all :
On whom, and where it will, let glory fall.
Let us the soul in even balance bear ;
Content with what we have, and what we are !
Praise your own arb'rets, and be wise betimes ;
Nor envy other men, nor other climes :
Obey not flattering Fancy's gay decoys ;
Nor court Campanian hills for pictur'd joys.
Here Nature laughs, and crowns the verdant year,
And Ulubris and Baiæ both are here :
All good you'll taste in your paternal fields,
And find at Banstead more than Tyber yields.

On

On rapturous visions long had Berkeley * fed :
 The lemon-groves were ever in his head.
 He hangs on Waller †, and the landscape aids ;
 Sees in Bermudas blooming Ida's shades !
 'Tis said, 'tis done :—The project quick prevails ;
 He gets the promis'd freight ; he weds, he fails :
 The storms loud rattle, but on storms he smiles :
 They will but waft me to Bermudas Isles.
 At length the port he gains ; when, lo ! his dreams
 He vanish'd views, and owns the airy schemes :
 The orange-branch had lost its fragrant load ;
 The cedar wav'd not, nor the citron blow'd :
 In Eden's stead, he sees a desert sand ;
 For figs and vines, a poor unpeopled land ;
 For balmy breezes, and for cloudless skies,
 He hears around the whistling tempests rise :
 " And is this all ?" said the good Dean of Down ;
 " Is this the end, my hope and labours crown ?
 Too blest the swain, o'er Ormond's flowery vales
 Who roves at ease, or sleeps in Derry's dales !
 Henceforth I'll gratulate my native shore,
 In search of bright delusions range no more ;
 Content to be, to cure this rambling itch,
 An humble Bishop, and but barely rich."

You'll answer strait, I know, " All this is true ;
 You preach a duty easy to pursue :
 'Tis nothing hard, I think, at home to stay ;
 From one's own ducks and pidgeons not to stray !
 'Tis no great point, disquiet to disclaim,
 For Merry-andrew's luck, and Melvor's fame :
 I'd call him witless, with regret who saw
 Lothario's furs, or Ten-per-cent's landau ;
 Yon upstart fops, with gold embroider'd o'er,
 Now sneer the lords, whose pimps they were before ;
 That 'Squire was Cobbler first, a Justice after :
 'Tis nothing this—Such things we pass with laughter.

* The benevolent Dean of Down, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, died Jan. 14, 1753.

† See Waller's Poem, called, " The Battle of the Summer Islands."

But how to hear the injur'd orphan's moan !
 Or see the son his begging fire disown !
 How brook proud insult, and unfeeling wrong !
 See Misers doors the Poor, unpity'd, throng :
 Lo ! blaz'd abroad, stupendous Folly flies !
 And Wisdom walks unseen, in Trueman's guise !
 These are the plagues, the ills, that life debase !
 Now tell me"—Poo ! 'tis nothing to the case.
 The world, we still must take it as it goes,
 Sail with the tide that comes, and gale that blows :
 What if an idle and an abject rout,
 For second Tully, singles Glover * out,
 With garlands and with anagrams adorns
 The rhetoric, Scurra steals, and Carteret † scorns,
 And forty times as much ! What's this to me ?
 You only blame what was, will ever be ;
 A truant turn in Providence's school ;
 Arraign the laws that human fortunes rule ;
 What none can help, nor ought—'Twas right
 decree'd,
 That St. John ‡ should be quit, and Raleigh bleed.
 Whate'er

* Richard Glover, Esq. author of "Leonidas" and many other publications, had not long before this period acquired great celebrity by a remarkable speech delivered at the bar of the House of Commons, in behalf of the Merchants of London. He died Nov. 25, 1785.

† The noble Earl of that name, afterwards Lord Granville. He died Jan. 2, 1763, aged 72.

‡ Henry Baron St. John, and Viscount Bolingbroke, died Nov. 15, 1751, aged 78. His honours, conferred on him by Queen Anne, were forfeited by attainder 1 Geo. I. but he was afterwards restored in blood, and came to England ; by his two wives, the last of which was a foreigner, he left no issue.—The Earl of Orrery, in his memoirs of Dean Swift, says thus of him :—" Lord Bolingbroke had early made himself master of men and books ; but in his first career of life, being immersed at once in business and pleasure, he ran through a variety of scenes in a surprising and eccentric manner. When his passions subsided by years and disappointments, and when he improved his rational faculties by more grave studies and reflexion, he shone out in his retirement."

Whate'er we fret for, or whate'er bemoan,
 For ends of wisdom, is to us unknown :
 The winds and tempests must eternal blow,
 And the fix'd order stand of things below :
 Now from her holds shall Truth be rudely torn ;
 Anon the great and injur'd Statesman mourn :
 Nor dies this scandal with the former age ;
 Another Hyde * shall grapple faction's rage ;
 A second Cecil † save, from threatening fate,
 The mobs that curse him, and the leagues that hate.

Suppress your grief, the rising sigh restrain :
 Some ills have rose, and some must rise again.
 Here, proud Oppression towering high you'll see ;
 There, weeping Virtue, on the suppliant's knee !
 O'er hidden mischief rancorous hearts will brood,
 And lofty villains overlook the good :
 Too blest our lot, for ever could we find
 The Churchill's beauty, and the Pelham's mind !

In every age alike you'll Vice discover ;
 See Folly starting in one shape or t'other ;
 Ev'n where 'twere pity, malice will prevail,
 And toilets vilify, and tea-boards rail ;
 The harlot still will cheat, and courtier fawn ;
 The priest still flatter for the prelate's lawn :
 Yet this but little hurts.—The order'd train
 Goes on, and men are honest in the main ;
 The world, right take it, right enough behaves :
 Not all the handicrafts we meet are knaves ;
 Not half the dames they tell are found to slide ;
 Or half th' attorney's fee'd for either side ;

" ment with a lustre peculiar to himself, though not seen by
 " vulgar eyes. The gay statesman was changed into a philo-
 " sopher, equal to any of the sages of antiquity. The wisdom
 " of Socrates, the dignity and ease of Pliny, and the wit of
 " Horace, appeared in all his writings and conversation."

* The great Earl of Clarendon, Lord Chancellor from
 1657 to 1667, died at Rouen in Normandy, Dec. 29, 1674.

† The bright ornament of the Elizabethan age.

Physicians

Physicians kill not millions, as they say ;
 Nor are whole wards made cuckolds in a day :
 Good, bad, by turns, the medley drama brings,
 Where Glory oft displays her shining wings :
 The seat of Equity, so Brunswick wills,
 A Talbot * now, and now a Hardwicke † fills :
 Then say not all that's good or just is fled ;
 We have her Viceroy in Astræa's stead.

Haste, Sall, the oranges and arrack bring ;
 Fetch me the water from Castalia's spring :
 Since nought with reason may impede our bliss,
 Let's every grief and every care dismiss :
 All my Hephestion has that's worth possessing :
 Then seize the swift-wing'd hour and fleeting
 blessing.

While yet, entranc'd, that envy'd life they led,
 Thus to her lover Ægypt's Princess said :

“ Gaze on me, Antony, with raptur'd eyes,
 And factious Rome and all its fools despise,
 And empty pride—for softer triumphs born,
 And better joys, on Cæsars look with scorn :
 O'er thine, my love, thy Rival's eagles soar ;
 Grant his demands, nor dream of Empire more :
 Let conquer'd worlds his boyish care beguile :
 Enough for us is Memphis and the Nile.”

* Lord Chancellor, 1733—1737.

† Lord Chancellor, 1737—1756.

FRAGMENT OF A POEM,
PUBLISHED BY MR. WELSTED,
IN 1714*.

THE force of Britain's evil star,
And strong delusions nurs'd with care,
Retard a while the vengeance just;
But when th' enchanted scene is o'er,
And Reason reassumes her power,
Fall, TRAYTOR, fall you must!

* The whole of this Poem I have not been able to recover. It is thus pointed out by Abel Boyer, in the Political State, for November 1714, p. 455. After inserting a Latin epigram on Guiscard's attempting the life of Mr. Harley, he adds, "To this purpose also we may take notice of the last stanza of an 'Imitation of the 15th Ode of the 1st Book of Horace, addressed to Mr. Steele, written by a very ingenious gentleman; published about six months ago; and which has answered the Title it bore, of a PROPHECY." And, in a marginal note, Boyer calls it, "A remarkable prophetic stanza in a copy of verses written by Mr. Welsted." The "Prophecy of Nereus," by Tickell, is an after-imitation of the same Ode.

THE
W O R K S
OF
DIONYSIUS LONGINUS,
On the S U B L I M E:
OR, A
T R E A T I S E
Concerning the

SOVEREIGN PERFECTION OF WRITING.

Translated from the Greek.

WITH
Some REMARKS on the English POETS; 1712.

" Descriptas servare vices, operumque colores,

" Cur ego. si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor ?

" Cur nescire, pudens pravè, quam discere malo ?"

Hor. Ars. Poet.

" Shall he be honour'd with a Poet's name,

" Who knows not how to make a proper draught,

" Or to adjust one colouring of his piece ?

" What ! Shall I, falsely bashful, rather chuse

" To live in shameful ignorance, than learn ?"

DUNCOMBE.

* * * This treatise was first published in 1712; and again, with some corrections, in 1724. But the earlier edition being in some respects more complete, the present editor has made that the basis of what is here presented to the publick; availing himself, however, as far as they go, of the improvements in the later edition. In an advertisement which appeared in "The Evening Post, May 22, 1712," the original volume was said to contain "Some Remarks on Milton, Spenser, Shakespear, Dryden, the present Duke of Buckingham, Waller, and other English Poets," which in the title-page is expressed simply by "Some Remarks on the English Poets." When the "Treatise on the Sublime" was republished in 1724, those Remarks were withdrawn, with intent to incorporate them in "Some Thoughts on Dramatic Writing, and the Authors that have made a Figure in it;" (see p. 140;) a work which either never was completed, or has been since lost to the world. No apology therefore will be necessary for restoring the Remarks, in their proper place, at the end of the treatise.

TO THE RIGHT REVEREND

THE LORD BISHOP OF WINCHESTER*.

MY LORD,

I PROMISE myself, that the best sett of thoughts which were ever produced on the subject of good Writing, will not be an unwelcome offering to your Lordship, who have always been in the most remarkable manner the Patron of Learning and Learned Men, and who have an understanding so finely turned for the relishing of every thing that is polite and humane †.

Beautiful Paintings and Statues feed the eye with a ravishing kind of pleasure; but excellent descriptions and images in Writing elevate the soul with transport, and furnish, of all others, the brightest entertainment to those who are capable of taking-in such refinements. It is therefore with the most exact justice and propriety, that I have the honour to make the present application. This address (if I may with modesty so express myself) is no intrusion. Your Lordship's known character demands it.

It was a noble custom among the Romans, and truly worthy the spirit of that gallant people, to take into their protection the distressed, not only of their own, but foreign nations; nor is there any thing through the whole course of their History

* Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bishop of Winchester, 1707—1721.

† On the republication of this Treatise in 1724, Bishop Trelawny being then dead, a new address, to the Duke of Newcastle, was prefixed to the volume; which is already printed in p. 119, & seqq.

310 TO BISHOP TRELAWNY.

affords more pleasure in the contemplation, than that inviolable justice and honour which they exercised towards all their clients and dependants. Patronage among them shone forth in its pure and natural lustre. There sat a disinterested beauty in all their actions, and the praise of doing great and good things was the sole glory they aimed at. I must confess, I have known the world too much and too well already, to reflect on those things with delight; I have learned too soon to distinguish betwixt the usage of the Antients and Moderns in this respect. But your Lordship amply justifies me in the mentioning it; that antient kind of hospitality being revived in the generous patronage you afford to all who have any pretensions to Wit, Learning, or Humanity. Your beneficence flows out on Arts and Sciences with such a luxuriance, that none who make a figure in them have been able to lie concealed from your notice, or to elude your favours.

That divine principle, which prompts men to liberal actions, is a debt due to the character of many; but your Lordship exerts it with such uncommon grace, and gives it so easy a turn, that though you confer the highest favours on others, you seem only to oblige yourself. To practise virtue is not altogether unusual, but to refine upon it is admirable; to do worthy things is great, but to do them handsomely is greater. The one is the Prelate's province, the other the Gentleman's; this is virtuous, but that heroic.

As Honour, Loyalty, and Courage, have in all ages been the distinguishing characters of the TRELAWNIES; so the latter of these qualities adds to the common suffrage of mankind a Royal testimony, that of the wittiest of all our Monarchs, who declared, "it was a virtue essential to your Family, and inseparable from the name." These excellences

ences your Lordship may be said to have derived from your Ancestors; these invaluable legacies they bequeathed to you: but you have enlarged (if I may use the metaphor) your paternal coat with so many additional marks and badges of honour, that the glory you received from your illustrious House is lost in that you reflect upon it, and your great Progenitors were but as so many stars which served to usher up a more resplendent sun. Nature asks time for finishing a master-piece; she makes her first essays in patterns of a less perfect excellence; hence she proceeds gradually to higher improvements, and forms many successive TRELAWNIES, till at last she rises into a WINCHESTER.

Were I able to describe in a just manner with what firmness your Lordship has stood in defence of that Church whose ornament you are, how you have animated all her Professors by your great example, how borne her ensigns in triumph over tyranny and oppression, how preferred imprisonment to dishonour, and danger to falsehood; in a word, what constancy and resolution you have expressed in the most perilous times, how noble a zeal at some junctures, and how exemplary a moderation at others; as Truth dictated, and the necessity of things required. Were I capable of placing these things in their proper light, I should not only do justice to your Lordship, but honour to my country.

"Hæc arte Pollux & vagus Hercules

"Innixus arces attigit igneas;

"——Hæc Quirinus

"Martis equis Acheronta fugit *."

HOR. 3 Od. iii. 9.

* "To Heaven, by virtues great as these,

"Fam'd Pollux rose, and Hercules:

"..... And thus, on Mars's steeds,

"Our Romulus escap'd the Stygian meads."

DUNCOMBE.

These,

These, my Lord, are the arts, which have deservedly raised you to one of the most eminent stations in the Church; these are the arts, which have made you the delight of the present age, and will make you the admiration of the next; these truths, which render panegyrick useless, and rob flattery of its name; in short, these are facts, which require the talents of a more experienced Writer than myself, and must be left to the management of that skilful Historian who shall be so happy as to pen the transactions of the times in which you flourished.

My Lord, the more I have the honour to contemplate these things, the more satisfaction I find in reflecting on those happy ages of the world, when Arts found sanctuary in Courts, and were cherished in the Palace. Then it was that Poets conversed with Kings, and Philosophers were the companions of Princes. Then it was, as Pliny elegantly observes, that men loved praise, because they loved to do praise-worthy things; every City produced its Hero; all men revered the Muses.

Those times are in some measure restored by the influence your Lordship has in these. Learning reigns in your Palace, and ingenuity adorns your board. You have found out the arts to reconcile magnificence with prudence, and to join state to affability; you live to virtue, to mankind, and yourself; wise even in your mirth, and abstemious in the midst of plenty.

It is with great reluctance that I suppress the strong desire I have of indulging my imagination on so bright a theme; but the just regard I have for the preciousness of your Lordship's moments, with a due sense that what I relate with pleasure will be heard by you with pain, over-bears my fondness for such a pursuit.

Thus

Thus the very deserving of praise, with respect to your Lordship, is an argument that it ought not to be given.

To take off therefore from the tediousness of this address, and injury that is offered to modest worth by commending it, I will only add, that had our great Statesman and Critick Longinus lived in these days, he might have discerned a certain Sublime in life as well as writing, an air of majesty in the manners as well as thoughts. There is in some men a spirit of greatness, which informs their whole behaviour, and gives them I know not what elevation, even in the most ordinary occurrences; there is a tincture of glory in the meanest incidents of their lives; they breathe nothing but grandeur. The application of this is so easy, that I am convinced every man will know where to fix it, except your Lordship.

To conclude: I have hopes this Author's high reputation will procure him an indulgent reception from your Lordship; that he will be permitted the honour of a place among your learned guests; and that you cannot be displeased to see precepts laid down, by which others may be enabled to immortalize those actions which yourself enjoy the god-like consciousness to have performed. I am, with the most profound respect, my Lord, your Lordship's most obedient and devoted humble servant,

LEONARD WELSTED.

PREFACE.

P R E F A C E

IT must be a very unpleasing reflection to any one, who has a just and critical taste of the Writings of the Antients, to consider, how many noble and useful Works have been swallowed up in the ocean of Time. Of what important value several of them were, is to be collected from the character which contemporary Authors and others have given us of them, a circumstance that serves only to aggravate our pain for their loss. Of all the labours which have suffered, or totally perished in this wreck, there are few deserve more to be regretted than those various tracts of Longinus, the titles of which are confusedly recounted by Suidas and Porphyry, to the number of Twenty-five. It appears, they were most of them works of Criticism; and, if we may judge by what is left, each must have been a master-piece in its kind. This little Treatise concerning the Sublime, which Casaubon calls a Golden Book, is the only one that is remaining out of a great many others recounted by Suidas; and even this comes to us imperfect in several places: however, in the condition it is, it may be reckoned a very noble and useful piece of Criticism, being written with great judgement, and with uncommon elevation and dignity of thought and Language. Eunapius, Porphyry, and many others, are profuse in the commendations they bestow upon this Author; nor will any commendations, I am persuaded, be thought by the judicious to exceed his real merit.

The Reader will further observe, as has indeed been observed by all, that the Sublime, so much contended

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contended for, is frequently exemplified in the very words in which it is treated. In one word, that air of an honest man, that spirit of politeness, that elevation both of thought and of language, and that piercing judgement which runs through the whole work, are things so well known to the Learned, and so amply confirmed by the concurring testimonies of the greatest men, that it were but an unprofitable task to add any thing more to what has already been said upon that subject.

Dionysius Longinus is supposed to have descended of eminent and worthy parents; but what his father's name was, nobody, as I find, has been able to discover. This seems to have been no small disappointment to some Annotators and others, who have therefore highly condemned the negligent and incurious temper of Antiquity, in letting so weighty a matter escape their observation. What particular country he owed his birth to is as lamely, though variously, conjectured, except that he was a Grecian in general, which I think no one has hitherto offered to dispute. The uncertainty our predecessors have left us in, as to these grand points, may perhaps be a very great misfortune; but, as they are of too nice a nature to be discussed in this place, and things which I believe the Reader will be as little concerned for as myself, I shall take no further notice of them. To proceed; we are told the name of our Author's mother was Phrontonis: this lady was the sister of Cornelius Phronto, the Orator, who taught Rhetorick in great repute at Athens, and, when he died, made Longinus his heir. As for the rest, it is reported of Longinus, that he travelled over great part of the world in his youth, for finishing his studies, and for the sake of conversing with the most celebrated men of his age, among whom are particularly named Ammonius and Origen: this

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is what is related by himself in one of his Fragments. He flourished some years at Athens, and was undoubtedly a great Philosopher as well as Rhetorician, as may be understood, not only from the titles of some of those Books which are lost, but from the testimonies of Porphyry and Eunapius. The former of these was his Scholar ; and the latter, in the Lives of the Philosophers, is lavish even to extravagance, in the encomiums he gives him. If we may credit what those Writers say, he was acknowledged as the sovereign Judge and Arbitrator of the merit of all compositions, and held in so great esteem, that in matters of Learning and Eloquence, nothing was allowed as current till it had received his stamp and authority. His judgement was arbitrary, and all men condemned or approved as he directed.

As Longinus was the most eminent Critick of his time, so was he also a Statesman of the first rank, being in the highest credit with Zenobia, Queen of the Palmyrenians, that noble Heroine, who, after the death of her husband Odenatus, declared herself Queen of the East. He is supposed to have been the Author of that famous Letter which she wrote to the Emperor Aurelian, and which afterwards proved the occasion of his death. As the death of this great man is one of the most tragical incidents those times afford ; I shall insert here the account that is given of it by Flavius Vopiscus.

This Eastern Princess, as he informs us, upon the defeat of her army, retired to Palmyra, whither she was pursued by Aurelian, and soon after besieged. She made a gallant defence, and held the town with incredible bravery ; which so puzzled the Roman Emperor, that he wrote her a letter, wherein he offered her her life, and a place of retreat, provided she would surrender within a certain time. The posture of her affairs at that time,

Vopiscus observes, required a milder sort of answer than that she made. The air of her Letter is very particular, and therefore I will insert it.

“ZENOBIA, Queen of the East, to the Emperor
“Aurelian.

“No man ever made so haughty a demand as
“yours. It is valour, Aurelian, which must give
“success in war. You command me to submit
“myself, as if you was ignorant that Cleopatra
“chose rather to die with the title of a Queen,
“than to live possessed of all other dignities with-
“out it. The Sarazens arm for us; the Armenians
“have declared in our favour. A troop of high-
“waymen has defeated your whole army in Syria.
“Judge what you are to expect when all these
“forces shall join. You will abate somewhat of
“that insolence, with which, as absolute master
“of the universe, you command me to surrender.”

Notwithstanding this swelling language, the town was soon taken, and the Queen intercepted as she was endeavouring to make her escape to the Persians. Her the Emperor reserved to grace his triumph; but Longinus, among others, was put to death, on pretence of the preceding Epistle, of which he was suspected to be the Author, though it was written in the Syriac tongue.

Zosimus further says, that Zenobia herself was his accuser, imputing to him the violent measures she had taken: they both agree, that he was universally lamented; and the latter adds, that he died with the most heroic constancy, consoling those who were touched with indignation and pity for his misfortune.

If this account may be depended on, it were no injury to the greatest Philosophers and Heroes of Antiquity to number Longinus with them.

“Omnis

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“ Omnis Aristippum decuit color, & status; & res,
“ Tentantem majora, fere præsentibus æquum *.”

HOR. I. Ep. xvii. 23.

He had a noble ambition, which prompted him to attempt great things; but at the same time he preserved in adverse affairs that equanimity and constancy which is peculiar to great minds.

As to the present performance, I intend to say but little of it. It is indeed observed by Mr. Dacier and others, that of all the Greek Authors, there are none so difficult to be translated as the Rhetoricians; to which I shall add a remark of Mr. Despreaux upon the same subject: “ It is an
“ easy matter,” says that Author, “ for a Latin
“ Translator to bring himself fairly off even in such
“ places as he does not understand; all he has to do,
“ is to render the Greek word for word, and to
“ find out such expressions as may seem at least in-
“ telligible. In the mean time, the reader, who
“ very often apprehends nothing of the matter, is
“ apt rather to attribute the fault to himself than
“ to the ignorance of the Translator. It fares
“ otherwise with those translations that are made
“ in a vulgar tongue: every thing which the
“ Reader does not understand is declared nonsense,
“ and the Translator only is answerable for it; nay,
“ the very faults of his Author are imputed to him;
“ and he is obliged in many places to rectify them,
“ without daring at the same time to depart from
“ the sense.”

For my own part, I have endeavoured to make Longinus speak in the free familiar style of a gentleman, and to take from him, as far as I was able, the stiffness of a Critick. In order to give him an English dress, and that a fashionable one, I have been obliged to indulge myself in some latitude, but have nevertheless all along pre-

* “ ——— Aristippus could conform with grace.
“ To every habit, circumstance, and place.” DUNCOMBE.
served

served the most strict regard for his true sense and meaning. The poetical quotations, which are the most material part, are all new-rendered *. Sappho's Ode only was so well done to my hands, that I did not think it worth while to re-translate it. In a word, I have done the best I could; and, if any one shall hereafter think fit to give the publick a better version, he will deserve encouragement †.

Of the Author himself, it may be observed in general, that he seems to labour under one fault; but it is the same with almost all Authors, at least all that I have met with are more or less guilty of it; I mean, want of perspicuity. The reason of this may probably be, that the generality of Writers are rather apt to consider, with how much delicacy and fineness, than how clearly, they shall express their thoughts; a thing which frequently betrays them into such stiffnesses and formalities of diction, that it is with great difficulty you comprehend their meaning. Longinus, if in any thing, as I have hinted, errs in this; he discovers too apparent an affectation of brevity, even beyond what the Greek language itself will admit of, though otherwise wonderfully adapted for closeness, and the throwing a great deal of matter in a little compass; to this I may venture to add, that his language is his least valuable part. As I have endeavoured to remedy the above-mentioned defect, so I have purposely avoided clogging the book with Notes, Comments, Marginal Reflections, and those other heavy appurtenances of Learning, which, however they may serve for ostentation to the Writer, cannot possibly be of use to the Reader; I mean the English one, for whom this Work is primarily intended.

* In the edition of 1724, these are in general improved.

† If it were for this modest expression alone, Welfsted ought to have escaped the severe censure bestowed on him by the Dean of Chester, which will be duly noticed in the memoirs prefixed to this volume.

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To conclude : a performance of this kind, it is hoped, will not prove altogether unuseful, as having a natural tendency to revive that veneration for Antiquity which seems in a great measure to be lost in this age, wherein it is become modish for men to despise every thing they do not understand. The beautiful passages, which are so frequently quoted from the old Epic and Dramatic Writers, from the Orators and Philosophers, and which are so happily and variously illustrated, will at least cherish in us worthy sentiments of those illustrious Dead. And this one would think must naturally grow into an ambition of being more conversant and familiar with their Writings, and beget a desire of adding new discoveries to those which are already pointed out. One engaging scene of pleasure leads the mind with a sweet irresistible force in search of another ; and it is with reluctance we leave a delightful landscape, till we have surveyed it in all its parts.

LON.

LONGINUS's TREATISE
CONCERNING THE SUBLIME.

CECILIUS's Treatise on the SUBLIME, as you very well know, dear Terentianus, did not appear to us, when we read it over together, to take in the whole of this subject, or to touch at all on the most material points of it; or, which a Writer ought chiefly to have in view, to be of much use to the Reader. In the treating of any Art, two things are requisite; one, to explain and define what we treat upon; the other, though not in order, yet in virtue the principal, to point out how and by what methods that Art may be acquired. Now Cecilius endeavours, by ten thousand examples, to shew what the Sublime is, as if we had no idea of it; but for the means by which we may be able to push one's own genius forward towards attaining it in any degree, this, I know not how, he passes over as unnecessary. But perhaps this Author is not to be blamed so much for his omissions, as he is to be commended for his design, and the pains he has taken. However, since you urge me to write something likewise on this subject, purely for your own satisfaction; let us examine if I seem to have observed any thing upon it that may be of use to persons who speak in publick. But then, Terentianus, you must give me your judgement upon every particular, as becomes our friendship, with the utmost truth; for, as it has been excellently observed, "What we resemble the Gods in, are truth and beneficence." Now as I write to you, an accomplished Scholar, I need not premise in many words, that the height and excellency of Writing consists in the Sublime. It

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is

is indeed from this alone, the greatest Authors, both in prose and poetry, have derived their reputation, and transmitted their names with glory to posterity; for the Sublime does not persuade, but create transport, always and every where superior to the Persuasive or the Elegant. As to the Persuasive, it has for the most part no more power over us than we please; but the Sublime comes upon the Hearer with an irresistible strength and force, and elevates him above himself. As to the skill of invention, and the order and œconomy of a work, they are not distinctly to be seen from one or two particulars, but from the general contexture and tenour of the whole; but the Sublime, properly exerted, bears all before it like a hurricane, and presents at one view the Orator's whole collected force. These and the like things, dear Terentianus, you are so well acquainted with, as to be able to instruct others concerning them.

C H A P. II.

THE first thing to be considered is, whether there be a particular art in Sublimity; for there are some people imagine, that it is utterly wrong to attempt to reduce it into art, and lay down precepts for it. "The Sublime," say they, "is born with us, and is not to be learned; the only art of coming at it is, to have it by Nature." Then, as they pretend, there are several works which ought to be the sole production of Nature; to bind them up with rules, were to take away all manner of spirit from them, and render them dry, jejune, and insipid: but I am satisfied, if we look well into the thing, we shall find it otherwise.

And indeed, though Nature never gives herself a greater loose than in Sublime and Pathetic Discourses; yet one may easily see, she does not leave herself to the conduct of Chance, nor is at all an enemy

enemy to rules and art. I will acknowledge, that in every production we ought to make her the fundamental principle and basis to work upon; but then it is as certain that the mind stands in need of method to direct it, both to say that which is proper, and to say it in the right place; and that this method may very much contribute towards the acquiring to ourselves a certain habit and perfection in Sublimity. A ship, if abandoned to its own levity, and destitute of the due proportion of ballast, will be in great danger of being lost; and so it is with the Sublime, when hurried away by the meer impetuosity of unexperienced, uncultivated Nature. The mind has very often as great occasion for a bridle as a spur. Demosthenes somewhere says, "That the greatest good that can arrive to us in our lives, is to be happy." But yet there is another of no less importance, and without which the first cannot subsist; I mean, "to know how to govern ourselves with prudence." We may say as much with regard to Writing. Nature is the first and most necessary step towards Sublimity; but, if she is not conducted by Art, she wanders blindly, without knowing where she goes, or upon what errand.—Hence proceed such extravagant thoughts as these: "whirlpools of fire;" "belching in the face of Heaven;" and several such like modes of expression, with which this piece abounds. Now these things are not really great and tragical, but bloated and bombast. Phrases thus embarrassed with unnatural ideas rather trouble and spoil the Discourse, than serve to elevate it; insomuch that, when one views them near, and as it were in open day, what appeared at first sight so terrible becomes all of a sudden trifling and ridiculous. But if in Tragedy, which is in its nature pompous and magnificent, it be an insupportable fault in an Author to swell extrava-

gantly and out of season, with how much more reason ought it to be condemned in ordinary Writing! Hence is it, that Leontinas Gorgias was so justly derided for having called Xerxes "the Jove of the Persians;" and vultures "animated sepulchres." Nor has Callisthenes been treated with less severity, who, in certain places of his Writings, cannot so properly be said to rise, as to fly out of sight. But, in my opinion, there is not among them all one so overgrown and big as Clitarchus. That man is meer froth and outside: he seems to resemble one who, if I may make use of Sophocles's words, "gapes enormously wide to blow a little flagellet." One may pass the same judgement upon Amphicrates, Hegesias, and Matris. Those Authors, imagining sometimes that they are inspired and possessed with divine raptures, instead of thundering, as they suppose, trifle all the while, and are childishly ridiculous.

It is certain, in matter of eloquence, there is nothing more difficult to be avoided than bombast; for as in all things we naturally affect the Grand or Sublime, and do not seem to fear any thing so much as the imputation of insipidness, or want of spirit; it so happens, I know not how, that most Writers fall into the vice founded upon this common maxim,

"He greatly falls, who falls in great attempts."

In the mean time, it is not to be doubted, but bombast or tumour is as vicious in Writing as in the body. The outside is nothing but appearance and deceit, the inside all vacancy and emptiness; and the effect is usually the quite contrary of what was proposed; for, as the proverb says, "What is more dry than a dropical person?"

And

And what, after all, is this same puerility we are speaking of? It is evidently no other than the thought of a School-boy, which, by being too far-fetched, becomes cold and starved; the fault for the most part of those who are perpetually aiming to say something bright and extraordinary, or who take abundance of pains to be pleasant and agreeable: their too eager endeavours after a figurative style always betray them into the grossest affectation.

There is a third fault, as opposite to the Sublime as the other two, taken notice of by Theodorus, and this regards the Pathetic; viz. when a man heats himself nothing to the purpose, or is transported to excess, though the subject admits but of a moderate warmth. And, indeed, one very often meets with Orators, who, as if they were drunk, suffer themselves to be hurried away with passions which have nothing to do with the business in hand, but which are proper to themselves, and which they brought with them from school; so that, nobody being in the least affected with what they say, they never fail to render themselves contemptible; this being the necessary result of blustering and raving without occasion before such as continue unmoved. But we shall take occasion to speak of what relates to the Passions in another place.

C H A P. III.

AS to the starved puerile style we have been speaking of, Timæus is full of it. That Author is skilful enough in other respects; he is not wanting sometimes in the Sublime; he knows a great deal, and discovers a very fine invention: but he is severe to censure the vices of others, while he is blind to his own. Then he is so over-curious to set forth new fancies, that he often falls into the lowest puerilities. I shall content myself with producing

ducing only one or two instances, because Cecilius has reported a great number. "In praising Alexander the Great, he has," says he, "conquered all Asia in less time than Isocrates took to write his Panegyric." What an excellent comparison is here found out for Alexander the Great, viz. a Rhetorician! By the same rule, Timæus, it will follow, that the Lacedæmonians ought to yield the prize of valour to Isocrates, since they were thirty years in taking the city of Messene, and he but ten in making that Panegyric.

But, speaking of the Athenians who were prisoners of war in Sicily, what an explanation do you think he makes use of! "This was," says he, "a judgement from Heaven, on the account of their impiety to the God Hermes, alias Mercury, whose statues they had maimed; especially considering that there was a Captain in the enemy's army who had derived his name from Hermes from father to son, viz. Hermocrates, the son of Hermon." In good truth, my Friend, I am amazed, that he has not said the same thing of Denys the Tyrant; viz. that the Gods permitted him to be expelled this kingdom by Dion and Heraclides, by reason of the little respect he bore to Dios and Heracles; that is, Jupiter and Hercules.

But to what purpose should we mention any thing further of Timæus? Those Heroes of Antiquity, those illustrious Scholars of Socrates, Xenophon, and Plato, even they sometimes forget themselves so far as to let somewhat low and puerile escape them in their Writings. For instance, the former of these, in his Book concerning the Republic of the Lacedæmonians, has these words; "One can no more hear their voices than if they were made of wood; they turn their eyes no more than if they were brass. In short, you
" would

“ would swear they were more modest than those parts of the eyes which we call in Greek by the name of the Virgins.” It had been more proper for Amphicrates than Xenophon to have called the apples of the eye “ Virgins full of modesty.” Good God ! what extravagance of thought is here ! because the Greek word *κορη*, which signifies “ the apple of the eye,” signifies also “ a Virgin ;” to suppose therefore, that all these apples of the eyes must be universally esteemed modest “ Virgins !” At the same time, there is not, perhaps, a place about us, which can so properly be called “ the seat of impudence” as the eye. And it is for this reason that Homer, to express an impudent fellow, terms him “ a drunkard, who carries the impudence of a dog in his eyes.” In the mean time, it was notable in Timæus, not to be able to see so cold and miserable a thought in Xenophon without challenging it as a piece of goods that had been stolen from him by that Author. And see how he manages it in the Life of Agathocles. “ Is it not a strange thing,” says he, “ that he should ravish his own cousin, who had been just married to another man ? that he should ravish her, I say, the very next day after her nuptials ? For who is there that could have done such a thing, had he but had virgins in his eyes, and not the most impudent apples that ever were ?”

But what shall we say of the Divine Plato, who, speaking of those Tables whereon the Public Acts were written, says, “ Having written all these things, they shall place those monuments of cypress in the temples ?” And in another place, concerning the Walls, “ As for the Walls, Megilles, I would, agreeably to the opinion of the Spartans, let them sleep upon the ground, and never cause them to rise more.” Of much such a ridiculous strain is that of Herodotus, when

he calls handsome women "eye-sores." But that, however, seems in some measure pardonable in the place it is in, since it is spoken by a company of Barbarians, in the midst of wine; but yet the persons are not sufficient entirely to excuse the meaness of the thing: nor would a man, for the sake of the low pleasure he may receive from so poor a jest, run the hazard of displeasing all posterity.

C H A P. IV.

ALL affectations of this kind, which are in themselves so trivial and low, proceed from the same cause, viz. too great a desire of finding out such thoughts as are new and unobvious: and this is the common mischief of most Writers to this day; for ill effects are frequently derived from the same source with good ones; and those very things which on some occasions contribute most to the embellishment of our Works, and constitute the beauty, spirit, and grace of Writing, have at other times quite different effects; as may be observed in Hyperboles and those figures which we call Plurals. How dangerous it may be to make use of those, we shall take an opportunity to shew in the sequel. At present, let us consider how we may best avoid those faults which lie on the confines of the Sublime; and this we may compass, provided we can once get a clear and distinct knowledge of the true Sublime, and be able to form a right judgement upon it. But this, it must be acknowledged, is a very difficult matter, and must be the effect of long experience, and the last fruits, if I may so express myself, of a finished course of studies. Nevertheless, we will endeavour, as far as we are able, to point out some method of arriving sooner at this knowledge.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

YOU must know then, Terentianus, that, in common life, nothing ought to be reputed great, which it argues true greatness to contemn; such are Riches, Dignities, Honour, Power, and those other specious and, as it were, theatrical things, which, notwithstanding all their outward pomp, will never be esteemed real and substantial goods in the judgement of a wise man. On the contrary, no greater good can accrue to us than to be able to despise them; and therefore we less admire those who actually possess them, than those who, when they have it in their power to do so, reject them with a noble disdain and greatness of soul.

The same judgement we ought to form with regard to the works of Poets and Orators; that is, we ought to be particularly cautious, lest we mistake for Sublime what is but the appearance and shadow of it; a multitude of big words crowded together, which, if well examined, are nothing but noise and vapour, and consequently more worthy of our contempt than admiration. There is this peculiar in the true Sublime, that, when one hears it, it elevates the soul, and makes us conceive, as it were, somewhat greater of ourselves; it fills us with pleasure, and a certain noble pride, as if we ourselves had produced what we barely heard.

When therefore a man of good sense and taste in these things shall repeat to us a passage of any Author; if, after having heard this passage several times, we do not find the soul sensibly exalted, nor retaining an idea superior even to what we heard, but find, on the contrary, that it sinks and cannot support itself, we may conclude there is nothing of Sublime there; but that it is an empty sound of words, which only tinkles in the ear, and
leaves

leaves no impression on the mind. It is an infallible mark of Sublime, when what we read or hear dwells strongly upon our minds; when at first view it has an influence upon us, which it is very difficult, if not impossible, to resist; and when afterwards it remains with us, so as hardly ever to be effaced: in a word, imagine that to be truly Sublime, which pleases in all its parts, and which pleases every body; for when a great number of persons, of different ages and professions, of different humours and inclinations, all conspire in admiring some particular passage in an Author, such an unanimous judgement and approbation of men of so distant characters is an indubitable proof that it has in it something very great and surprizing.

C H A P. VI.

THERE are, I may say, five principal sources of Sublime; but these five presuppose, as their common foundation, a faculty or talent for speaking, without which, all the rest is nothing.

This being admitted, the first and most considerable is, a certain force and superiority of genius, which prompts a man to think happily and greatly, as we have already shewn in our Commentary upon Xenophon.

The second consists in the Pathetic: I understand by the Pathetic that rapture and that natural vehemence which affects and moves. These two first are for the most part entirely owing to Nature, and must be born with us; whereas the others depend in great measure upon Art.

The third is no other than figures turned after various manners: and figures are of two sorts, as they regard the thought, or as they regard the diction.

For

For the fourth, we will assign nobleness of expression ; which also has two parts, viz. the choice of words, and the elegant and figurative diction.

As for the fifth, which, properly speaking, is what creates the Sublime, and includes in it all the rest ; it is the art of disposing and ranging words in all their magnificence and dignity.

And now let us consider what there is remarkable in every one of these species in particular. But, by the bye, we must take notice, that Cecilius has forgot some of them, and, among others, the Pathetic. And certainly, if he did it from a belief that the Sublime and Pathetic could not subsist one without the other, and that they were in effect the same thing, he is under a mistake ; for there are passions which have nothing of the Sublime, and which have even somewhat low ; such as Affliction, Fear, Sorrow. On the contrary, there are a great many things very noble and sublime, which yet leave no room for passion. Such, among a thousand others, is that of Homer, where he speaks with so much boldness of the Alcides :

“ O’er proud Olympus to make Ossa rise,
 “ And lift up shady Pelion to the skies,
 “ On Ossa rais’d, with furious might they strove ;
 “ So to make War with Heaven, and conquer
 “ Jove.”

What follows is yet more strong :

“ And they had surely don’t,” &c. Odyss. xi.

It is observable in Prose, that Panegyric, and all those Discourses which are made chiefly for ostentation, abound throughout with the Sublime, though for the most part they have nothing of passion. And hence it is, that those orators are commonly least fit for Panegyric, who are most pathetical ; and those who succeed most in Panegyric, understand least how to touch the passions.

But

But if Cecilius imagined that the Pathetic did not at all contribute to the Sublime, and that, consequently, it was to no purpose to speak of it, he is as much mistaken as before; for I dare affirm, that there is nothing which gives greater elevation than a beautiful moving touch, or a well-wrought passion, properly introduced: it is a kind of enthusiasm and noble fury, which animates the Oration, and gives it a fire and ardour truly divine.

C H A P. VII.

NOW, though the first and most considerable of the five things I have been mentioning, I mean, that natural superiority of genius which prompts a man to think happily, be rather the gift of Heaven, than a quality to be acquired; yet ought we, as far as we are able, to form and inure our minds to great things, and keep them continually possessed with generous and noble sentiments.

But if it be demanded how this may be learned? I have written, in another place, that the elevated Genius I speak of is, as it were, a mirror, which represents a great soul: and it is for this reason we often admire a man's naked thought, though unaccompanied with words, purely for the sake of that grandeur and spirit which appears in it. Take, for example, the silence of Ajax upon his encountering Ulysses in the Elyfian Fields; there is, methinks, somewhat more of the Sublime in that silence of his, than in any thing he could possibly have said.

The first qualification then that we are to suppose in a great Orator is, that he must not have a groveling spirit; since it is impossible that a man whose sentiments and inclinations are always mean and servile, should ever produce any thing noble and worthy of posterity. It is probable, that they only who entertain great and worthy conceptions,
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are capable of making elevated Discourses; and it is peculiarly the part of great men to say surprizing and extraordinary things. Consider, for instance, the answer which Alexander made, when Darius offered him half Asia with his daughter in marriage: "For my part," says Parmenio to him, "were I Alexander, I would accept of these conditions."—"And so would I too," replied that Monarch, "were I Parmenio."—Who but an Alexander could have made such an answer?

It is this particular in which Homer principally excells; his thoughts are all Sublime, as may be observed in his description of the Goddess of Discord:

"Walks on the ground, and hides her head
"in clouds."

One would be apt indeed to say, that that prodigious description does not so much shew the stature of the Goddess, as the extent of the Poet's genius and capacity. Of how different a strain is that which we find in the Poem ascribed to Hesiod, concerning the Goddess of Darknesh!

"A foetid humour trickled from her nose."

He does not properly render the Goddess terrible, but odious and distasteful. On the contrary, see what Majesty Homer gives his Gods, ll. v.

"For as a shepherd, from some rising plain,
"Extends his prospect o'er the boundless main;
"So much of space, so vast a length of sky,
"At every bound, th' immortal coursers fly."

Thus he measures the extent of their leap by that of the universe. Might not a man, upon observing the magnificence of this hyperbole, cry out with good reason, that if the coursers of the Gods were to take another leap, they would not find space enough in the world? The descriptions likewise
which

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which he gives us of the battles of the Gods, have something in them very great :

“ The Heavens resounded, and Olympus shook.”
Iliad xxi.

And again :

“ With terror Pluto heard the dire alarm,
“ And trembled on his throne, lest Neptune's arm
“ Should burst the riven earth, and let in light
“ Upon the dreary horrid realms of night,
“ Which ev'n th' Immortals dread.” Iliad xx.

Do you see here, my Friend, the Earth opening to her centre, the regions of Death just ready to appear, and the whole fabrick of the world upon the point of being rent asunder and destroyed, to signify, that in this combat, Heaven, Hell, things mortal and immortal, every thing co-laboured as it were with the Gods, and that all Nature was endangered. But these thoughts must be all taken in an allegorical sense ; otherwise they carry in them somewhat frightful, impious, and disagreeable to the majesty of the Gods. For my part, when I observe in Homer the troubles, the factions, the tears, the punishments, the imprisonments of the Gods, and all those other accidents to which they are continually liable ; I am apt to imagine that he endeavoured, as much as he could, to make Gods of those men who were at the siege of Troy, and to debase the Gods into men : nay, he even makes their condition worse ; for we, when we are unfortunate, may find at least in death a certain relief from misery ; whereas, in the manner he represents the Gods, he does not so properly render them immortal, as eternally miserable.

It is there then that he succeeded most, where he has painted a God such as he really is, in all his majesty and grandeur, and without any alloy or mixture of terrestrial things ; as in that passage
which

which has been taken notice of by several before ; where, speaking of Neptune, he says,

“ ———Where’er Imperial Neptune treads,
“ Convulsions shake the awful mountain-heads,
“ And the woods tremble.”

And in another place, Iliad xiii.

“ And now he launches on the deep—
“ The whales around him throng, a sportive train !
“ And joy to own the Sovereign of the main ;
“ The gladdened ocean smiles, the waves subside,
“ And o’er a level plain the racers glide.”

In like manner the Legislator of the Jews, who was no ordinary man, having just and adequate notions of the grandeur and puissance of the Deity, has, at the beginning of his Laws, expressed himself with all suitable dignity in the following words ; “ God said, Let there be Light, and there was Light ; “ Let the Earth be made, and the Earth was made.”

I believe, my dear Friend, you will not think me troublesome, if I take the liberty to quote one passage more of our Poet, which relates to men, that you may see how truly heroical Homer himself is, when he draws the character of a Hero. A thick cloud had all of a sudden surrounded the Grecian army, and obstructed the fight. In these circumstances Ajax, not knowing what resolution to take, cries out :

“ ——— O Jove ! O Father Jove ! [flow,
“ Disperse the clouds, which round the Grecians
“ That we may see the light, and see the foe.
“ Restore the sun, indulge us to enjoy
“ The light of day, and in the day destroy.”

These are the true sentiments of a Warrior like Ajax : he demands not to live ; a Hero were not capable of so much meanness ; but, as he finds no opportunity of signalizing his courage in the midst
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of darkness, he frets that he cannot fight; then hastily asks for day, that he may at least make an exit worthy his undaunted soul; and that even though Jupiter himself were to be his antagonist. In a word, Homer in this place is as a favourable gale, which seconds the efforts of the combatants, for he seems to be actuated with no less violence, than

—"the spear-shaker Mars, or raging fire," &c.

Il. xv.

But I must beg you to observe, for several reasons, how feeble he is grown in his *Odyssæy*, where he shews, that there is a tendency in a great mind, when once it begins to decline and sink with age, to delight itself with tales and fables: for, that he composed the *Odyssæy* after the *Iliad*, I could produce several proofs; and in the first place, it is certain there are many things in the *Odyssæy* which are only a sequel of the misfortunes one reads of in the *Iliad*, and which he has transferred into this last work as so many episodes of the War of Troy: add to this, that the accidents which happen in the *Iliad* are often lamented by the Heroes of the *Odyssæy*, as things well known, and which fell out long before; and therefore, the *Odyssæy* is in reality no other than an Epilogue to the *Iliad*:

"There valiant Ajax, there Achilles lies;

"There too, in wisdom equal to the Gods,

"Patroclus fell, and there my dearest Son."

Hence is it, in my opinion, that, as Homer composed his *Iliad* when his mind was in its full strength and vigour, the whole body of the Poem is dramatic and full of action; whereas the best part of the *Odyssæy* is taken up in narrations, which seems to be the genius of old age; so that one may compare him, in this last work, to the setting sun, who still appears with the same magnificence, but has no longer the same heat and force. In a word, he has here quite lost his tone; he has no

more that Sublime which marches on in one equal pace throughout the Iliad, or never stops or sinks; he has not in the Odyſſey ſo great a variety of turns and paſſions heaped one upon another; nor that force and volubility of ſpeech, ſo proper for action, intermixed with ſuch a number of lively images. It may be ſaid, that that piece is the reflux of his genius, which, like the great ocean, ebbs and deſerts its ſhores; every now and then he is running out into wild notions and incredible fables. In the mean time, I have not forgot his deſcriptions of the tempeſts, the ſtory of the Cyclops, and ſome other paſſages, which are undoubtedly very fine; but, after all, this is old age, though the old age of Homer; and, beſides, I muſt inſiſt upon it, that even in the abovementioned places there is much more of fable and narration than of action.

I have enlarged upon this topick, to ſhew you, as I have already ſaid, that Geniuſes naturally the moſt elevated fall ſometimes into the pooreſt trivialities, when their force and ſpirit comes to be exhausted. In this rank may be placed what he ſays of the bag where *Æolus* ſhut up the Winds, and *Circe's* changing into hogs the companions of *Ulyſſes*, whom *Zoilus* humorouſly enough calls “Homer's ſqueaking pigs.” Of the ſame kind is that of the pigeons who fed *Jupiter*; *Ulyſſes's* hunger, who was ten days without eating, after his ſhipwreck; and all thoſe abſurdities he recounts concerning the murder of *Penelope's* ſuitors. What farther obliged me to ſpeak of the Odyſſey was, to convince you, that great Poets and celebrated Writers, when they have not vigour enough left for the Pathetic, ordinarily amuſe themſelves in deſcribing the Manners; which is what Homer does, when he ſets forth the life *Penelope's* Lovers led in the houſe of *Ulyſſes*. And in truth, all
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that

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that description is but a species of Comedy, in which are painted the different characters of men.

C H A P. VIII.

LET us now consider what other method we have of attaining the Sublime. I say then, that as nothing can happen but what must naturally be attended with circumstances, we cannot fail of attaining it, provided we know how to make a proper choice of the most considerable ones, and, by judiciously cementing them together, form them all as it were into one body: for, on one hand, the choice of circumstances, and, on the other, the throwing them together when chosen, bear very forcibly upon the imagination.

Thus, when Sappho describes the rage of Love, she collects from all quarters the accidents which attend that passion; but her dexterity appears chiefly in making choice of such as most remarkably express the violence of it, and in artfully uniting them.

I.

“ Blest as th’ immortal Gods is he,
 “ The Youth, who fondly sits by thee,
 “ And hears and sees thee all the while
 “ Softly speak, and sweetly smile.

II.

“ ’Twas that depriv’d my soul of rest,
 “ And rais’d such tumults in my breast:
 “ For while I gaz’d, in transport tost,
 “ My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

III.

“ My bosom glow’d: the subtle flame
 “ Ran quick through all my vital frame;
 “ On my dim eyes a darkness hung,
 “ My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

IV. “ With

IV.

“ With dewy damps my limbs were chill’d ;
 “ My blood with gentle horrors thrill’d ;
 “ My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
 “ I fainted, funk, and dy’d away.” PHILIPS.

Are you not in admiration, to see how she accumulates all these things, the Soul, the Body, the Ear, the Tongue, the Colour, as if they were so many different persons ready to expire ? And do you not observe with how many contrary motions or impulses she is agitated ? She chills, she burns ; she is foolish, she is wise ; or she is entirely out of her wits, or she is upon the point of death. In a word, one would say, that she was not possessed with any one single passion, but that her soul was the rendezvous of all passions : and this indeed is what always happens to those who are in love. Here you observe then, as I have already said, that all those great circumstances introduced properly, and put together with judgement, are what create the main beauty of her Poem. In like manner, when Homer gives us the description of a Tempest, he takes care to express every thing which can appear terrible in a Tempest. Not so the Author of the Poem of the “ Arimaspians ;” he thinks he says very surprizing things when he falls into the following strain :

“ Of wondrous things this seems to me most
 “ strange,

“ That men should love in barren seas to range :

“ Unhappy race, whom various labour tries !

“ The flood employs their thoughts, the stars their
 “ eyes ;

“ Oft’ to th’ Immortal Gods distress’d they pray ;

“ But by the Winds their prayers are borne away.”

Every man will easily discern, that these verses are rather neat than sublime. Let us see then how

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Homer manages the matter, and consider the following passage among others :

" So when a storm comes bursting from the skies ;
 " Swell'd with the winds, the lashing furies rise,
 " Increas'd to mighty watery mountains grow,
 " And beat the labouring vessel to and fro :
 " The decks are white with foam ; the dread-
 " ful blast
 " Roars in the sails, and bellows round the mast ;
 " The sailors trembling stand, with looks aghast :
 " For Death, impending Death, no help to save,
 " Stares in their face, and gapes in every wave."

Iliad, Book xv.

Aratus has endeavoured to refine upon the last verse :

" ——— there only stood,
 " 'Twixt them and Death a slender piece of wood."

But, in giving that turn to the thought, terrible as it was before, he has rendered it little and fanciful ; and then, confining all the danger within the words " a slender piece of wood," he rather diminishes and sets it at a distance, than augments it. But Homer does not remove from one's view the circumstances of terror ; but places the mariners before our eyes, as in a picture, upon the point of being every moment overwhelmed by every wave that rises, and imprints in every word and syllable an image of danger. Archilochus has made use of the same method, in the description of the Shipwreck ; and Demosthenes, in his Discourse concerning the distress and confusion of the Athenians, where he says, " it grew late :" for they have only culled out, and carefully put together, the most considerable circumstances ; taking care, at the same time, not to insert any low and superfluous particularities, or such

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as favour of the School. In truth, the insisting upon little things spoils all; and is like filling up the chinks and gaps in a magnificent structure with rubbish.

C H A P. IX.

AMONG all the methods we have been speaking of, which contribute to the Sublime, we ought to admit what they commonly call Amplification: for when the nature of the subject one treats of, or of the causes one defends, requires periods longer than ordinary, and composed of more clauses, one may so rise by degrees, that one word shall constantly refine upon another. And this Art may be very useful, either for enlarging, or for exaggerating, or for confirming, or placing fact in a clear light, or for managing a passion. In short, Amplification is to be divided into an infinite number of species; but an Orator ought to know, that not one of those species can be perfect if it has not the Sublime; unless when one endeavours to move pity, or when one would depreciate any thing. In all other respects, if you take from Amplification what it has of Sublime, you pull, if I may so express myself, the soul from the body. In a word, it no sooner becomes destitute of that support, but it languishes and loses all its force and power of moving. Lastly, for clearness sake, let us examine, in few words, what difference there is between this and that we mentioned in the preceding Chapter; which, as I before observed, was no other than a collection of circumstances chosen and put together judiciously. We may consider likewise how Amplification differs in general from the Grand or Sublime.

C H A P. X.

I CAN by no means approve of the definition which Rhetoricians usually give it : Amplification, say they, is what augments and aggrandizes things. This definition agrees full as well with the Sublime, the Pathetic, or the Figurative ; since they all give I know not what character of grandeur. But, nevertheless, there is a great deal of difference ; and, in the first place, Sublime consists in elevation, whereas Amplification consists also in a multitude of words. Hence is it that Sublime is frequently found in a simple thought, but Amplification cannot subsist without pomp and copiousness. Amplification, to give a general idea of it, is an additional increase of words, that may be drawn from all the particular circumstances of things, and from all parts of an Oration ; and which fills and fortifies a Discourse, by insisting upon what has been already said. It differs from proof in this, the one being employed to evince the question, the other serving only to extend and exaggerate.

The difference, in my opinion, between Demosthenes and Cicero, with regard to the Sublime, if you will give us Grecians leave to judge of the Works of a Latin Author, consists in this, that Demosthenes is sublime, in that he is close and concise ; Cicero, in that he is diffused and extensive. The former, by reason of the violence, rapidity, and force, with which he ravages and bears all before him, may be compared to tempest and thunder ; of the latter, I think, one may say, that, like a great conflagration, he devours and consumes all he meets, with a fire which is never extinguished, which he exerts variously in his Works, and which, in proportion to the advances he makes, continually gathers new strength. But you are able to judge much better of this than myself. As
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for the rest, the Sublimity of Demosthenes is undoubtedly most valuable in warm exaggerations and violent passions, or when the Audience is to be astonished; on the contrary, the copious manner is preferable, when one has a mind, if I may use the term, to diffuse a gentle agreeable dew over the spirits. The diffusive style is likewise much more proper for Tracts of Places, Perorations, Digressions, and most discourses in general that are of the demonstrative kind; as also for History, Treatises of Physick, and other Writings of the same nature.

C H A P. XI.

PLATO, whose manner, though gentle and easy, is not the less sublime, has given us an idea of this latter sort of style; of which you cannot be ignorant, if you have read his Book concerning a Commonwealth, where he has the following words: "These unfortunate men," says he, "who have no notions of wisdom and virtue, who are continually immersed in their revels and debauches, still go on from worse to worse, and err all their lives long. They have never lifted up their eyes to behold the rays of Truth; they have never seen her attractions and charms; nor ever tasted pure and solid pleasure. They are as beasts, that still look downwards, and bend toward the earth. All their thoughts terminate in eating, drinking, and the satisfaction of their brutal passions. And these they are so eager of indulging, that they carry their contentions about them to the last extremity, and so perish in the end through their insatiable appetites."

This Philosopher has also pointed out another path, which, if carefully followed, will conduct us to the Sublime, viz. the imitation of those il-

lustrious men, the Poets and Orators, who have lived before us. This is what we ought always to have in view.

There are undoubtedly men who are transported, as it were, out of themselves, by a spirit not their own, in the same manner as the Pythian Priestess is said to be possessed as she stands upon the sacred tripod, when, as they report, the earth opens, and sends forth an all-celestial vapour, which immediately fills her with divinity, and empowers her to pronounce the sacred oracles. Thus the excellencies and beauties, which we observe in the Works of the Ancients, are as so many divine fountains, whence arise those happy exhalations that diffuse themselves through the souls of their Imitators, and animate those who have less natural energy, to such a degree, that from that moment they glow with the warmth of other men, and seem to inherit their transports. Thus we see that Herodotus, and before him Stesichorus and Archilochus, were great Imitators of Homer; but Plato is the man of all who has imitated him most, having derived from that Poet, as from a living well, an infinite number of streams and rivulets, of which I might produce various examples; but Ammonius has done it already.

Nor ought this to be looked upon as a theft, but rather as a beautiful idea, which a man has formed upon the invention and the work of another. It is indeed my opinion, that Plato had never been able to have introduced so many noble strokes into his Philosophical Treatises, passing as he does from simple discourse to poetical flights and expressions, had he not come in the nature of a Combatant to dispute with all his power the prize with Homer, viz. with one who had already received the applauses of the whole world: for though he seems perhaps to do this with too much fervency, and,
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as it is said, "sword in hand," yet is it of no small advantage to him, since, as Hesiod has it,

"By noble emulation men improve."

And is it not in reality a very glorious thing, and worthy of a great soul, to engage in the cause of honour and conquest with those who have preceded us, in a cause wherein it will be no discredit to us to be vanquished?

C H A P. XII.

AS often then as we set out upon a Work which requires the Sublime, it would not be unprofitable to make these or the like reflexions. How would Homer have expressed this? What would Plato, Demosthenes, or, if matter of History, Thucydides have done, to have rendered the style sublime in this place? The great men whom we propose to our imagination, presenting themselves in this manner to our imitation, serve as a light to us, and raise the soul almost as high as is the idea we conceive of them. These considerations would be yet more forcible, if we further reflected within ourselves, what Homer or Demosthenes would think of what we are now saying, if they heard us, and what judgement they would probably pass upon us. We should not imagine we were contending for an ordinary prize, could we seriously possess ourselves with the thought that we were going to submit our Writings to so illustrious a tribunal, and to expose them upon a theatre where such Heroes were to be our Judges and Auditors. But the most great and powerful incentive of all is, to consider what judgement Posterity will form upon our labours; for, if a man is so distrustful of himself, as to think he is incapable of writing any thing that may exceed that term of years by which his own life and age are circumscribed, all he produces will be blind,

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blind, abortive, and imperfect; nor will he ever give himself the trouble of laying the finishing-hand to those Works which he does not write with an intention of transmitting to future ages.

C H A P. XIII.

THERE are a sort of Images, my illustrious young Friend, by some called Paintings, or Fictions, which are also of great use to give what we say pomp, magnificence, and weight. The word Image is taken in general for every thought that is proper to produce an expression; and that creates in the mind a picture of somewhat, be it in what manner it will. But it is yet received in a more particular and confined sense for those discourses we make when, through any extraordinary transport of mind, we seem to view the things we speak of, and when we place them in their full light before those who hear us.

Here it must be understood that the Images in Rhetoric are entirely of a different use from those in Poesy. In Poesy, they are designed to astonish and surprize; in Prose, to paint things naturally, and place them in clear views. There is nevertheless this in common, that they have a tendency to move both in the one and the other.

“ O Mother ! drive not those dire spectres on me
 “ See, see, they come : the baleful Virgins stare !
 “ Blood in their eyes, and dragons in their hair !”

Again,

“ Now, now, I'm slain : ah ! whither would I
 “ fly ?”

The Poet in this place did not really see the Furies, but yet gave such a lively Image of them, that, in a manner, he made the Audience see them. And, indeed, though I cannot well say Euripides

is

is so happy in expressing the other passions, yet as for those of Love and Rage, they are what he particularly studied, and has succeeded very well in. Upon other occasions likewise, he is sometimes bold enough in Description; for, though he does not seem to be naturally formed for the Sublime, he corrects his genius, and forces it up, as it were, to the Tragical and Lofty; so that one may apply those verses of the Poet to him,

“ ———He whirls his tail around,

“ While with the lash his loins and sides re-
“ found;

“ He foams and works himself to rage.”

As is observable in that passage where Sol, as he is putting the reins into Phaeton's hands, speaks to him as follows:

“ The Libyc æther be advis'd to fly;

“ For there the sultry temper of the sky,

“ Devoid of vapour and from moistness free,

“ Will headlong drive the burning axle-tree.”

And again,

“ But towards the Pleiades directly go.

“ Here the mad Youth to loose the reins began,

“ And lash'd his mettled racers; swift they ran

“ Through Heaven's expanded plain; th' indul-

“ gent God

“ Behind him on the back of Sirius rode,

“ Still pointing, warning, Keep the level side;

“ Turn hitherward, this way the chariot guide.”

Would not one say, that the Poet's soul mounts the chariot with Phaeton? that he partakes in all his dangers, and accompanies the horses in their airy flight? For, did he not pursue them through the heavens, were he not present at all that pass'd, how could he possibly describe things as he does?

Such

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Such also is that passage in his *Cassandra*, which begins,

“ Ye warlike Trojans,” &c.

Æschylus has also some Images truly noble and heroical, as may be seen in his Tragedy, intituled, “ The Seven Chiefs before Thebes.”

“ Seven Chiefs, a valiant warlike train,

“ On a brass shield a heifer slain,

“ Their hands in blood obdurate stain,

“ And on Despair, and Death, and all

“ The Furies, with an oath they call.”

They barbarously and without mercy (he goes on) take an oath for their own destruction. Now, as this Poet, through too strong an ambition for the Sublime, too often falls into rude, gross, and uncultivated thoughts; so *Euripides*, by a noble emulation, sometimes exposes himself to the same danger. As for example, in *Æschylus*, the Palace of *Lycurgus* becomes enraged at the sight of *Bacchus*:

“ The dome resounds, and the whole Palace
“ roars.”

Euripides employs the same thought, but differently, and with a softer turn,

“ The Mountain answers to their cries in groans.”

Sophocles is no less excellent for description, as may be seen in that which he has left us of the death of *Oedipus*, and his burying himself alive in the midst of a prodigious tempest; as also in that passage, where he describes the Ghost of *Achilles* upon his own Monument, at the very moment the Greeks were going to weigh anchor. Yet I doubt very much, as to that apparition, whether any body has given a more lively description of it than *Simonides*. But there would be no end of producing examples upon this occasion.

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To return to what we were saying. Poetical Images are for the most part full of fabulous accidents, and such as are utterly incredible; whereas in Rhetoric, the beauty of Images consists in representing the thing as it happened, and such as it is in reality. Poetical and fabulous invention in Orations would necessarily carry along with it rude and impertinent digressions, and lead into the last absurdity; yet this is what our modern Orators are fond of. They sometimes see Furies too, these great Orators, as well as the Tragic Poets. But the quaint gentlemen are not aware that, when Orestes says,

“ O Goddess, O my dire Tormentress, cease
“ At length thy cruelties! Thou bind’st me round,
“ To throw me headlong to th’ Infernal Gulph;”

he only imagines he sees these things, because he is out of his senses. What then is the effect of Images in Rhetoric? Why, among other things, they animate and keep up warmth in a Discourse; so that, being artfully interwoven with the reasonings, they do not only persuade, but, in a manner, overcome the Hearer. “ If one man,” says the Orator, “ hears a great disturbance before the Palace, and another at the same time comes to tell him, that the Prisons are broke open, and the prisoners of War making their escape; there is no old man so burdened with years, no young man so negligent and lazy, but makes all the haste he is able to bring succour. But if, in the midst of all this, any points out the Author of the disorder, the wretch is gone, he perishes upon the spot, and has not time allowed him to speak.”

Hyperides makes use of the same piece of skill in an Oration, wherein he gives an account of the ordinance he published after the defeat of Chæroneæ, that the slaves should be set at liberty. “ It is not,” says

says he, "the Orator that has made this Law pass; "it is the battle; it is the defeat of Chæroneæ." At the same time, that he evinces the thing by reason, he gives you an image, by the force of which he goes further than meerly persuading or proving: for, as we are naturally intent upon that which is dazzling and amazing, the minds of the Auditors are easily carried away by the Image which is presented to them in the midst of the argument, and which, striking upon the imagination, hinders them from looking nearly into the strength of the proofs, by reason of that surprizing lustre which brightens and encompasses the Discourse. Nor is it at all extraordinary that this should have such an effect upon us; since it is certain that, of two bodies mixed together, the strongest always attracts to itself the virtue and power of the other. But we have now said enough of that sort of Sublime which consists in the thoughts, and which proceeds, as I have observed, either from a superiority of Genius, from Imitation, or from Images.

C H A P. XIV.

THE next thing we are to speak of, in pursuit of the method we have prescribed ourselves, is the Figures; for, as I have before observed, they do not constitute the least part of the Sublime, provided they have a proper turn given them. But it were a Work of too great extent, not to say endless, to take an exact survey of all Figures that may be made to bear a place in Discourse. For this reason we shall content ourselves with running over a few of the principal ones, viz. those which contribute most to the Sublime; and this chiefly to convince you that we have advanced nothing but what is strictly true. When Demosthenes was about to justify his conduct, and persuade the

Athenians that they did not do amiss in giving Philip battle ; what had been the most natural way of expressing himself upon that head ? He might have said, “ You have not been mistaken, Countrymen, in exposing your lives for the liberty and safety of Greece ; you are not without the most illustrious examples for so doing ; for who can say that those great men were mistaken, who fought for the same cause in the Plains of Marathon, at Salamis, and before Plateæ ? ”

But he gives it a quite different turn, and all of a sudden, as if he were inspired with the God, and possessed with the spirit of Apollo, he flies out in the name of those valiant Defenders of their Country, and says, “ No, no, my Countrymen, you have not done amiss ; you have not ; I swear it by the ghosts of those great men who fought for the same cause in the plains of Marathon.”

By this single form of an oath, which I here term an Apostrophe, he deifies the ancient citizens he is speaking of ; and shews, in effect, that all those who die in that manner ought to be regarded as Gods, by whose names men ought to swear ; he inspires his Judges with the spirit and sentiments of those illustrious Dead ; and, by changing the natural air of proof into this great and pathetic manner of affirmation, by oaths so new, so worthy, and surprizing, he infuses into their minds a kind of antidote and counter-poison to all ill impressions ; he raises their courage by encomiums : in a word, he convinces them, that they ought to entertain no less opinion of the battle they lost against Philip, than of the victories they won at Marathon and Salamis ; and thus, by so many different methods, all comprized in one figure, draws them over to his side. But there are some who pretend that the original of this oath is taken from Eupolis, where he says,

“ He shall not joy, who causes grief to me ;
“ I swear it by my fight at Marathon.”

But

But there is no great matter of beauty in simple swearing: it must be considered when, how, upon what occasion, and for what reason, it is done. Now, in this passage of the Poet, there is nothing at all but a bare oath; for he speaks to the Athenians in their prosperity, and at a time when they had no need of consolation. Add to this, that, in the oath before us, he does not swear, like Demosthenes, by men whom he renders immortal; nor seems in the least solicitous to create in the minds of the Athenians sentiments worthy of the virtue of their Ancestors: but, instead of swearing by the names of those who had fought, he triflingly swears by an inanimate thing, viz. the fight. On the contrary, in Demosthenes, this oath directly tends to revive courage in the vanquished Athenians, and to prevent their looking upon the Battle of Chæronea hereafter as a misfortune; insomuch that, by this one Figure, as I have already taken notice, he proves from reason that they did not do amiss; he furnishes them with a precedent; he confirms that precedent by an oath; he makes them an encomium, and urges them on to the War against Philip.

But whereas it might be answered to our Orator, "Our present business regards the battle we have lost against Philip during the time you had the administration of the affairs of the Commonwealth, and you swear to us by the victories which our Forefathers won:" In order, therefore, to proceed safely, he is very cautious in the regulation of his words, and makes use of none but such as are of advantage to him; shewing thereby that even the most exquisite transports must be guided with prudence and discretion. In speaking then of the victories of their Ancestors, he says, "Those who fought by land at Marathon, and by sea at Salamis; those who gave battle

“ battle near Artemisa and Plateæ.” He avoids saying, those who conquered: he is silent as to the event, which had been as fortunate in those engagements as it was fatal at Chæroneæ, and is beforehand with his Audience, by proceeding thus: “ All those in general, O Æschines, who
“ fell in those conflicts, were buried at the expence
“ of the Commonwealth, and not only those whose
“ valour was seconded by their good fortune.”

C H A P. XV.

WE come now briefly to explain an observation I have made; and that is, that if Figures, on the one hand, naturally support the Sublime; the Sublime, on the other, wonderfully supports Figures. But how, and when, is the thing to be spoken to?

In the first place, it is plain, that a Discourse which is altogether and meerly figurative is liable, of course, to be suspected of design and artifice, especially if it be directed to a Judge who has the power to absolve or condemn, or to a Tyrant, Prince, or General of an Army: for such a one naturally conceives a certain indignation against an Orator, and can never bear that a puny Rhetorician should take it into his head to impose a gross and palpable cheat upon him, as if he were a child. Then again, imagining that these artificial harangues carry in them a contempt of himself, it is probable he may be utterly disgusted at once; and though he bridle in his resentments, and suffer himself in some measure to be mollified with the seeming agreeableness of the Discourse, yet shall he entertain the strongest aversion to believe any thing that shall be said to him. For this reason, there is no Figure so excellent as that which is entirely concealed, and which one shall not apprehend to be a Figure at all. Now there

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is no way in the world so truly effectual for concealing it, as the making use of the Sublime and Pathetic : and when Art is thus shut up, and, as it were, lost in the lustre of things so great and dazzling, it has all it wants, and can no longer be subject to a suspicion of deceit. I can produce no better instance than that I have already reported : " I swear it by the ghosts of those great men," &c. How well does the Orator conceal the figure he makes use of here, by the brightness and splendor of his thought ! As lesser lights vanish when the sun shines forth, so all these little subtilties of Rhetoric disappear at the sight of the Sublime, which surrounds them on all sides. The same thing, or somewhat not very distant from it, is to be observed in Painting ; where, when several things are drawn at due distances upon the same plan, and the lights and shades regularly placed, the lightsome is what naturally presents itself to the view first, and seems, as it were, to advance out of the canvas, and approach towards us. In the same manner the Sublime and Pathetic, whether it be from that natural affinity they bear to the secret springs of the soul, or their own inherent brightness, appear most conspicuous, and seem to affect the mind in a far greater degree than Figures, whose Art they conceal, and which they cast in shades.

C H A P. XVI.

WHAT shall we say of Questions and Interrogations ? or can any thing give more force and vehemence to an Oration than those sorts of Figures ? " Will you never," says Demosthenes to the Athenians, " leave off rambling over the city, to enquire of one another, what news there is ?— " Why, know you not the news ?—A man of " Macedon lords it over Athens, and gives law " to Greece.—Is Philip dead ? says one.—No, " replies

“replies another; but he is sick.—Why, pray, “what is it to you, whether he be alive or dead? “When Heaven shall have delivered you from “one Philip, you yourselves will soon make another.” And in another place; “Let us embark “for Macedonia; but where, say you, shall we “land? The War itself will shew you where Philip “is to be conquered.” Had he told the thing in a simple plain manner, his Discourse had not been at all answerable to the dignity of the affair he was speaking of; whereas, by this excellent and vehement manner of making Interrogations, and answering himself as if it were another person, he not only renders what he says more forcible and strong, but more plausible and likely. Then the Pathetic no where moves so much, as when the Orator does not appear to affect it, but it seems to arise naturally from the occasion before him; nor is there any thing represents the passions so well as these sorts of questions and interrogations; for those one puts them to naturally feel a certain emotion, which precipitately hurries them on to give an immediate answer, and tell what they know of the truth, even before you have finished the Question. So that, by this Figure, the Auditors are dextrously deceived, and take the most premeditated Discourse for things spoken extempore, and begot in warmth. There is yet another thing which gives great vehemence to Discourse, and that is, the removing the connexions. A Discourse, which is not tied and embarrassed by them, goes on more swiftly, and runs, as it were, of itself; nay, seems sometimes to out-run the very thought of the Orator. “Having blended their “shields with one another,” says Xenophon, “they were pushed, they combated, they killed, “they died.” Such also are those words of Eurilochus to Ulysses in Homer;

"We rang'd, great Leader, all the woods around,
 "The seats of Circe in the vales we found."

These periods thus curtailed, and yet pronounced with precipitation, are the marks of a lively sorrow, which, at the same time that it forces him to speak, is an obstruction to his Speech.

C H A P. XVII.

THERE is not any thing of greater force to move, than the conjoining of several Figures together; for when two or three are thus blended, entering by that means into a sort of society, they communicate their respective force, beauty, and ornament, one to another: as may be observed in this passage of Demosthenes's Oration against Me-dias, wherein, at the same time that he takes away the connecting particles, he joins together the figures of Repetition and Description. "Every man," says our Orator, "who abuses another, does many things by his gesture, by his eyes, by his voice, which it is impossible for him who has been so abused to describe." And then, for fear the Discourse should flag in the sequel, and knowing very well, that as order is the property of a composed sedate spirit, so disorder is the mark of passion and emotion in the soul, he goes on to pursue the same diversity of Figure. "Sometimes," says he, "he strikes him as an enemy, sometimes insults him, sometimes with his hands, sometimes upon his face." By this violence of words, thus confusedly thrown one upon another, the Orator moves and affects the Judges, no less than if they had seen the man abused in their own presence. He returns to the charge, and goes on like a tempest. "These affronts are provoking; these affronts make a man of spirit, and who is not used to injuries, directly mad."

"No

“ No words can exprefs the enormity of fuch an “ action.” By fuch a continual change, he pre- ferves, through the whole, the fpirit and charac- ter of thofe turbulent figures ; infomuch that there is in his regularity a kind of diforder ; and, on the contrary, wonderful regularity in his diforder. For proof of what I am faying, put, if you please, the connexions to this paffage, as the Scholars of Ifocrates are ufed to do. “ And indeed it muft “ not be forgot, that he who abufes another does “ many things, in the firft place by his gefture, “ afterwards by his eyes, and in the laft place by “ his very voice,” &c. Now, by fmoothing and laying every thing upon a level, as it were, by means of thefe connecting particles, you fee how, from a pathetic, violent, and lofty manner, you would fink into a poor precisenefs of expreffion, that has neither life nor foul, and that all the force of your Oration would foon be extinguifhed by it. To bind the limbs of a man who runs, were to take away all his ftrength and fpeed ; in like man- ner, to embarrafs a paffion with thefe particles and unufeful connexions, is to impofe a reftRAINT upon the Oration, to take from it the freedom of its courfe, and utterly deftroy the native impetuofity and vehemence, by which it marched like an ar- row darted out of a machine.

C H A P. XVIII.

A MONG other Figures, we muft admit Hy- perbatons. The Hyperbaton is no other than a tranfpofition of thoughts, or words out of the natural order and method of difcourfe : and this Figure naturally implies real violence and ftrength of paffion. For inftance : obferve all thofe who are moved with Anger, Fear, Vexation, Jealoufy, or any other paffion whatever, for there is no numbering them ; and their minds, you will fee, are

under a continual agitation; no sooner have they formed one design, but they enter upon another; and in the midst of that, proposing somewhat new to themselves neither rational nor consistent, they frequently come back again to their first resolution; passion in them is like a fickle inconstant wind, which hurries them about, and makes them incessantly veer from one side to another; so that, in this perpetual flux and reflux of opposite sentiments, they change their thoughts and language every minute, and neither observe order nor method in their discourse.

Skilful Writers, therefore, to express the turns of Nature, make use of Hyperbatons; and, to say truth, Art is never in a more high degree of perfection, than when she resembles Nature so nearly, that one takes her for Nature itself: nor does Nature ever succeed so well, as when Art is couched under her.

We find a very beautiful instance of this sort of transposition in Herodotus, where Denys the Phocian speaks in this manner to the Ionians; "Your affairs are reduced to the last extremity, ye men of Ionia; we must of necessity either be Free-men or Slaves, miserable Slaves. If then ye would avoid the misfortunes which threaten you, you must without delay embrace labour and hardship, and accomplish your liberty by the defeat of your enemies." If he would have followed the natural method, he must have spoken in this manner; "O you men of Ionia, now is the time for us to embrace labour and hardship, for our affairs are reduced to the last extremity." In the first place, it is observable, he here transposes the words "ye men of Ionia," and does not insert them till he had cast terror into their minds; as if the greatness of the danger had made him forget, in the beginning of the Discourse, the civi-
lity

lity that was due to those to whom he spoke. Afterwards he inverts the order of the thoughts; for, before he exhorts them to labour, which is yet his scope, he gives them the reason which ought to encourage them to it, "our affairs are reduced to the last extremity;" to the end his Discourse might not seem premeditated, but the present effect of passion. Thucydides has also very remarkable Hyperbatons, and is admirably skilful in transposing things which seem united by nature, and which one would think could not possibly be separated.

Demosthenes is very sparing of these Figures; but for Thucydides, no man ever displayed them in such profusion; he even surfeits his Readers with them; for, in a passion, wherein he would make all he says appear extemporary, he never fails to lead his Audience through dangerous windings and long transpositions. Very often he suspends his first thought, as if he purposely affected disorder; and, intermingling in the midst of his Discourse several different matters, which he frequently goes in search of though foreign to the subject, puts his Reader in pain for him, and makes him necessarily interest himself in the danger wherein he fancies he sees the Orator. Then all of a sudden, and when one least expects it, falling pertinently into what had been so long waited for, by such a transposition equally bold and dangerous, he affects us much more than if he had observed order in his words. There are so many instances to be produced for what I am saying, that I shall excuse myself the trouble of relating them.

C H A P. XIX.

THE same thing may be said of those Figures which are commonly called Polypototes; such as Collections, Gradations, and all those others, which, as you well know, carrying in them ex-

treme force and vehemence, may be consequently very serviceable to the adorning of Discourse, and contribute in various ways to the Pathetic and Sublime. But what shall we say of the changes of Case, Tense, Person, Number, and Gender? Every man must see how proper they all are to diversify and animate the dictioun. To instance only in the change of Number, in such whose termination is singular, but which have in effect the force and virtue of Plurals. "Immediately a vast multitude running to the sea-side, they made the shores resound with their cries." These Singulars are the rather worthy observation, because sometimes there is nothing more magnificent than Plurals. Such as the words in Sophocles of Oedipus exclaiming against Wedlock's producing

"—— promiscuous Fathers, Brothers,

"Husbands, and Sons, and Daughters, Wives,
and Mothers;

"And all the horrible incestuous brood,

"That can arise from mingling kindred blood."

All these different names mean but one person, that is, Oedipus on the one hand, and his mother Jocasta on the other; but nevertheless, by extending and multiplying the number in so many different Plurals, he seems to aggravate in a great measure the misfortunes of Oedipus. The Poet makes use of the same Pleonasm, where he says,

"And Hectors and Sarpedons rose."

The same may be said of that passage of Plato which relates to the Athenians, and which I have quoted in another place. "For no Pelops's, Cadmus's, Egyptians, or Danaus's, no men of barbarous origin, dwell with us; we are all Grecians; we have no commerce or intercourse with Barbarians, but all inhabit the same city." All these Plurals, accumulated one upon another,
make

make us conceive a much greater idea of the things they express. But great care must be taken to do this only where it is proper, and in those places where it is necessary to amplify, or multiply, or exaggerate, and that too in passion; that is to say, when the subject will admit of one or more of these things. But to be continually ringing these bells, smells too strong of the Sophistical.

C H A P. XX.

PLURALS, in like manner, may be reduced into Singulars, which has also somewhat very great init. "All Peloponnesus," says Demosthenes, "was at that time divided into factions." And Herodotus, "When the Tragedy of Phrynicus was acted, the whole Theatre dissolved in tears." The comprising many things in one, after this manner, gives a body to Discourse. As for the rest, I take it, that, ordinarily speaking, it is the same reason that gives value to both these Figures. For whether by changing Singulars into Plurals of one thing you make many, or by changing a Plural into a Singular with an agreeable sound, of many you make but one, such an unexpected change is still a sign of passion.

C H A P. XXI.

IT is the same thing in the change of time, that is, when one speaks of a thing past, as if it were transacting at the present: because it is then no longer a relation which you make; it is an action which is doing at that instant. "A Soldier," says Xenophon, "falling under Cyrus's horse, and being kicked, runs his sword through the horse's belly; the wounded horse flounces, and shakes off his master; Cyrus tumbles." This Figure is very frequent in Thucydides.

CHAP.

C H A P. XXII.

THE change of Persons is no less pathetic; for it often makes the Hearer imagine himself in the midst of danger. Such is this of Homer :

“ You would have thought, their fury was so
“ fierce,

“ No toil could tire them, and no weapon
“ pierce.”

And this of Aratus :

“ Trust not the seas in this tempestuous month.”

“ When you are gone out from the city Elephantina,” says Herodotus, “ you march gradually up to an eminence ; thence you descend into a plain ; when you have crossed that, you may embark again, and arrive in twelve days at the great city which is called Meroe.” You see, my dear Terentianus, how he carries you along with him, and conducts you through all these different countries, rather presenting them to your sight than your ear. All these things, when pertinently applied, influence the Hearer, and keep his mind intent upon the present action, especially if the Discourse be not directed to many in general, but to one in particular,

“ But on which part the brave Tydides fought
“ You'd scarce discern.”

By awakening your Auditor with these Apostrophes, you render him more vigilant, more attentive, more full of the thing of which you are speaking.

C H A P. XXIII.

IT sometimes happens, that a Writer, speaking of another person, all of a sudden puts himself in that other's place, and acts his part : which Figure shews impetuosity of passion :

“ But

“ But Hector animates the Soldier’s toil,
 “ Urges the fight, deters them from the spoil,
 “ Points to the fleet ; for he, who lags behind,
 “ Whom, by the Gods, on plunder bent I find,
 “ This sword shall speed him.”

The Poet here reserves the narrative part to himself as what most properly belongs to him, and all unexpectedly without the least warning puts that precipitate menace into the mouth of his enraged Hero. The sense would have languished, had he added, Hector said these or the like words ; whereas by this sudden transition he out-runs the Reader ; nay, the transition seems to have been made even before the Poet himself was aware of it. The proper place then to make use of this Figure is, when the time presses, and the occasion will not permit the least delay to the Writer, but necessitates him to pass immediately from one person to another. As in these Words of Hecateus ; “ The Herald, astonished at the orders he had received, commanded the Heraclides to quit the kingdom : I am no longer able to protect you ; if you would not perish yourselves, and involve me too in your ruin, go to some other people for refuge.” Demosthenes, in his Oration against Aristogitus, has made use of the same Figure, in a different manner indeed, but with extreme force and pathos. “ And is there not to be found among you,” says the Orator, “ one whose heart burns with indignation and resentment, to see an audacious and infamous wretch commit violence on all things sacred ? A villain, who——O thou most flagitious of men, can nothing restrain thy unbridled impudence ? I do not say these gates, I do not say these iron bars, for those another man might break through.” The Orator, you there see, leaves his thought imperfect ; his anger keeps him in suspense, and divided

vided upon a word, between two different persons, "A villain, who—O thou most flagitious of men." Then, by immediately turning against Aristogitus the discourse he seemed to have dropped, he affects infinitely more, and makes a much stronger impression than he would otherwise have done. Of the same nature is that passionate speech of Penelope in Homer, where she meets the Herald from her Suitors :

- " On what new errand, Herald, art thou sped
 " From the proud Suitors to my spotless bed ?
 " Is it a prelude to a fresh repast ?
 " O may, ye Powers, this riot be their last !
 " This the last interview, that e'er shall be
 " Betwixt those lawless Guests and sad Penelope !
 " Ye Revellers, who basely lord it o'er
 " Domains not yours, and spoil another's store ;
 " Ulysses absent, who his wealth impair,
 " Abuse his faithful Wife, and rob his Heir ;
 " Have you ne'er heard that Hero's praises told,
 " How wise he is, and fortunately bold !"

C H A P. XXIV.

THERE is nobody, I believe, but will agree that the Periphrasis may be of great use in Sublime ; for as in Music the principal sound is rendered more sweet and agreeable to the ear, when accompanied with those different sounds or parts which answer to it ; so the Periphrasis often forms a certain consonance and harmony very beautiful in Discourse, by the peculiar relation which every part of it bears to the main thing, or the chief and proper expression ; especially if the whole be justly laid, and nothing inconsistent or extravagant appear in it. Plato has furnished us with a fine instance of this in the beginning of his Funeral

neral Oration. "We have," says he, "paid the
 "last offices to them, and now they set forward
 "upon the voyage of mortality, and march on
 "surrounded with all that magnificence with
 "which the whole city in general and their parents
 "in particular have conducted them out of this
 "world." In the first place, he terms Death
 "the voyage of mortality;" afterwards he speaks
 of the last offices which had been rendered unto
 the dead, as a public solemnity, which their
 country had purposely prepared to conduct them
 out of this life. Now shall we say all these things
 contribute but little to the elevating of the thoughts?
 or has he not wound up a naked simple diction in-
 to a kind of concert and harmony, by means of
 this Periphrasis, so melodiously diffused through
 the Discourse? Thus Xenophon also: "You
 "look upon labour as the only thing which can
 "lead you to a happy and delightful life; but
 "(what is yet a greater ornament, what most be-
 "comes you as warlike men,) you are not so sen-
 "sibly affected with any thing as praise." Instead
 of saying, "You apply yourselves to labour,"
 he makes use of this expression, "You look upon
 "labour to be the sole guide which can conduct
 "you to a happy life." By thus enlarging upon
 things, he not only renders his thought greater,
 but heightens the encomium. But, of all others,
 this Periphrasis of Herodotus seems to me most
 inimitable: "The Goddess Venus, to revenge
 "herself upon the insolence of the Scythians, who
 "had plundered her Temple, sent a disease
 "among them which made women of them."

To conclude, There is nothing of more exten-
 sive use than the Periphrasis, provided one does not
 display it upon all occasions without judgement or
 moderation; for then it immediately languishes,
 and has in it I know not what coarse and trifling.

It

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It is for this reason that Plato, who is ever figurative in his expressions, and sometimes a little improperly in the opinion of some, has been raillied for having said in his Republick; "The riches of gold and silver must not be suffered to take footing and inhabit in a city." If he had had a mind, say they, to have introduced the possession of cattle, he might have said with as good reason, "The riches of beef and mutton."

What has been said is in general sufficient to shew the use of Figures, as far as they regard the Sublime, it being certain that they all serve to animate and give Pathos. The Pathetic participates of the Sublime in the same measure as the Sublime does of the Beautiful and Agreeable.

C H A P. XXV.

SINCE the thought and phrase generally explain one another, it will be worth while to see what there is observable in that part of Writing which regards the expression. But as there are few can be supposed to be ignorant what uncommon charms arise from propriety and nobleness of diction; it will be useless to dwell long upon it. There is nothing, perhaps, from whence Orators, and all sorts of Writers who study to be sublime, draw more of grandeur, elegance, delicacy, force, and vigour in their works, than from a happy choice of words. In short, beautiful expression is the natural and true light of our thoughts; it is this to which we owe so many excellences in writing, and which gives things a kind of vocal life and spirit. But then, on the other hand, to be continually affecting tumour, and a vain ostentation of words, is unpardonable; for to express things of a low nature in great and magnificent terms, is much the same as if one should put an enormous theatrical mask upon the face of a little child. Cecilius condemns,

condemns, I know not why, a passage of Theopompus, which nevertheless seems to me very just and significant: "Philip," says that Historian, "swallows down injuries in compliance with the necessity of his affairs." Simplicity and plainness often express things better than all the pomp and ornament that can be used, as may be observed in the common transactions of life; besides that the most ordinary and unaffected manner of speech is the aptest to create belief. Now, in speaking of a man who passed over indignities with indifference, in order to aggrandize himself, that term of "swallowing down injuries" seems to me very expressive. As likewise this of Herodotus: "Cleomenes," says he, "being grown desperate, hewed his flesh into little pieces, and, after having mangled himself in that manner, died." And again, "Pythes continued fighting in the ship, till he was hacked all to pieces." These plain expressions import, that a man means honestly, that what he relates is matter of fact, and that he does not understand how to gloss, though at the same time they carry nothing in them poor or trivial.

C H A P. XXVI.

As to the number of Metaphors, Cecilius seems to be of the opinion of those who will admit of but two or three at most for the expressing one thing. But here Demosthenes must be our rule. That Orator shews us, there are occasions in which more may be made use of at one time, viz. when the passions, like a rapid torrent, bear them after them necessarily and in multitudes. "These wicked wretches," he somewhere says, "these base flatterers, these furies of the commonwealth, have cruelly dilacerated their country. These are the men, who

“ who in their scandalous excesses betrayed our
 “ liberties to Philip, and who at this day betray
 “ them to Alexander : these are they, I say, who,
 “ measuring their happiness by their inordinate
 “ pleasures, by their infamous debauches have
 “ overthrown all the boundaries of honour, and
 “ destroyed that maxim amongst us, in which
 “ our valiant fathers placed their whole felicity ;
 “ not to endure a master.” By this crowd of
 Metaphors pronounced in passion, our Orator si-
 lences the Traytor at once. Nevertheless, Ari-
 stotle and Theophrastus, to excuse the boldness of
 these figures, think it proper to introduce them
 with these or the like mitigations ; “ If I may ex-
 “ press myself in this manner ;”—“ If I may be
 “ allowed to make use of this term ;”—“ To
 “ speak thus ;—If the phrase be not too bold :”—
 For, say they, the making such apologies is some
 sort of remedy for, and restraint upon, too great
 a licentiousness in the use of figures ; and therein I
 cannot but agree with them. But nevertheless I
 must insist, as I have already intimated, that the
 best and most natural remedy against this luxuriance
 and hardness, whether of Metaphors or other Fi-
 gures, is, not to use them but in the proper place,
 that is, in great passions and in the Sublime : for
 as the Sublime and Pathetic, by their violence and
 impetuosity, naturally bear all before them, so
 they necessarily ask strong expressions, and do not
 give the Auditor time to amuse himself with cavil-
 ing at the number of the Metaphors, because at
 that very moment he feels one common warmth
 with him that speaks.

In tracts of places likewise, and in descriptions,
 there is sometimes nothing that better expresses
 things than a multitude of continued Metaphors ;
 and hence it is that we find in Xenophon so pom-
 pous a description of the human body : but Plato
 has

given us a picture of it in a manner still more divine. He calls the head "a citadel;" and says, that "the neck is situated as an isthmus between
 "that and the breast; that the chine-bones are
 "the hinges upon which it turns; that pleasure is
 "the bait that attracts all the misfortunes that
 "happen to men; that the tongue is the arbitrator
 "of the taste; that the heart is the source of the
 "veins, the fountain of the blood, which flows
 "out of it rapidly into all the other parts; and that
 "it is disposed in the manner of a castle, fortified
 "on all sides;" the "pores" he terms "narrow
 "streets;" and then goes on thus: "The Gods,
 "being willing to provide for the palpitation or
 "beating of the heart, which is ordinarily occa-
 "sioned in it by fear at the unexpected sight of
 "terrible things, or by the rising of the choler
 "when it is on fire, have placed under it the
 "lungs, which are of a soft substance and without
 "blood; but, being full of little holes within, in
 "the nature of a sponge, they serve the heart as a
 "pillow, to the end that, when the choler is in-
 "flamed, it may not be disturbed in the performance
 "of its functions." He calls the concupiscible
 "parts "the womens apartments;" the irascible,
 "the mens." He says, that "the spleen is the
 "kitchen of the entrails, and that, being full of
 "the excrements of the liver, it swells and be-
 "comes bloated;" and then goes on as follows:
 "The Gods have covered all these parts with flesh,
 "which serves them as a rampart and defence
 "against the injuries of heat and cold, and all
 "other accidents, and is as a soft fine wool, which
 "benignly and gently surrounds the body. The
 "blood is the food of the flesh; and to the end
 "that all parts might receive their just aliment,
 "they have watered it, as a garden, with variety
 "of canals; that so the rivulets of the veins, which

" proceed from the heart as their source, might
 " be conveyed through those narrow conduits of
 " the human body. For the rest, when Death
 " comes," he says, " the organs are dissolved and
 " unraveled like the cords of a ship, and leave
 " the soul to range at liberty." Innumerable instances may be produced of this kind; but what I have said is sufficient to shew how great these Figures are in themselves, how much they contribute to the Sublime, and of what singular use they may be in Pathetic Discourses and in Descriptions.

Now that these Figures, as well as all other elegances of Writing, may be carried to excess, is what is obvious enough without my saying it. Even Plato has been censured, for so often suffering himself, by a Bacchanal sort of fury, to be betrayed into hard extravagant Metaphors, and a vain pomp of Allegory: " A City," he somewhere says, " ought to resemble a vessel filled with wine, which at first frets and rages, but is no sooner associated with another sober Divinity that chastises it, but it becomes moderate and fit to drink." To call water " a sober Divinity," and to make use of the term " chastising" for tempering; in a word, to labour so much for these little curiosities; would make one think, say they, the Author himself was not extremely sober. And this, perhaps, is what gave occasion to Cecilius to determine so boldly, in his Commentaries upon Lyfias, that that Writer was in all things preferable to Plato: he loved Lyfias better than himself, and yet hated Plato more than he loved Lyfias; so that, being moved by these two principles equally reasonable, and inspired at the same time with a spirit of contradiction, he has advanced several things of those two Authors, which are not such absolute decisions as he imagines. He accuses

cuses Plato as being frequently liable to exception, and speaks of the other as a finished Writer; than which nothing is more far from truth.

C H A P. XXVII.

But, admitting for once that there may be a faultless perfect Writer, will it not be worth while to examine this question in general; to wit, which is preferable, whether in Prose or Poetry, that Sublime which has some faults, or that Mediocrity which is perfect, uniform, and pure, in all its parts? as also which of two works ought to bear the prize, that which has the greater number of beauties, or that which has the most excellent ones? These questions arise naturally from the subject; and therefore it is necessarily incumbent upon us to resolve them. For my own part, then, I am of opinion, that Sublimity above the ordinary rate will not admit of that accuracy which Mediocrity, or the middling vein of Writing, is capable of. It is with the Sublime as with immense wealth, where, in spite of all the care a man can take, something or other must be neglected. It is next to impossible, generally speaking, that he who writes in a middling low way should commit many faults; for as he runs no hazards, and never attempts to rise, he still continues safe, and as it were upon his guard; but the Sublime of itself, and by its own natural force, is lubricous and full of danger. I am not ignorant that it may be here objected to me, that we naturally judge of mens Works by the worst parts of them, and that we are much more inclined to remember their faults than their excellences; what is ridiculous dwells with us, and is not easily effaced; what is beautiful and shining passes quickly over, and is soon forgot. But though I observe several faults in Homer and in most other celebrated Writers,

and am perhaps as little pleased with them as any man in the world : yet I cannot directly consider them as real faults, but rather look upon them as small errors, and little slips which have escaped them, because their minds, being wholly bent upon the Sublime, could not so well attend to lesser matters. In one word, I cannot but think that the Sublime, though it does not equally support itself through the whole, provided this is only owing to its grandeur and elevation, carries the crown from all the rest. For example, Apollonius, he who wrote the Poem of the "Argonauts," does not so much as sink once; and in Theocritus, excepting some passages wherein he departs from the genuine character of Eclogue, there is nothing but what is happily designed : nevertheless, would you rather choose to be Apollonius than Homer ? The "Erigone" of Eratosthenes is a Poem in which you cannot find a single fault ; would you therefore say, that Eratosthenes is a greater Poet than Archilochus, because the latter is confused, and wants order and œconomy in many parts of his Writings, a fault he only slides into by reason of that Divine Spirit with hurries him away, and which he is not able to govern ? In like manner as to Lyrics, had you rather be Bacchylides than Pindar ? or, in Tragedy, Ion of Chios than Sophocles ? Bacchylides and Ion, it is true, make no false steps, nor write any thing but what is elegant and polite : not so Pindar and Sophocles ; for sometimes, in the midst of their greatest violence, while they lighten and thunder, their fires suddenly become extinct, and they unhappily fall : and yet is there any man of good sense, that would offer to compare all the Works of Ion put together, with the single Oedipus of Sophocles ?

C H A P. XXVIII.

BUT, if one ought to judge of the merit of a Work by the number rather than the quality and excellence of its beauties, it will follow that Hyperides is entirely superior to Demosthenes; for, besides that he is more harmonious, he comprehends more parts of the Orator; almost all which he possesses in an eminent degree, being in this like one of those Wrestlers who are famous for five sorts of exercises, and who, though they are not the first or chief in any one of them, exceed the ordinary and common rate in all. He has indeed imitated Demosthenes in every thing which is beautiful in Demosthenes, except in the disposition and ordering of words. To this he adds the virtues and graces of Lysias: he knows how to refine and soften, where it is proper, the rudeness and simplicity of Discourse, and does not, like Demosthenes, speak every thing with the same air; he excels in describing the manners; he has in his style an infinite sweetness and agreeableness, and never tires one. There is likewise in his Works abundance of pleasantry; his manner, when he smiles, is very delicate; then he has a wonderful facility in the managing of irony; his raillery is not cold and far-fetched, like that of the false imitators of the Attic style, but lively and pressing; he is very dextrous in eluding the objections that are made to him, and enlarging upon them; he has a great deal of comic pleasantry, and is ever full of jests and certain points of wit, that never fail to strike; all which he seasons with inimitable grace and turn; he seems formed by Nature to move pity and compassion; he is extensive in fabulous narrations; he has a wonderful flexibility for digressions; he winds himself about, he takes breath when he has a mind, as may be seen

in his fables of Latona. In fine, his Funeral Oration is embellished with so much pomp and ornament, that I cannot say whether any body has ever equalled him in that particular.

On the contrary, Demosthenes is but indifferently skilled in describing the manners: he is not copious in his diction; he has something hard, and has neither pomp nor ostentation; in a word, he has hardly any of those things of which we have been speaking. If he endeavours to be pleasant, he makes himself ridiculous instead of making others merry; and the nearer he tries to approach to it, the more distant he is from it. Nevertheless, inasmuch as all those beauties which are so numerous in Hyperides have nothing of the Sublime; and that one observes in him, if I may so express myself, the Orator ever hungry, and possessed with a certain languor of spirit, which never rouses itself, and which never moves the souls of others; therefore it is that nobody has been exceedingly transported with the reading of his Works: whereas Demosthenes, having collected in himself all the qualities of an Orator truly formed by Nature for the Sublime, and thoroughly perfected by study, viz. that tone of majesty and grandeur, those lively perturbations, that fertility, that address, that promptitude, and, which is chiefly to be admired in him, that force and vehemence, for which none ever yet came near him; Demosthenes, I say, by all these divine qualities, which I look upon as so many precious gifts which he received from the Gods, and which it is not permitted me to call human talents, has eclipsed whatever has been famous among Orators in all ages, leaving them, as it were, overwhelmed and struck blind with his thunderings and with his lightnings; for, in those parts wherein he excels, he is so far superior to them

them, that he makes full amends for those wherein he is defective. And certainly it were more easy to confront the thunder that falls from Heaven with fixed and open eyes, than not to be touched with the violence of those passions which reign in multitudes throughout his Works.

C H A P. XXIX.

BUT to return to Plato and Lyfias. There is, as I have said, another great difference between them; for Lyfias is not only inferior to Plato in excellence, but also in number of virtues: and, what is yet further, as he has fewer beauties, so has he infinitely more faults.

What shall we say then was the reason that prompted these great souls to overlook nicer elegances, and to aim only at Sublimity in their Writing? Among many other things, there is this perhaps to be said for it: Nature did not regard man as a creature of a low and mean condition; but sent him into life and this world, as into a vast amphitheatre, to be a spectator of all that passed; she entered him, I say, in those lists, as a valiant candidate, who was to breathe nothing but glory: and therefore inspired his soul with a strong and invincible passion for every thing that was most great and divine. Hence is it that the whole world is not capacious enough for the extensive contemplations of the human mind, and that our thoughts soar above the Heavens, and penetrate even beyond those boundaries which encircle and terminate the Universe.

If one surveys the course of man's life, and observes how far what is great and illustrious prevails over that which is merely elegant or beautiful, we shall soon determine to what ends we were born. Prompted by this natural impulse, we

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do not admire little rivers, though their waters are clear and transparent, as also well adapted to human uses; but are struck with amazement when we view the Danube, the Nile, the Rhine, or, above all, the grand Ocean. We express no wonder at the sight of a little fire, which we ourselves have lighted, though it continues a considerable while in its first purity and splendor; but we are filled with admiration when we contemplate the two great fires of Heaven, though sometimes darkened, or under an eclipse. Nor do we find any thing more astonishing in nature than those furnaces of Mount *Ætna*, which throw out from their bowels vast stones and rocks, and burning rivers of sulphur and liquid flames. From all which it may be concluded, that whatever is useful and necessary to man has nothing very surprizing in it, as being obvious and easy to be come at; but that whatever is more than ordinarily great and magnificent infuses into us wonder and admiration.

C H A P. XXX.

WITH regard therefore to those great Orators whose labours are so sublime and wonderful, though at the same time not abstracted from the profitable and useful, it must be pronounced of them, that, though they are by no means exempt from faults, they have nevertheless something in them supernatural and divine. To excel in other respects, is human; in the Sublime, god-like. All that is gained by not committing faults is freedom from blame; but the Sublime creates admiration. In short, what can we say more? One single beautiful stroke, one of those sublime ideas that are to be met with in the Writings of these excellent men, is sufficient to make ample recompence for all their defects; nay, I may go yet further, and say, that if one were to collect together

gether in one heap all the faults that are to be found in Homer, in Demosthenes, in Plato, and all those other celebrated Heroes of Antiquity, they would not balance the least, no, not the thousandth part of the noble things that have been said by them. And hence it is, that Envy has never been able to blast their laurels, but that every age and race of men has readily conferred upon them those immortal palms of conquest and honour, which they wear to this day, and which, if I mistake not, they shall continue to wear,

“ As long as rivers through the meadows flow,
 “ As long as trees shall bud, and blossoms blow.”

It may here be objected to me, that a clumsy Colossus is not more valuable than a small finished Statue; such as, for instance, is Polycletes' Soldier. To this I answer, that, in works of Art, perfection is chiefly required; but, in works of Nature, the Sublime and Grand. Now Discourse is in men a natural operation; besides, what we expect from Statues, is only likeness and resemblance; but in Oratory, as I have said, we require somewhat of the Supernatural and Divine. But, nevertheless, that we may return to our first proposition, it must be confessed that the prevention of errors is the fruit and result of Art; and since it is very difficult, in the higher pitches of Sublimity, to preserve an equal pace, and keep up to the same majestic air and tone, it is necessary to bring Art to the assistance of Nature; for to a perfect harmony between these two is owing the sovereign perfection of good Writing. This is what I have thought necessary to speak upon the subjects under our consideration, leaving at the same time every man at full liberty to judge for himself.

C H A P. XXXI.

TO re-assume the thread of our discourse; Parables and Comparisons come very near to Metaphors, and differ from them but in one point.

Of this nature is the following Hyperbole; "Provided you carry your brains in your head, "and not under your heels" Great caution therefore must be used, lest these Figures be pursued too far; for it frequently happens, that the Hyperbole is entirely destroyed, and loses all its force, by being strained too high: as the string of a bow, over-stretched, becomes loose and relaxed; so this in like manner has very often a quite different effect from what we designed.

Thus Isocrates, out of a foolish ambition of being emphatical in all he says, has, I know not how, in his Panegyric, trifled himself even into the puerility of a School-boy. His design in this Panegyric is, to prove that the Athenians have done more service to Greece than the Lacedæmonians; and see how he opens: "Since Oratory is naturally "endued with the power of extenuating great "things and amplifying little ones, of making that "appear old which is new, and that new which is "old." And is it thus, one might say, O Isocrates, that you are going to turn all things topsy-turvy, with regard to the Lacedæmonians and Athenians? By introducing his Discourse with the praises of Eloquence in this manner, he in effect makes an Exordium to exhort his Auditors not to believe one word of what he is going to say to them.

We must therefore take that for granted also of Hyperboles which we have said of all other Figures in general, to wit, that those are the best which are the neatest couched, and which carry in them the least appearance of an Hyperbole. In order to this, we must take care to produce them

them only where some grand circumstance is to be pathetically related. As in this passage of Thucydides, where he describes the slaughter of the Athenians in Sicily. "The Sicilians, falling upon them in that place, made a great slaughter, especially of those who were in the river; the water was all of a sudden stained with gore; and yet, all bloody and turbid as it was, they fought to drink it." It is little credible, that men should drink blood and dirt, nay, and fight to drink it too; yet the greatness of the passion, in the midst of so surprising a circumstance, does not fail to give some colour of reason to the thing. Of the same nature is that which Herodotus says of the Lacedæmonians at Thermopylæ; "They continued to defend themselves here for some time with what arms they had left, and with their hands and teeth, till the Barbarians had in a manner buried them under their arrows." What think you of this Hyperbole? or what appearance of truth can there be, that men should defend themselves with their hands and teeth against people in arms, and that so many persons should be buried under the arrows of their enemies? Nevertheless, there is not wanting here a sort of probability; and that because the fact does not seem to be created for the sake of the Hyperbole, but the Hyperbole seems to rise naturally from the fact itself. In short, not to depart from what I have so often said, the infallible remedy to prevent the carrying these bold strokes of Rhetorick into an extreme is, not to employ them but in such places as seem to require them by the natural perturbation of things. And this is so true, that there are several things in the comic way, which, though direct absurdities in themselves, yet fail not sometimes to carry an air of probability; and the reason is, because they move passion, by which I mean the exciting of laughter; for

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for laughter is a passion of the soul, occasioned by joy. Of this sort is that touch of the Comedian, "He possessed a field in the country, which was no bigger than a Lacedæmonian Epistle."

As for the rest, Hyperboles may be made use of as well to diminish as amplify; for Exaggeration is common to both, and the Dyafrime, which is a species of Hyperbole, if rightly understood, is no other than the exaggeration of somewhat low and ridiculous.

C H A P. XXXII.

OF the five parts which produce the Sublime, and which we laid down at first as the general foundation of this Treatise; the fifth yet remains to be examined; and that is, the disposition and ordering of words. But as we have already produced two volumes * upon that subject, wherein we have explained at large all that had occurred to us from a long observation and experience; we shall content ourselves in this place to add only what we judge absolutely necessary to the present purpose. As for example, that Harmony is not merely an agreeableness, or charm, which Nature has placed in human voice to persuade and inspire pleasure; but that even inanimate instruments have a wonderful tendency to rouse the courage, and move the passions.

And do we not really find that the sound of the Flute affects the souls of all that hear it, and fills them with a sort of extasy which drives them beyond themselves? that its changes and cadences,

* The Writings of Longinus were numerous, some on philosophical, but the greater part on critical subjects. Bp. Pearce has collected the titles of twenty-five treatises, not one of which, except this "on the Sublime," hath escaped the depredations of Time and the Barbarians. On this mutilated and imperfect piece has the fame of Longinus been erected.

being

being imprinted in their ears, oblige them to accompany it, and conform thereto, in some measure, the motions of their bodies? Nor is this only proper to the Flute, but is true of almost all other musical sounds whatever. Those of the Harp, for instance, have the same effect; for though they do not immediately denote any thing of themselves, yet we see, by that diversity of tones which crowd one upon another, and that agreeable mixture of their respective harmonies, that they create in the mind the most exquisite and ravishing delights. And yet these are but mere images and imitations of a voice, which neither mean nor enforce any thing; being, if I may call them so, but bastard sounds, and not at all, as I have said, the real effects of Nature. What then may we not say of disposition, which is the true harmony of Discourse, that is in itself natural to man; which does not simply strike the ear, but the mind; which moves all at once, as well by so many different sorts of thoughts and things, as of beauties and elegances to which the mind bears a kind of relation and affinity; which, insinuating itself into the soul by variety and mixture of sounds, inspires those that hear it with the same passions as the Orators; and, lastly, which raises upon this noble collection of words that divine superstructure of Sublime we so much admire: can we, I say, deny that it enhances the grandeur, the majesty, the magnificence, and every thing that is beautiful in Discourse; and that the absolute empire it has over our minds gives it a continual power to charm and elevate them? It were idle, in short, to make the least doubt of a truth so universally acknowledged, and so amply confirmed.

As to what remains, it fares much the same with Discourses as with bodies, which ordinarily owe their principal excellence to the union and just proportion

proportion of their members; one member separated from another has nothing in it worthy notice; but all together make up a complete body. In like manner, when those parts which create the Sublime are divided, the Sublimity entirely vanishes; but when they come to form one body, by means of that union and harmonious connexion which cement them together, they are rendered, by the sole turn of the period, sonorous and emphatical; for which reason the Sublime in periods may be compared to an entertainment that is made at the joint expence of several persons. Of such prodigious force is this harmony of words, that we see several Poets and Orators, who touch the Sublime pretty well, though they are not at all formed by Nature for it; nay, even though the phrases and expressions they make use of are low, common, and inelegant. To be plain, it is this musical manner of ranging their words which supports them, and so swells and aggrandizes the voice, that the meanness of their thoughts and diction is no longer observed. Philistus is of this number; Aristophanes is the same in some places; and Euripides in a great many, as has been already evidently proved. Thus when Hercules, in that Author, after having killed his children, says,

“ So many griefs my spirit does sustain,
 “ There is no room for any other pain;”

the thought in itself is exceeding trivial; but yet the turn he gives it is so musical and harmonious, that he renders it in some degree noble. And certainly, if we will but give ourselves the trouble to invert the order of his periods, he is infinitely more happy in the disposition of his words than the sublimity of his sense. And in that passage, for instance, where he speaks of Dirce dragged by the Bull,

“ Oft as around he winds him, restless, strong;
 “ The tree, the rock, the nymph, he trails along,
 “ Obsequious to his motions ;”

his thought is here undoubtedly very noble ; but yet the numbers marching on so majestically, without hurry or precipitation, is what gives it its chief force. The words support one another, and the pauses are admirable : in short, pauses are as so many solid foundations, which prop up and elevate Writing.

C H A P. XXXIII.

THERE is nothing, on the contrary, which more debases the Sublime, than those broken numbers that are hastily pronounced ; of this kind are Pyrricks, Trochees, and Dichores, which are only proper for Dance. The little delicacy and agreeableness which there is in these measures, as it never varies its hum, never affects the mind : but, as we may observe, that those who are listening to some air in musick do not dwell upon the sense of the words, but are carried away with the sound ; so these sorts of feet never inspire the mind with those passions which should properly arise from Discourse, but barely make an impression upon the ear by the movements of their cadence ; inasmuch as the Hearers, foreseeing the Cadence that is designed, out-run the Speaker, and are before-hand with him ; just as Dancers have the measure of the Dance in their heads before it comes to be practised.

Another thing which very much tends to the weakening of Discourse is, the ranging of one's words in too great formality, or using too great a number of short syllables, connecting at the same time the disunited parts in an awkward uncouth manner. The same may be said of conciseness of style ; for nothing so lames and mangles Sublime,
 as

as confining it within too narrow a compass. At the same time that I am against curtailings of the sentences, I do not understand those which have their just extent, but such only as are too much contracted, and in a manner mutilated. To curtail one's style is to put a stop to the imagination; whereas the lengthening it out into just periods guides and conducts the Reader; but then it is to be remembered, that prolixity and a tedious circumvolution of words is insufferable, and renders all dead and languid.

C H A P. XXXIV.

THERE is yet one thing more which dishonours works of Eloquence; and that consists in lowness of terms. Thus we find in Herodotus a description of a Tempest, which is admirable as to the sense, but there is in it a mixture of words extremely low; as where he says, "The sea began to make an uproar." That expression of "making an uproar" destroys all that was great in his thought. "The wind," says he in another place, "bandied them about excessively, and those that were dispersed in the storm made an exit very disagreeable." The phrase "bandied them about" is low; and the epithet "very disagreeable" is utterly improper for describing an accident of that nature.

The Historian Theopompus has split upon the same rock, in that noble description which he has given of the King of Persia's Expedition into Ægypt, where he has spoiled the beauty of the whole by the mixture of low and sordid words. "Is there a city," says that Historian, "or a nation in all Asia, but what sent embassies to the King? Is there any thing costly and precious of the growth of the earth, or the manufacture of the countries, of which they did not make him presents?"

“ presents ? How many carpets and magnificent
 “ vests, of various colours and various devices ?
 “ How many gilded tents garnished with all ne-
 “ cessaries for life ? How many rich robes and
 “ sumptuous beds ? How many plates of gold
 “ and silver, enriched with precious stones, and
 “ artfully carved ? What an infinite number of
 “ arms, both Barbarian and Grecian ? What in-
 “ credible multitudes of beasts of carriage, and
 “ animals for sacrifice ? What bushels full of all
 “ sorts of victuals ? What chests and bags heaped
 “ up with paper, and other utensils ? And what
 “ prodigious quantities of salt-viands of all sorts of
 “ flesh ; so prodigious, that those who beheld
 “ them at a distance, imagined they were moun-
 “ tains risen out of the earth ?”

From the most noble elevation, he sinks into the last meanness, and that just in the place where he ought to have risen ; for, by so impertinently joining to that pompous description of the apparel, “ the bushels, the victuals, and the bags,” he seems as if he were drawing the picture of a Kitchen. Now, if a man, whose business it was to dispose and range all these things in order, should, in the midst of the “ gilded tents and vests, the silver-plates, and brilliant-diamonds,” place “ bags and bushels,” it would make, methinks, but an uncouth appearance. Just so it is with low words in Writing ; they are as so many blemishes and spots, which deprave and sully the expression. The Historian needed only have given the thing a different turn, and said in general, with regard to those mountains of salt-flesh and the rest of the provisions, that they sent the King camels and other beasts of carriage, laden with all things necessary to furnish out the most sumptuous entertainment : or that they sent him plenty of viands, of the most exquisite and delicious relish ;

or, if you had rather, every thing that the overseers of the table could provide most proper to regale their Lord. But one should by no means descend from an elevated Discourse to little meanesses of no consideration, except one be forced to it by some urgent necessity. The words should be every way answerable to the majesty of the things of which they treat; and herein it were well to imitate Nature, who, in the formation of man, has not exposed to view those parts which are indecent to be named, and through which the body exonerates itself; but, to make use of Xenophon's words, "has concealed and placed those canals at as great a distance as was possible, lest the beauty of the creature should thereby be sullied and disgraced." But it is not necessary to take so near a view of those things which depreciate Eloquence; for, since we have shewn what serves to exalt and ennoble it, it is easy to imagine, that, generally speaking, the contrary is what renders it groveling and mean.

C H A P. XXXV.

THE only matter, dear Terentianus, which now remains to be examined, is a question that was proposed to me by a Philosopher some time ago. It may be of use to set it in a clear light; and therefore, for your particular satisfaction, I will subjoin it to this Treatise.

"It is matter of wonder to me, as well as several others," said that Philosopher, "to consider how many Orators there are in this age, who know how to manage an argument, and who are Masters of the Oratorical style; how many there are, who do not want vivacity, elegance, nor agreeableness, in their Discourses; but yet how few there are, who come up to the true spirit of

"Sublime;

“ Sublime; so great is the sterility which at present reigns among us. Is there any thing,” proceeded he, “ in that reason which is commonly assigned, viz. that it is a Popular Government which forms and nourishes great Geniuses, since in reality all our most celebrated Orators flourished under that sort of administration, and died with it? There is nothing, perhaps,” added he, “ which more elevates the souls of men than Liberty, nor that more powerfully excites and awakens in us that natural sentiment which leads us to emulation, and that glorious ambition of seeing ourselves raised above others. Add to this, that the prizes which are proposed in Commonwealths sharpen, if I may so say, and polish the minds of Orators, encouraging them to cultivate with care the talents they have received from Nature; insomuch that one may see the liberty of their country shining forth in their harangues.

“ But we,” he continued, “ who from our infancy have been taught to submit to the yoke of lawful rule, who have been inured by custom to bend under Monarchy, while as yet our minds were tender and capable of receiving all impressions; in one word, we who have never tasted of that enlivening and fruitful source of Eloquence, Liberty; the highest pitch that we can generally arrive at, is making ourselves great and egregious Flatterers. And it was for this reason,” he said, “ he was of opinion, that a man born a Slave might be capable of other acts; but that no Slave could ever be an Orator: for a mind,” he continued, “ borne down, and, as it were, broken by being accustomed to the yoke, dares not entertain the thought of any thing that is great; all the vigour it has evaporates of itself, and it continues as it were in perpetual imprisonment.

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"sonment. In short, to make use of Homer's words,

"The hour a free-born man is cast in chains,
"Half his worth dies."

"As those boxes, if what is commonly said be true, wherein they shut up Dwarfs, not only prevent their growth, but make them less by means of a certain fillet which they tie about their bodies; so Servitude, Servitude I say, though established by the justest methods, is a kind of prison, in which the soul shrinks and grows less."

Here I took up the Discourse. "It is natural," said I, "and familiar to men, to be ever censuring the present times; but certainly, if the luxuries of a long peace are capable of corrupting the noblest minds, much more may this endless and uninterrupted war, which has so long raged over the face of the whole earth, be supposed to be none of the least obstacles to our desires."

"Add to this, the passions which continually perplex our lives, and raise confusion and disorder in our minds: it is the desire of riches, of which we are so excessively fond; it is the love of pleasure which, properly speaking, subjects us to this Servitude, or, rather, which leads us into a precipice where all our faculties are swallowed up. There is no passion so base as Avarice; no vice so scandalous as Voluptuousness: I cannot then see how those who are such great adorers of riches, and who look upon them as a kind of Divinity, can once be infected with that malady, without receiving with it, at the same time, all those evils with which it is necessarily attended. Lavishness, Profusion, and other vicious habits, always tread upon the heels of excessive Wealth; they march behind it, and by its means open the
"gates

“ gates of cities and of houses, where they enter
 “ and establish themselves; and scarcely have they
 “ continued there any time, but they build their
 “ nests according to the notion of the Sages, and
 “ make haste to multiply. Observe then what it
 “ is they produce. They beget Pride and Lux-
 “ ury, which are no spurious issue, but their true
 “ legitimate children: and if we suffer these wor-
 “ thy off-springs of Riches to grow upon us, they
 “ will soon have brought forth Insolence, De-
 “ bauchery, Impudence, and all other merciless
 “ Tyrants of the mind.

“ No sooner then has a man neglected the busi-
 “ ness of Virtue, and turned all his admiration up-
 “ on frivolous and perishable things, but all we
 “ have been speaking of must necessarily happen
 “ to him; he is no more able to lift up his eyes
 “ to look above himself, nor to say aught that ex-
 “ ceeds the common; he quickly spreads a gene-
 “ ral corruption over his soul; all that he had
 “ great and noble shrinks and withers away of
 “ course.

“ Is it possible for a Judge, who has been cor-
 “ rupted, to judge impartially, and without pas-
 “ sion, of what is just and equitable? for a mind,
 “ that has been liable to be gained over by bri-
 “ bery, to distinguish that which is honest from
 “ that which is profitable? How then can we ex-
 “ pect that, at a time when corruption reigns over
 “ the manners and minds of men; when we have
 “ no other care but how to succeed to the inheri-
 “ tance of one, or to secure a legacy in the will of
 “ another; when we extract an infamous gain out
 “ of every thing, bartering our very souls for
 “ lucre, and becoming the miserable slaves of our
 “ own passions; how can we expect, I say, that in
 “ such a general contagion there should be found
 “ a man of sound judgement, and free from pas-

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“ sion, who, not blinded nor seduced by the love
 “ of gain, could distinguish what was truly great,
 “ and worthy of posterity? In one word, all de-
 “ bauched and corrupted as we are, is it not better
 “ for us to be governed by another, than to con-
 “ tinue in our own power, lest the insatiable rage
 “ of gain, like a Fury that has broken its chain,
 “ and threatens destruction all around, should carry
 “ fire to the four corners of the earth? In fine,”
 said I to him, “ it is the love of luxury which is
 “ the cause of that sluggishness in which the
 “ minds of men, excepting some few, are at this
 “ day totally immersed: or, if we do at any time
 “ apply ourselves to worthy studies, we do it only
 “ as men who are recovered of an indisposition, for
 “ recreation’s sake, or that we may have an oppor-
 “ tunity of exerting our vanity, and not out of
 “ any noble emulation, or with a design to draw
 “ from it any solid and laudable advantage.”

But what has been said upon this subject is suf-
 ficient; let us now come to the Passions, concern-
 ing which we have promised to write a distinct
 Treatise*; for, in my opinion, they constitute one
 of the most ornamental parts in Oratory, especi-
 ally as far as they regard the Sublime.

* Which hath not had the good fortune to reach posterity.

FRAGMENTS OF LONGINUS.

F R A G M E N T * I.

AS great a sterility as there is at present among us of Philosophers, there were in our younger days, Marcellus, a great many eminent men living, who were highly celebrated for their knowledge in all philosophical precepts and documents. We had an opportunity of seeing them all, during our travels, in our minority, under the conduct of our parents; and as we traversed variety of countries and cities, it was our good fortune to fall into the familiar conversation of those of them who were surviving at that time. Some of these Philosophers were so diligent as to commit their precepts to writing, that so their posterity might enjoy the benefit of their labours; but the rest thought it sufficient to give their followers such instructions only as might lead them to a perfect understanding of their notions. Of the former sort were the Platonicks, Euclides, Democritus, and Proclinus, who passed his life in Phrygia the Less; as also Plotinus, and his familiar friend Gentilianus Amelius, who now live at Rome. Of the Stoicks, were Themistocles and Phæbion, and likewise Annius and Medius, who flourished so lately; among the Peripateticks, only Heliodorus Alexandrinus. Of the latter sort were the Platonicks, Ammonius and Origen, whose hearer I was for a considerable time, and who were men that far excelled all their contemporaries in all sorts of knowledge; and likewise Diodorus and Eubulus, who succeeded in the School of Athens. Of these latter there are indeed extant some small Tracts, as Origen's

* Taken from Porphyrius, in the Life of Plotinus, Edit. Basil. p. 13.

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Book "Concerning Dæmons," and Eubulus's "Answer to Aristotle against Plato's Republick;" but these pieces are not of such consequence as to entitle the Authors to a place among those who spent their time in explaining the doctrines of Philosophy in a more full and ample manner, having been written accidentally and at leisure, and not undertaken or carried on in a regular and settled course of studies. Among the Stoicks of this latter sort were Herminus and Lyfimachus, and Athenæus, and Musonius, who lived at Athens. Among the Peripateticks, flourished Ammonius and Ptolemæus, both men of the greatest renown of all the Philosophers of their time, but especially Ammonius; for there is none that can justly be compared with him, either for the variety or extent of his knowledge; but yet they wrote nothing which referred to the explication of philosophical questions, but only some few Poems, and some Discourses of the demonstrative kind, which I am apt to believe are preserved contrary to their own wills and intentions; for I will not think they so much as ever dreamed of making themselves known to posterity by these Works, while they neglected things of infinite weight and moment, and so much more worthy of their pains and study. Again, those of them who have written any thing have gone no farther than the making of collections or transcripts from elder authors, as Euclides, Democritus, and Proclius; others, who have recorded some small matters of the Learning of the Ancients, have calculated their Tracts for the same meridian as those who went before them; in which number are Annius, Medius, and Phæbion; the last of whom rather studied to excell in neatness and elegance of expression, than in the weight and gravity of the matter he treated. To these we may add Heliodorus; for neither has he entered upon

a distinct explication of any philosophical points that are new and not discussed by the Antients. But the men who, with the number of the problems they handled, expressed suitable care and diligence, and withal made use of a peculiar way of thinking, are Plotinus and Gentilianus Amelius. One of these seems to have explained the Pythagorean and Platonic principles in a method more clear and distinct than any before him (for neither are Numenius, Cronius, Moderatus, or Trasyllus, to be brought in competition with Plotinus in any thing relating to the accurate discussion of those arguments). Amelius closely pursues his footsteps, and handles the very same propositions; but yet, running into a prolixer style, and his manner of interpretation being more loose and diffused, he seems to treat his subject in a form very different from that of Plotinus. And these are the only men whose writings I should esteem worthy a man's knowledge or perusal; for why any one should think it worth his while to look over the rest, and not rather choose to run back to the fountains from whence they draw all they have, I can see no reason; especially considering that they have neither added any thing of their own, nor touched upon the chief heads of things, nor so much as given us the sentiments and reasonings of different persons upon the matter, or taken the pains to collect the best and most plausible arguments that have been made use of on those occasions? This is what I have frequently done myself, and that in several Discourses, as in my "Answer to Gentilianus, concerning Plato's Justice;" and in my "Examination of Plotinus's Book concerning Ideas." Further, our common friend the King of Tyre (who has himself written many things in imitation of Plotinus, and among others endeavoured to prove his opinion concerning ideas truer and juster than

than mine,) seems to have been modestly reprehended by me, for his unjust recantation; besides that I have overthrown, in the Tracts I am speaking of, various opinions of these men, particularly in my "Epistle against Amelius," which wants not much of the bigness of an ordinary Commentary, and was in answer to the letter he wrote me from Rome. His Epistle, indeed, was intituled, "An Account of the Philosophy of Plotinus;" but I, content with a more common inscription, simply intituled mine, "An Epistle against Amelius."

FRAGMENT II*.

I MUST entreat you to send me those Books the first convenient opportunity, or rather that you would bring them; for I can by no means depart from the request I have so often made, that you would prefer this journey to me before any other, if for no other reason (for as to matter of Learning or Books you are to expect nothing) yet for the sake of our old acquaintance, and the extreme wholesomeness of the air, which is so proper for the indisposition you inform me you labour under. As for any thing else, you must not flatter yourself, no, not so much as to find the least relick of those old Authors which you say are lost; for we have here so great a scarcity of amanuenses, that, by the good Gods, I have scarcely been able all this time to procure a Transcriber to copy over some pieces of Plotinus that I have been collecting. I obliged him to leave all other business, and set himself closely to this alone; so that I think now I have all that Author's Writings, together with those you sent me; but yet I have them in a very imperfect manner, for there are abundance of mistakes

* From Porphyrius, in the Life of Plotinus, Edit. Basil. p. 12.

in the Transcripts. I was in hopes indeed that my friend Amelius would have overlooked and amended the faults of the Copyers ; but he had, it seems, other important business, which would not permit him to apply himself to this : so that I can hardly make any use of them now I have them, though I am extremely desirous of examining with more than ordinary attention those two Pieces, viz. " Concerning the Soul," and " Concerning Effence." You could not therefore do me a greater pleasure than to send them correctly transcribed ; I would only compare your copies with mine, and immediately return them to you again. But I must repeat my request, that you would not send them, but come yourself, and bring along with you not only the forementioned Tracts, but any of those others which may have escaped the notice of Amelius. What he brought I am at last master of, with a great deal of trouble. And indeed how could I spare any pains to procure the works of this man, that are so worthy of veneration and honour ? Thus much I have frequently signified to you, both in your presence, in your absence, and when you dwelt at Tyre, that I could not indeed approve of several of his hypotheses ; but as to the manner of the man's writing, the solidity of his sentiments, and the truly philosophical discussion of his enquiries, I entertain them with the most extreme love and admiration ; and absolutely pronounce, that all who are curious and lovers of truth ought to rank his labours with those of the most celebrated and renowned Authors.

F R A G M E N T III*.

TO dispatch this subject in a few words, the opinions of all those men seem to me to be very remote from truth, who suppose the soul to be a *body*; for how can one, without the utmost absurdity, assimilate its nature to any of the elements? or how reconcile it to concretions and mixtures, which, according to their various modifications, are wont to produce innumerable species of other bodies; and in which, though not continually, yet remotely, one may see the origin of their elemental existence, and trace, as it were, the antecession and progress of prior bodies on to succeeding ones? But as to what relates to the soul, there is not the least tract or footstep of an original to be discovered, not even though a man were as eager as Epicurus or Chrysippus, in turning over every stone, and searching into all the powers of body, to find out from whence the operations of the soul proceeded: for to what purpose is the tenuity that is ascribed to spirit, when we look into the nature of perception and reasoning? Or whence have the positions and figures of atoms such wondrous power and efficacy above other things, as to be productive of prudence, when they are raised into a new texture or body? I am of opinion, that, though a man had Vulcan's Tripods or Maids (of whom Homer feigns, that the one ran of their own accord to minister to the Gods, and that the other were co-assisting to their Master, nor were destitute of any of the functions which living creatures possess) that yet he would be able to make no use of them in the doctrine of the fortuitous concurrence of atoms; any more than he could produce out of

* From Eusebius, *Præp. Evang. Lib. xv. Edit. Paris. p. 822.*

the sands of the sea-shore a being endued with extraordinary faculties of sensation and perception. It is with reason therefore many have expressed an indignation against Zeno and Cleanthes, for having thought so meanly of the soul, both of them declaring it to be no other than the exhalation of a solid body; for what, in the name of Jove, has the soul in common with exhalations? Or how is it possible for those, who would liken to mere vapour our essence, and that of other animals, to account for the perception, the faithful and tenacious memory, the will, the inclinations, and other qualities, which constitute the being of the rational soul? Shall the great Gods, and even the supreme Jove, who fills the universe, and governs the heavens and earth, shall they be resolved into evaporation, smoke, and such like impertinencies? The Poets themselves, who, though they have not an accurate knowledge of the Gods, nevertheless, partly from the common opinions of men, partly from the inspiration of the Muses, by which they are elevated into high sentiments, have spoken much worthier things of them, than that they are exhalation, air, froth, and such idle deliriums.

REMARKS ON LONGINUS.

In a LETTER to a FRIEND.

S I R,

THE Letter you did me the honour to write me upon the subject of this Translation, was so great an instance of your favour, that I were very ungrateful, should I omit any opportunity to acknowledge it. I assure you, I had complied with your request of illustrating this Treatise with parallel quotations from our own Writers *, had not the Work been then too far advanced to admit of such a design. However, since I have not been able to subjoin a regular Tract of this sort, I will, for your particular satisfaction, take notice of what has occurred to me from accidental observations, and produce here and there a passage from the English Poets, as my memory shall suggest to me any that bear an analogy to those mentioned by Longinus.

Our Author, in the first place, observing that the Pathetick is not absolutely necessary for forming the Sublime, and that the one may very well subsist without the other, makes use of the following Example from Homer ;

“ High on Olympus, Offa they uprear’d,” &c.

* See the little prefatory note which faces p. 309.— At the close of the CCCLXXII^d Number of “ The Spectator, May 7, 1712,” is the following advertisement :

“ To prevent the abuse of the Press and the increase of insipid Authors, there are now published the Works of that wise Critick Dionysius Longinus ; or, a Treatise concerning the Sovereign Perfection of Writing : faithfully translated from the Greek by Mr. Welfted. Printed for Sam. Briscoe ; and sold by John Graves, next White’s Chocolate-house, in St. James’s-street, and Owen Lloyd, near the Church in the Temple.”

There

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There are numberless instances of this kind of Sublime to be produced from our Poets: Shakspeare and Milton every where abound with them; but I shall mention only one or two.

“ From their foundations loosening to and fro,
“ They pluck’d the seated hills with all their
“ load,

“ Rocks, waters, woods, and by the shaggy tops,
“ Uplifting, bore them in their hands.”

There is a noble remark on this passage in the Spectator’s excellent Criticisms on Milton, to which I refer you. How pompous is the appearance of the Ghost in Hamlet!

“ What art thou, that usurp’st this time of night,
“ Together with that fair and warlike form,
“ In which the Majesty of bury’d Denmark
“ Did sometime march?”

And again,

“ This battle fares like to the morning’s war,
“ When dying clouds contend with growing
“ light:

“ Now sways it this way, like a mighty sea,
“ Forc’d by the tide, to combat with the wind;
“ Now sways it that way, like the self-same sea,
“ Forc’d to retire by fury of the wind;
“ Sometime the flood prevails, and then the wind.”

These are pregnant instances of that Sublime which has nothing of the Pathetick in it; to which I might add variety of others, and those more remarkable ones, but that I rather choose to make use of such as are less obvious to ordinary Readers, though in reality not less elevated. To speak truth, these great Poets appear to me as so many rich spangled skies, set forth with innumerable ranges of stars, which so fill the sight, that one is not at
leisure

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leisure to observe any of those little spots that may be found among them. And here I must take the liberty to remark, though with the utmost deference to the high reputation of M. Boileau, that in his version of Longinus he frequently seems to lose the Sublimeness of Homer, as particularly in the above-cited passage concerning the Giants, which he renders thus :

*“ Pour detroner les Dieux, leur vaste ambition,
“ Enterprit d'entasser Ofse sur Pelion.”*

He only says, they endeavoured to raise Ofse upon Pelion ; whereas, as Homer tells us, they heaped Ofse upon Olympus, and afterwards Pelion upon Ofse : he forgets also the swelling epithet with which Pelion is attended, and which serves to aggrandize the circumstance in so high a degree. In short, the Sublime of this passage is not, at the best, easily to be discerned by a Reader who is not acquainted with the volubility and sonorous turn of Homer's numbers ; and to whom three Welsh Mountains would be equally emphatical with Ofse, Olympus, and Pelion. How then shall it be comprehended, when despoiled of those ornaments which contribute to make it great ?

Longinus proceeds to observe, that the principal excellence of Homer consists in the Sublimeness of his imagination and thoughts ; upon which occasion he produces the description of the Goddess of Discord, applied by Virgil to the Goddess of Fame :

*“ Walks on the ground, and hides her head in
“ clouds.”*

The image in this place is undoubtedly very great ; but to any one who has read the prodigious descriptions Milton gives us of Satan, as when he rises from the fiery surge, when he views the host of fallen Angels, and particularly when he is apprehended

prehended in Paradise, this perhaps will seem but moderately sublime. What can be more great and terrible than Spenser's dragon?

"His blazing eyes, like two bright shining
"shields,

"Did burn with wrath, and sparkled living fire:

"But far within, as in a hollow glade,

"Those glaring lamps were set, that cast a
"dreadful shade."

And in another place,

"An hideous Giant, horrible and high,

"That with his tallness seem'd to threat the sky;

"The ground eke groaned under him for dread."

Longinus takes occasion from hence to censure Hesiod's description of the Goddess of Darkness; very justly remarking that he does not properly render her terrible, but nauseous and distasteful:

"A foetid humour trickled from her nose *."

It must be confessed, that our countryman Spenser, however excellent in other respects, is frequently faulty in this particular; as for instance, speaking of Dueffa, he says,

"Her dried dugs, like bladders lacking wind,

"Hung down, and filthy matter from them
"well'd."

This observation is finely touched upon by Lord Roscommon †, in his "Essay on Translated Verse."

After having made these reflections, our Author falls into a rapture upon contemplating the majesty Homer gives his Gods, and his manner of

* See above, p. 333.

† "He that brings fulsome objects to my view

"(As many old have done, and many new)

"With nauseous images my fancy fills,

"And all goes down like oxymel of squills."

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describing their battles, as in the following quotations:

“Far as a man may with his eyes explore,” &c.

“The Heavens resounded,” &c.

“The King of Darkness, Terror did invade,” &c.

Let us take a short view of Milton in this light, and see (to borrow the expression of Longinus) how boldly he comes to dispute the prize with Homer:

“Millions of fierce encountering Angels fought

“On either side, the least of whom could wield

“These elements, and arm him with the force

“Of all their regions,” &c.

—————“And on their heads

“Main promontories flung, which in the air

“Came shadowing, and oppress’d whole legions

“arm’d,” &c.

—————“All Heaven

“Resounded; and, had Earth been then, all Earth

“Had to her centre shook.”

“The steadfast Empyrean shook throughout,

“All but the Throne itself of God.”

As the genius of Milton was perhaps no way inferior to that of Homer, so he must be allowed to equal him in those particulars at least where his theme is of so much a higher nature. I make no question but our Critick would have stood in as great admiration of the following lines, as he was at the terror and astonishment of Pluto:

—————“War seem’d a civil game

“To this uproar: horrid confusion, heap’d

“Upon confusion, rose; and now all Heaven

“Had gone to wrack, with ruin over-spread,

“Had not the Almighty,” &c.

“Hell

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" Hell heard th' insufferable noise, Hell saw
 " Heaven running from Heaven, and would have
 " fled
 " Affrighted, but strict Fate," &c.

———" Confounded Chaos roar'd,
 " And felt ten-fold confusion in their fall
 " Through his wild anarchy, so huge a rout
 " Encumber'd him with ruin."

These troubled images rouse at once all the active principles in the soul, and in some measure create the same perturbation in the mind of an intelligent Reader, as is caused in the multitude at the sight of a great conflagration. It is probable Alexander had never been so fierce in battle, had he not taken strong impressions from the accounts he had read of Achilles.

As it is the easiest thing in the world to turn great things into ridicule, so is it the part of a noble spirit only to be struck with these unbounded soarings of imagination.

The next thing that falls under Longinus's notice is that applauded passage wherein Neptune is represented coming to the assistance of the Greeks. As these verses have been more generally celebrated than any I know of in the whole Iliad, I shall set them down in Homer's own words :

—— Τρέμε δ' ἔρσα μακροὶ καὶ ὕλη
 Πόσιν ὑπ' ἀθανάτοισι ποσειδάωντος ἰούσης.

—" Where-e'er Imperial Neptune treads," &c.

It must be acknowledged that the solemnity with which the Poet introduces Neptune, and the celebrity and tuneableness to be observed in the march of the lines, create a very lively image, and help to give them a superior air of grandeur : besides that they are with great skill adapted to the occasion, and the notions we are taught to entertain of

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that Deity, who is emphatically styled Ἐνοσίχθων, or "Earth-shaker."

Milton has expressed the same thing, with equal energy, in fewer words, though not accompanied with the same beautiful circumstances :

"The Monster moving onward came as fast

"With horrid strides: *Hell trembled as he strode.*"

Spenser's description of his Dragon's Flight, though not directly applicable to this point, seems to be conceived with great strength of thought:

"And with strong flight did forcibly divide

"The yielding air, which nigh too feeble found

"Her sitting parts, and element unsound,

"To bear so great a weight."

Our Author, hitherto, has been admiring the majesty which Homer gives his Gods. The following lines, quoted by him to the same purpose, are inimitable :

"As o'er the cœrule flood," &c.

Βῆ δ' ἔλααν ἐπὶ κύματ' ἄταλλε δε κῆτε ὑπ' αὐτῷ

Πάϊσθεν ἐκ πνευμάτων, ἔδ' ἠγνοίησεν ἀνακτα.

Γηροσύνη δὲ θάλασσα διίστατο τοῖδε πτότοντο.

Here I must remark, as before, that the spirit of this passage seems to be evaporated in Monsieur Boileau's translation of it, which is yet very diffuse. You may suppose, it is with the utmost tenderness I touch upon so great a character; but, to justify what I have advanced, I need only inform you, that the "dividing of the waves," which you must confess to be the finest circumstance in the whole, is entirely omitted by him. All I shall further add is, that the turn implied in these words (ἔδ' ἠγνοίησεν ἀνακτα) is peculiarly beautiful; and I believe you will agree with me, that it would be very difficult to preserve it in the English.

For

For a parallel to this quotation, I refer you to the several descriptions of the Messiah in Milton, viz. that of his coming to drive out the rebellious angels; his triumphant return; his riding into chaos; his ascending in jubilee; and others; where you will find all the beauty, energy, and sublimeness, Longinus himself could have wished for.

It is undoubtedly true of Milton, that no man ever had a genius so happily formed for the Sublime. He found one only theme capable enough to employ his thoughts; but he could find no language copious enough to express them.

“ His vigorous and active mind was hurl’d
 “ Beyond the flaming limits of this world,
 “ Into the mighty space.”

When I view him thus, in his most exalted flights, piercing beyond the boundaries of the universe, he appears to me as a vast comet, that for want of room is ready to burst its orb and grow eccentric;

“ *Æstuat infelix angusto limite mundi.*”

And now, Sir, I ought to consider how I may apologize for the trouble I have given you. I doubt not but I have sufficiently exhausted your patience with this detail of Criticism, and that you would be extremely glad to change the prospect. It is fit, therefore, I give you a little breathing-time at least, if I cannot divert your attention by moving the scene more agreeably. You may in justice demand a respite, where an immunity is not to be granted. In the mean time, if the practice of criticising may be thought tedious, how insufferable a science is that of carping! If it is but an unentertaining pursuit to dwell even upon the excellencies of great writers, how exquisitely dull must it be to pick and cull out their inad-

vertencies! One would be apt to think him a very odd fellow at least, who, while others were admiring the symmetry, the life, the air of a fine face, should cavil all the while at a freckle, or affect an awkward pleasantry upon viewing a heat in a delicately-shaped neck. A man would be apt, I say, to conceive but a strange notion of one who, while others were pointing out each ravishing lineament and gesture in a beautiful woman's person, should rifle her of all her patches and ornaments, in order to discover a pimple. To proceed; you, who have taken the pains to read the Scaligers and foreign Commentators, as well Dutch as German, may be able, perhaps, to read any thing after them; I shall therefore take the liberty to draw some few citations more from our great master, Milton, before I leave him. Longinus, after having told us how heroical Homer is when he draws a Hero's character, instances in these celebrated lines, Il. xvii. 645, &c.

“Disperse the clouds which round the Grecians flow,” &c.

In the Greek thus,

Ζεῦ πάτερ, ἀλλὰ σὺ ρῦσαι ὑπ' ἥρος ἧας Ἀχαιῶν, &c.

The abruptness, with which Ajax breaks into this speech, is admirable; and the word (*ἀλλὰ*) expresses the fullness and impatience of the Hero in a finer manner than can be rendered in any other tongue. I know not how far better judges may agree with me in this; but you and I so seldom differ in matters of Poetry, that I thought I might venture to mention it. Now hear how big, how great, the sentiments are which Milton's persons assume;

“——Hail

“ ——— Hail horrors, hail
 “ Infernal world, and thou, profoundest Hell,
 “ Receive thy new Possessor! ———
 “ To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
 “ Better to reign in Hell, than serve in Heaven.”

One must attend very nicely to the character of the person who speaks these things, and the occasion that brings them on; otherwise they appear, I know not how, shocking. To use one example more, I am never so much affected, never so much transported with the spirit of any thing, as when I see Othello make his exit with this noble conclusion:

“ ——— Set you down this,
 “ And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 “ Where a malignant and a turband-turk
 “ Beat a Venetian, and traduc’d the state;
 “ I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 “ And smote him thus.”

The passion here is worked up into an inimitable sublimeness; as indeed most of the sublime passages in Shakspeare are interwoven with, and praised by, the Pathetic. As the action in this place serves in a great degree to elevate the words, so the words are excellently suited to the action. But, that I may not depart from the intention of Longinus in the passage last-cited from Homer, you will find several bold touches of the same sort struck throughout the whole character of Percy. It were unkind also not to take notice of your beloved Chevy-chace.

Before I carry my remarks any farther, I will set down those verses which our Critick applies to Homer; where he says, Il. xv. 605. that he is as a favourable gale, which seconds the efforts of the combatants, and is actuated with no less violence,

“Than the spear-shaker Mars, or raging
fire, &c.”

Μαίνετο δ', ὡς ὅτ' Ἀρης ἐγχεσπαλῶν, ἢ ὅλον πῦρ
Οὔρεσι μαινῆσαι, βαθείης ἐν τάρφεσιν ὕλης.

A very moderate Grecian may discern the nobleness there is in these lines: but to me there seems also to be as great justness, force, and propriety, in the several epithets, as I have any where met with. The reason that I mention this is, because the enemies of Homer, or, to speak more properly, those who do not understand him, level their principal accusation and insipid raillery at the injudiciousness which they pretend he betrays in his choice and use of epithets. A man of good taste and learning in these matters, I am satisfied, might easily make it appear, that as none have excelled Homer, so very few have equalled him even in this particular. The frequent repetition indeed of the same epithets, to different purposes, has given colour to these insinuations; but the arguments raised from thence have been fully answered by Boileau, Dacier, and others. All I shall therefore say is, that many of the adjuncts to be found in the Iliad and Odyssæy, such as “swift-footed Achilles,” “blue-eyed Minerva,” and the rest of that sort, cannot so properly be styled Epithets, as Appellatives, or Proper Names; nor is Homer more blameable for using them in so general a manner, than the Romans were for giving Scipio the name of Africanus indifferently, and on all occasions. You may be assured, I have not singled out the above-cited passage as favouring my opinion more than any other, but only considered it as it came regularly in my way, being thoroughly persuaded, whenever you think fit to take a nearer view of this God and Father of Poets, you will acknowledge what I have said to be equally true in all parts of his works.

I am,

I am, Sir, at length come within sight of Sappho's Ode, where the prospect is so ravishing, that it is with concern I tell you I can find nothing of the growth of Britain to be compared to it. I mean not that our Poets have not touched the subject of Love with success, or that there is a barrenness of those who have bent their talents that way. On the contrary, there is scarcely a man, I believe, but has in some part of his life made extraordinary efforts in this kind. Who ever invoked the Muses, but his Mistress was concerned? In short, it is so common a theme, I am pained with it in conversation, I sicken at it in Tragedies; I am even obliged to bribe it from my windows, where it is often sung with greater sonorousness than is agreeable to me. But to return to what I was saying: the English Poets have lavished infinite wit upon this topick; but they seem to have employed their pains rather in adorning it with new turns and flourishes, than in imaging the real passion, as, you see, Sappho does:

"Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,

"The Youth who fondly fits by thee, &c."

Read her in the Greek, read her in the Latin, read her in the English, she still shines out in her genuine charms, and Nature accompanies her in every word. No man living, who has not been too wise or too stupid to taste the sweets and pains of Love, but will find his heart beating time to the symptoms here expressed, and confess the reflections Longinus makes to be perfectly just:

"To Love when Sappho tun'd her lyre;

"She both describ'd and felt the fire:

"The Cyprian Queen possess'd her whole,

"And in her lines you see her soul.

"Who tells me Sappho was not fair?

"Go, view her Ode; she's painted there."

In

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In order to finish Sappho's elogium, I will beg leave to transcribe a passage from Plutarch, where he speaks of the violent love of the young Prince Antiochus, who languished for his mother-in-law, the fair Stratonice. "Erasistratus, the Physician who attended him," says Plutarch, "quickly perceived that Love was his distemper; but all the difficulty was to discover the object of his flame. He therefore diligently waited in his chamber; and when any of the charming Beauties of the Court made their visits to the sick Prince, he curiously observed the emotions and alterations in the countenance of Antiochus, which he well knew were wont upon such surprizes to betray the inward passions and inclinations of the soul. He therefore took notice, that the presence of the Court Ladies wrought no manner of alteration in him; but when Stratonice came alone, or in company with Seleucus, to make him a visit, he observed in him all those symptoms of a most violent passion which are so tenderly expressed by the ingenious Sappho; he became suddenly mute and silent, his passion smothering his words; a fiery blush would mount into his face; he would fix his eyes upon Stratonice, and then presently withdraw those stolen and guilty looks; his pulse would be disordered; a cold sweat would seize upon him; and, unable to support the violent passion, he would become senseless and pale as that death which he so much desired."

I cannot leave the subject of this Ode without observing the excellence of Catullus's version of it, which I think may serve as a pattern for all future Translations, of what kind soever. He keeps up to the pure spirit of the original, and yet has scarce lost the beauty of an expletive. He is as rigorous as Jonson, and as delightful as Roscommon*.

* See their Translations of Horace's Art of Poetry.

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If you turn your eye back upon Longinus, you will find he says, that what constitutes the chief beauty of Sappho's Poem, is no other than a collection of proper circumstances; and, that to make choice of such with judgement, and to connect them with art, is of great use and power in forming the Sublime. Is there any thing excellent in any language, for which our favourite Shakspeare will not furnish us with a parallel? I will mention only those lines where he introduces King John, endeavouring to engage Hubert in the murder of the young Prince Arthur:

" I had a thing to say—but let it go :
 " The sun is in the heaven ; and the proud day
 " Is all too wanton, and too full of gawds,
 " To give me audience :—If the midnight bell
 " Did, with his iron tongue and brazen mouth,
 " Sound on into the drowsy race of night :
 " If this same were a church-yard where we
 " stand,
 " And thou possessed with a thousand wrongs;
 " Or if that surly spirit, Melancholy,
 " Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy,
 " thick ;
 " (Which else runs trickling up and down the
 " veins,
 " Making the ideot, Laughter, keep mens eyes,
 " And strain their cheeks to idle merriment,
 " A passion hateful to my purposes) :
 " Or if that thou could'st see me without eyes,
 " Hear me without thine ears, and make reply
 " Without a tongue, using conceit alone,
 " Without eyes, ears, and harmful sound of
 " words ;
 " Then, in despite of broad-eyed watchful day,
 " I would into thy bosom pour," &c.

I need not observe to you, what a variety of fearful circumstances the Poet here heaps together,
 what

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what images of death and horror he presents us with, and with what solemnity he introduces them. "The sun is in the heaven," &c. It were endless to glance upon every particular.

Our Critick mentions one of Homer's Tempests, as a pregnant Instance of that Sublime which is raised out of circumstances; upon which occasion he also cites the following verses from an anonymous author:

"Of wondrous things it seems," &c.

This sort of writing, he tells us, is perhaps pretty and fanciful, but not great. If I forget not, some gawdy strokes of this glittering tinsel-vein may be found sometimes in Mr. Waller; and the Italian Poets, as far as the little knowledge I have of that tongue will permit me to judge, seem to abound with ornaments of a mixed kind, as our own Spenser; who, if I may use the expression, copies from Homer, Virgil, and Ovid, in the same breath.

With submission, my Lady Chudleigh's Poetry is rather florid than sublime; and Mr. D'Urfey himself, who has touched some part of Lyricks with great humour and mastery, is yet not so happy in hitting the wonderful and the grand.

But to return to Homer's Tempest:

"So when a tempest rises in the main,

"The wind swoln waves," &c.

I might, Sir, furnish you with storming and blustering enough in all conscience; but, I profess, I know of no storm, but the famous one in Virgil, that could be properly inserted in this place. Let us see, however, how Shakspeare cursorily touches upon this subject:

"——— O Cicero," says Casca,

"I have seen tempests, when the scolding winds

"Have riv'd the knotty oaks; and I have seen

"Th'

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“Th’ ambitious ocean swell, and rage, and
“ foam,
“ To be exalted with the threatening clouds.”

The Critick enlarges upon the close of Homer’s description;

“ The mariners with shivering horror quake,
“ And scarce, but scarce, elude th’ impending
wreck;”

and very justly censures Aratus’s attempt of refining upon it in the following expressions:

“ ——— There only stood
“ ’Twixt them and death a slender piece of
“ wood.”

I think I have heard it observed, by you and others, that Cowley delights in turns of this nature. That great Poet had so luxuriant a fancy, that I can compare him to nothing more properly than a too rich soil, which breeds flowers and weeds promiscuously, and exerts itself with so great an exuberance, that at length it becomes barren through its fertility. His beauties crowd so thick one upon another, that they lose distinction. You there see order itself in anarchy: I am oppressed with an infinity of sweets, and pleased against my inclination. To say no more, what the fair sex so generally approve, we ought in good manners to admire. If Cowley falls short of Milton in the Sublime, he exceeds him in the number of his conceits. If he is not so strong, so just, so musical, as Dryden, he has greater opulence and variety.

As to what remains, I cannot possibly agree with a great Author in all his sentiments of Ovid. Ovid, it is true, is full of turns; but those turns are so many soft touches of nature:

“ *Mater, ait; tacta est Dea nomine matris.*”

They

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They are artful strokes, which play upon the passions, and awaken the mind. They are as those sprightly airs of musick, which call the soul up into the ear, and bid her listen. They are turns indeed, but such as consist in things, not in words: I mean only in the general. In short, they are the very reverse of those frivolous and unnatural conceits with which the taste of this age has been so miserably debauched.

It would perhaps be no unpleasant piece of history to give a regular account how, from the primitive barbarism of Crambo, we first of all refined our labours into Anagrams and Acrosticks; how Anagrams and Acrosticks were succeeded in the next age by Doggrel; how Doggrel was afterwards exchanged for Pun, with that sort of wit under all its various denominations; and how from Pun we are at last arrived to certain prettinesses of Fancy, by some mistaken for easy Writing, by others for genteel Poetry, and called by four Criticks "Chim-cham." But this I forbear at present, and shall only take notice, that our judgments are equally perverted with respect to Latin compositions: I will instance in the so-much-admired Psalm of Buchanan, which begins,

*"Dum procul a patria mæsti Babylonis in oris,
"Fluminis ad liquidas forte sedemus aquas," &c.*

There never was any thing so barbarous, so Gothic, so truly modern, as these verses. They are only a continued jangle of dactyls and spondees, which chime on, like a pack-horse, in the same pace; a heap of substantives accompanied with most wretched adjectives. You may know the position of the words in every line, without looking into it. Is there any thing like this in Tibullus, Ovid, nay, even in Martial or any ancient Writer

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Writer whatever? The lines indeed seem to run pretty much into what they call "the golden verse;" but even that, if not a fault, is yet no beauty, and at best but a Monkish invention. In short, all such Poetry as this is but one degree superior to Latin rhimes.

I must now turn the course of these remarks into their first channel again, and go on in order with my Author. But, to make you some recompence for the preceding digression, I will cast the remaining part into as narrow a compass as is possible. The next thing then the Critick points at is that happy boldness and mastery which Euripides discovers in the designing of his Images; but here I must remind you, that by the word "Images" he understands no other than those enthusiasms and transports where the Poet seems to see the thing he is speaking of, as in this of Orestes :

"O mother, drive those hideous spectres hence :
"See, see, they come!"

There cannot be a nobler instance of this kind than what Shakspeare affords us in the Tragedy of Richard the Third; where that wicked Prince, the night before the fatal battle of Bosworth, is represented as starting out of a dream, in which the ghosts of all those he had murdered appear to him :

"Give me another horse : bind up my wounds :
"Have mercy, Jesu. Soft, I did but dream.
"Oh, coward-conscience ! how dost thou afflict
"me !
"The lights burn blue. It is not dead mid-
"night.
"Cold fearful drops stand on my trembling
"flesh.
"What ! do I fear myself ?" &c.

That

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That of Macbeth is no less excellent :

“ Is this a dagger, which I see before me,

“ The handle toward my hand ? Come let me

“ clutch thee.

“ I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.

“ I see thee yet !”

And again,

“ What hands are here ? ha ! they pluck our

“ my eyes.”

To conclude this subject : if you look into Milton's Eighth Book, and there read the answer Raphael gives Adam concerning the celestial luminaries, you will have at least as good reason to imagine that the Poet was originally an inhabitant of the Moon, as Longinus had to think that the soul of Euripides accompanied Phaeton in his flight through the Heavens :

“ Close to the Pleiades,” &c.——

If Æschylus is very bold, where he says that, at the fight of Bacchus,

“ The dome resounds, and the whole palace

“ roars ;”

what will you say of Shakspeare ?

“ Have you not rais'd an universal shout,

“ That Tyber trembled underneath her banks,

“ To hear the replication of their sounds

“ Made in her concave shores ?”

The Critick in the next place observes the beauty there is sometimes in withdrawing the connecting particles, and instances from Xenophon and Homer :

“ We went by your commands,” &c.

This

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This figure is so very common, that it were superfluous to insist upon it. The Comic Writers are every where full of it, and in particular Terence :

“ *Actum est. Illicet. Peristi.*
 “ *Eludet,*” &c.
 “ *Funus interim*
 “ *Procedit. Sequimur. ad sepulchrum venimus.*
 “ *In ignem imposita est. Fletur.*”

The changes of the number and person are Figures as common as the preceding. Of the latter kind is this of Shakspeare :

“ You would have thought, the very windows
 “ spake ;
 “ So many greedy looks, of young and old,
 “ Through casements darted their desiring eyes
 “ Upon his visage.”

As to sudden transitions, Longinus produces a very beautiful example from Homer :

“ But Hector to the Trojans,” &c.

There is one no less exquisite in Milton, which, though it has been taken notice of before, I shall beg leave to set down. The passage I mean is that where Adam and Eve are described as addressing themselves to their evening orizons :

“ Thus at their shady lodge arriv’d, both stood,
 “ Both turn’d, and under open sky ador’d
 “ The God, that made both air, earth, and
 “ heaven,
 “ Which they beheld, the moon’s resplendent
 “ globe
 “ And starry pole. *Thou also mad’st the night,*
 “ Maker Omnipotent, and Thou the day.”

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This artifice of the transition is used after very different manners. Penelope's speech, for instance, in the *Odyſſey*, is quoted by Longinus to the ſame effect. I am tender of burthening you with too many quotations; and therefore will only add, that, if you pleaſe to run over Mr. Philips's *Pastorals*, you will ſee theſe turns employed in their utmoſt force and beauty, and with greater patheticalneſs than I have any where found. There is alſo in the "*Temple of Death*," tranſlated from the French by the Duke of Buckingham, ſo paſſionate a tranſition, that I cannot forbear inserting it, Orontes there complaining of his *Almeria's* death, expreſſes himſelf thus;

" My hopes and dangers were leſs mine than
" hers;

" Theſe fill'd her ſoul with joys, and thoſe with
" fears:

" Our hearts united had the ſame deſires,

" And both alike burn'd in impatient fires.

" *Too faithful Memory*, I give thee leave

" Thy wretched Maſter kindly to deceive;

" Make me not once poſſeſſor of her charms," &c,

Whoever can read this piece without giving way to the ſoft meltings of humanity, without feeling in himſelf every ſymptom of grief, pity, and tenderneſs, muſt either have a heart or a head that is impenetrable.

When Longinus comes to that part of Oratory which conſiſts in the diſpoſing and ranging of words in their proper order, he tells us, that this diſpoſition or rangement, if ſkilfully managed, creates a kind of Sublime, even where the thoughts themſelves are very mean, and gives a certain appearance of nobleneſs to what were otherwiſe extremely trivial. This he exemplifies in the following lines of Euripides;

" Such

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“ Such numerous ills at once distract my mind;
“ I can no room for other sorrows find.”

There are numberless passages of this nature to be met with in our Poets; but I shall mention only one from Spenser :

“ Tempestuous Fortune hath spent all its spight,
“ And thrilling Sorrow thrown his utmost dart :
“ Thy sad tongue cannot tell more heavy
“ plight
“ Than that I feel and harbour in my heart.
“ Who hath endur'd the whole, can bear each
“ part.”

If one examines nicely into the thought in these verses, nothing can be more low and miserable; and yet it is impossible not to be pleased with them. What with ostentation of language, what with harmony of sound, pomp of epithet, and the agreeable turn he gives it, we are, I know not how, deluded into an admiration of that we should condemn, if not supported by such ornaments. Verses of this sort, if I may be allowed the comparison, are like those faces which, if you consider each feature distinctly, have nothing agreeable, but discover variety of graces when surveyed at once in the symmetry of the whole. The several parts fall asunder with disadvantage, but unite in a profusion of charms.

Our author illustrates this subject with another example, which is also taken from Euripides. I will set it down as it is in the Greek;

——— εἰ δὲ τις
Τύχοι πῆριξ ἐλίξας, εἴλη' ὅμῃ λαβῶν
Γυναικά, πέτρῃν δρῦν μεταλλάσσαν αἰεΐ.

“ If haply round he winds him, restless, strong;
“ The tree, the rock, the nymph he trails
“ along,
“ Obsequious to his motions.”

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He confesses the thought in this place, by which I suppose he means the image, to be very noble; and observes, that as the measure is not tripping but grave, so the pauses, which are indeed admirable, serve as so many props to support and elevate it to that pitch of Sublimeness which it bears. You will observe, I have endeavoured to work up the English into a sort of Iambick, which is the number the Greek runs in; and if you look cautiously into the nature of that measure, you will find that as it has a settled deliberate pace, so there is in it a solemnity which creates a certain gravity or awe in the mind of the Reader, and gives him somewhat of composure. And this I take to be the true meaning of that expression in Horace, where he tells us that the Dramatic Writers made choice of the Iambic foot as most proper for "commanding the attention of the audience:"

"—— Et populares

" Vincentem strepitus."

" To-morrow," says Shakspeare," to-morrow
" and to-morrow

" Creeps in a stealing pace from day to day," &c.

And Spenser,

" So down he fell.——

" So down he fell, as an huge rocky clift

" With dreadful poise, is from the main land
" rift,

" Whose false foundations waves have wash'd
" away;

" So down he fell, and like an heaped moun-
" tain lay."

Whether the reflections that have been made upon that of Virgil, "Procumbit humi bos," are fanciful or real, I pretend not to determine; but here, as you cannot but take notice, the numbers
move

move on slowly majestic, and seem to step with that sedate grandeur and regular pause which a graceful Tragedian expresses on the Theatre. Such observations as these may seem to flow from an over-warm imagination, and to carry Criticism beyond its due bounds: it must not indeed be expected a man should give into them, who has not a mind well heated and prepared to receive the impressions of Poetry. But, after all, you will perhaps say, they are niceties which follow in nature, and of their own accord, upon the working-up of a great conception, without any previous design or direct intention of the Poet. Be it so. Yet they are niceties which help to aggrandize our ideas, and are at least agreeable, if not useful, amusements to the fancy.

Thus, Sir, I have run over all the poetical quotations I find in Longinus with what brevity I was able, agreeably to the promise I gave you. If the reflections I have made fall in with the general taste, I shall be very well pleased; if they do not, I ought not to be displeased. What I have said is my private, but yet impartial, sense; if the Criticisms are not just, they are candid; and though I have delivered my thoughts freely, I hope I have done it inoffensively. As for the rest, whatever lapses in Writing, or inaccuracy of Style, you may discern in the course of these Remarks, they are what I am the less concerned for, because they may naturally pretend an easier claim to your indulgence. Upon the whole, if I may obtain from you the character given by my Author to Cecilius, "that I am more to be commended for the pains I have been at, than blameable for my omissions," I shall be fully satisfied. More than this I will not be so vain as to expect, till I can write as well as you can judge.

If the time allowed me for the casting these loose thoughts into the form of a Letter had permitted, I would have considered some of our Poets, as Waller, Milton, Shakspeare, Fletcher, and others, in the same view as Longinus has characterized Hyperides and Demosthenes. Waller abounds with a multitude of easy turns and sprightly strokes of fancy: Milton pours upon us a torrent of images, great and terrible: in subjects common to them both, Waller is most fruitful; Milton most natural. I have a fondness for the one, but I pay adoration to the other. In like manner, Fletcher perpetually pleases me; but I am struck with astonishment when I read Shakspeare. Can one read him without the utmost emotion? or would you not rather be author of the two wonderful scenes in Julius Cæsar, than all Dryden's Plays put together, even though they were ten times as voluminous as they are? For my own part, I could almost be content that Virgil himself were less correct, provided he were more sublime. At the same time it must be granted, that those Writers who excel so highly in the Grand and Lofty are liable to numerous failings, and those sometimes very gross ones; but how can one expect it should be otherwise? Human spirit in such works is wrought to its utmost stretch, and cannot, as our Critick observes, possibly support itself through the whole with equal majesty: Nature asks a breathing-time. He must trifle with Homer, who would rise to Homer's altitudes. To conclude, if these great men are at some times as the Ocean in its exaltations, or as the Sun in his meridian, they must be allowed at others to resemble him in his decline:

“——Aspiring mists fall down in rain;

“Nor mounts the lark but to descend again.”

There

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There is a kind of inconstancy in the productions of great Geniuses. Now you shall see them striking the clouds with their heads; now touching the lowest ground: they have their risings, and they have their wanes:

“ Such the inconstant Queen of Night appears:

“ At different times a different dress she wears;

“ Her head encircled in with silver rays,

“ The glimmering beam at first but faintly
“ plays:

“ Around her now increasing lustre flows,

“ And stately-large the pale-spread beauty
“ shows:

“ At length, full-orb'd, in ample glory bright,

“ Her peerless honours and expanded light

“ Priding she views: heaven the fair round ad-
“ mires,

“ And hides diminish'd its ignoble fires.

“ But then again her dwindling splendor fades,

“ And all the shining pomp is cast in shades;

“ With lesser lights the spangled æther spread,

“ And each small star uplifts its twinkling
“ head.”

I am, with the most sincere friendship and esteem,

S I R,

Your obedient humble servant,

LEONARD WELSTED.

THE
SCHEME AND CONDUCT
OF
PROVIDENCE,

FROM THE CREATION
TO THE COMING OF MESSIAH:

OR,

AN ENQUIRY into the REASONS of the DIVINE
DISPENSATIONS in that Period.

First printed in 1736.

THE
SCHEME AND CONDUCT

PROVIDENCE

FROM THE CREATION
TO THE COMING OF MESSIAH

AS REVEALED IN THE
DISSEMINATION OF THE TRUTH

THE SECOND PART

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To

TO HIS GRACE

The DUKE of CHANDOS.

MY LORD,

THERE is, it is well known, a piety and greatness natural to your temper, which must needs render all well-meant disquisitions into sacred subjects acceptable to you; and the more so, the freer they are from anger, prejudice, or any of those narrow passions, that never had dominion in your own breast.

This treatise, then, I am persuaded, my Lord, will meet with, at your noble hands, a reception very different from what might be expected from those Courtly Philosophers, who are too unvulgar to relish any Divinity that is not Pagan, or to approve of any Orthodoxy, whether in points of faith or practice.

The cause of Virtue and true Religion is as much at your Grace's heart, as that of Vice and Immorality is the care of Madmen and Libertines; which makes it altogether as right, my Lord, to
 inscribe

inscribe to you a View of Revelation, as it would have been to inscribe to Polycharmus a defence of Atheism.

If I wanted any other or farther justification for dedicating this Essay to your Grace, I would humbly mention the shortness of it; which is either the best excuse for a bad book, or the truest recommendation and glory of a good one.

There is an evil, my Lord, under the sun, which, of all others, I have most marvelled at; I mean, the length and voluminousness of the mortal writings of some men; nor is there any thing that a man who loves his country would more desire to see redressed.

As often therefore as I think of this grievance, I cannot forbear wishing, that the laws of gravitation and attraction, which rule so irresistibly other great bodies, might take place also with respect to books; and that these might, in like manner, attract, and have dominion over one another, in proportion, not to their outward bulk and magnitude, but to their solid contents.

If this were the case, your Grace will imagine that very new and extraordinary effects must fall out in the world of letters. A few enlivened, fine-spirited paragraphs would set Libraries in motion; here might we see a small Manual* lording it in the center of a Folio System, and there an army of Quartos wheeling round an invisible Twelves; whole shelves of Morality would bend to little Epictetus, one page of Sykes draw after it the labours of Synods, and a single Sermon of Sherlock the Divinity of a century.

It was said by a great Wit of France, that nation of great Wits, that "to see and enjoy, only

* "Were all books," says Addison, Spect. No 124, "reduced to their quintessence, many a bulky Author would make his appearance in a penny paper: there would be scarce any such thing in nature as a folio: the works of an age would be contained on a few shelves: not to mention millions of volumes that would be wholly annihilated."

"in

“in imagination, any desirable good, was as true
“a pleasure as the actual possession of it.” If this
were so, my Lord, as to the revolutions one might
thus paint to one’s self in the affairs of Literature;
and if fancy had, in truth, such virtue here; who
but would indulge it to the utmost! who would
not take satisfaction for the injuries of wit, and
the popularity of nonsense! who would not re-
joice in a vision, that might shew him our Sc—ts,
Cl—ts, Wh—ns, in their true orbit, with ten
thousand Mitred Theologers behind them?

There is unquestionably a very true and sub-
lime pleasure, flowing from many such virtuous
exercises and plays of the fancy. In solitude, my
Lord, or hours of musing, I have sometimes
thrown myself into your situation and character;
and while I have been ministering mercy to un-
deserved misfortune or suffering merit, I have
felt, in this imaginary scene, as high transport as
arises, perhaps, from the real ability and habit to
do such things.

The disproportion is, that these are the plea-
sures of but a few moments, and can be but seldom
repeated; whereas the acts themselves of charity
and bounty, and the remembrance of them, are a
fixed and perpetual entertainment and delight.
Such, no doubt, is to your Grace the recollection
of all your beneficent deeds, and such the daily
sight of those monuments of piety that have dis-
tinguished your excellent life, and which, in a
better age, would have done honour to Poets and
Historians, and raised the reputation of their
Arts.

Those Arts were indeed meant, and were once
able, to give immortality to Heroes; but when
such prostitution is made of them as we have seen
in our days, the truly great and good had better
lie out of their notice, and trust their characters,
as

as you may safely do yours, my Lord, to that faithful tradition, which the memory of great benefactions, and gratitude for them, will keep up and extend through successive generations.

This oral chronicle, or register of virtue, is, in my partial judgement, as good a security to it, as the pyramids of marble; and will last, perhaps, as long as the histories of Mr. Higgins. Your Grace, it is certain, needs no unnatural aids to convey your great name to future ages; its own intrinsic beauty and splendor will carry it through all time, as the eagle is borne up to the sun by his native strength and velocity.

The late Master of the Charter-house*, as I remember, in a preface to one of his works, has something to this effect: "I did not at first expect," says the Doctor, "that my book would have come to such a length"—then adds, "*Sed mihi scribenti succrevit materia.*"—The same thing, my Lord, seems in some sort to have befallen me; I have already stretched this address to a number of pages, without designing, or so much as perceiving it. Nevertheless, your Grace, I hope, will not be quite out of patience; for this desultory and careless way of speaking, as it deserves, so asks little attention; it is what one may bear with in any temper, even when the mind is most inactive, and most desirous to be relieved from thought.

There is an art of conversing with great men, which sometimes happily enough amuses them, at the same time that they are too knowing to be instructed, and too delicate to be easily pleased. The thing that comes nearest to this, in written discourse, is what we call Rhapsody, a species of wit conceived of but by few, but which, if I mistake not, would yield to no other, if it could be skilfully touched. An Author, my

* Dr. Burnet.

Lord, of your own noble order, and a Lady among the Quakers, have bid fair for success in this way. For my own part, far from presuming to follow these bright adventurers, I have only shifted from one thing to another in such manner as might give me a chance to be less tiresome, and that I might not, like some modern apologists, dream on in one uniform prolixity.

Your Grace is now come within sight of the Treatise itself, for which I have presumed to request your safeguard and passport through a divided, jealous world. The introduction to this work, my Lord, which is all I need say farther of it, will at once acquaint you with what view it was written, and on what principles it has been conducted; both of which, I am very certain, cannot fail of your Grace's approbation.

I am,

MY LORD,

Your Grace's

Most obedient and most humble servant,

LEONARD WELSTED,

THE

T H E
 S C H E M E A N D C O N D U C T
 O F
 P R O V I D E N C E.

I N T R O D U C T I O N.

NO one, it is certain, has a right to the attention of the publick, on any debate or enquiry, unless he can pursue that enquiry to better purpose, in some sense or other, than has been done before; unless he can open some field of thought not yet discovered, and lay before men truths, either not known to them, or not known as they should be. If he can do this, it is highly commendable in him to write, and in some situations may be his duty; if he cannot, he had better let it alone; better far than write merely for ambition or for vanity, and to shew the reasons he may have to admire himself.

The

The number of books already published in all languages is such, that it is more than the labour of a man's life to know the titles and drift of but a few of them; and it is not, perhaps, worth a wise man's while to read one in a thousand of those few. Who then would add to this yoke, and distress of letters, if with reason or with conscience he could decline it? For my own part, nothing, I am persuaded, could have moved me to tax the publick even with these few pages, if the design and argument of the discourse had not been in a great degree new and untouched, and if it did not tend throughout to account for things which have not, that I know of, been accounted for, or not fully, by other Writers.

Many things, no doubt, have not been so explained as to put an end to contention; and many have been treated in a way that served only to encourage it. The difficulty, in particular, of the second commandment, or the objection arising from GOD's visiting the sins of the fathers on the children, has been managed with a weakness or dissingenuity that I am concerned to mention, and that by almost all Authors that ever meddled with it. The opposition, therefore, formed on this bottom, against Moses and his laws, has hitherto stood as it was; and it is plain might be carried on very triumphantly, if no other resource were to be had in the matter.

It was this consideration that first suggested to me the thoughts of this Treatise. Afterwards I enlarged my plan, and took in whatever seemed most material to the defence, in general, of this branch of revelation. The volume, nevertheless, did not swell to an immoderate size; nor need the sight of it disturb the most indolent curious man in the world. Very little time or trouble will serve to peruse a piece, which is lengthened neither

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by invective nor declamation, which is not loaded with superfluous erudition, nor crammed with quotations, to spoil the eyes of learned readers, and to be stared at by ignorant ones.

I will only add, that I should be sorry to have said any thing which might give offence to pious and well-meaning persons. I have endeavoured to avoid it all I could, and as far as was consistent with the demands of truth, and the obligation not to disguise or dissemble what we think such.

As to the several particulars in the Mosaic account of the creation, these of themselves might afford matter for a distinct treatise: and such a one, I do indeed conceive, is wanting, to defend the literal sense of this part of Scripture, and to shew that there is no necessity for recurring wholly to an allegorical one. I am sensible, some able and learned men still favour this latter way of interpretation; most of the primitive Writers have gone into it; and the Fathers, especially, of the two first centuries. But authorities alone, are not, I think, of weight enough to bring one into opinions of this sort: the literal exposition has in no-wise so many or great difficulties as is commonly imagined; and the objections to the other will, I fear, be found utterly unsurmountable.—To leave this to a future enquiry, it will be sufficient at present to set down the general purport of the first chapters of Genesis.

C H A P. I.

IT pleased the Maker of the world, according to the history here mentioned, to form the first man and inhabitant of it in a state of innocence and happiness, and to provide for his residence a place full of all delights, laying only one command upon him, the keeping of which was to be attended

attended with the continuance of that blissful situation, and the breach with the loss of it.—He disobeyed; and it was lost.

Now let it be observed, before I proceed, that it does not appear in the account we have of this matter, nor can be inferred from it, that men are born with any pravity or corruption, or any weakness in their nature, but what Adam had, as well and alike before as after his fall. He was, it is true, through disobedience, made subject to death, and the various ailments and infirmities that lead to it; so could not transmit to his posterity other faculties or constitutions than were in himself; could not give them the good, he wanted: but, notwithstanding the frame of his mind was to all intents the same still, his liberty, or natural power to will and act, to judge and determine, was not altered; nor did he acquire new desires and affections. In other words, his reason and understanding, in the essence of them, remained as they were; while his children had of course derived to them the same power and freedom which he had, and the same ability, whatever that was, to please or displease God, to follow or to depart from the dictates of nature. The difference, in regard both of him and them, was purely, that their state and circumstances here on earth was changed; instead of immortal, they were become temporary beings; instead of an easy and undisturbed condition, were doomed to a laborious and afflicted one: but human nature itself was not reversed; only its duration and the terms of its enjoyments were different; the soul and its several properties were alike; the manner of life, and the space and period of it, were on another foot. In effect, the fault which our grand parents committed in no wise darkened, or took from their knowledge, but in a few respects unfortunately added to it: at first their nakedness was hid from

them; they found after, what it was to be naked, and wherein shame consisted; or, rather, this new sense and instinct was super-added to their original perceptions: before their transgression, they tasted and conceived, only, of happiness; now, they distinguished between happiness and misery, that is, they “knew good from evil;” before, they experienced, alone, pleasure and contentment; now, they were sensible of pain and anxiety: and in respect of the woman, her affections were enlarged, or varied in another instance, “as her desire was to be to her husband, and he to rule over her.”

To return: Adam and Eve, having broken the command laid upon them, are driven out of Eden. But, nevertheless, the goodness and justice of God could not permit, either that the ends of his providence should be defeated by their sin, or that their descendants, who had no share in this particular guilt, should finally suffer, or be the worse for it. Man therefore is no sooner fallen, than his redemption and the means of it are appointed and promised; “And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel *.” This text has been commonly thus interpreted: however, to Abraham God says, “I will make of thee a great nation—And in thee shall all the families of the earth be blest †—And all nations of the earth shall be blest in him ‡.”—All which did imply, that God would in time raise up a man, of the posterity of Adam by Abraham, who should repair all the mischiefs which the first man and woman had brought on their nature and species, and should prefer them to another paradise in the room of that which was forfeited. Thus, the first

* Gen. iii. 15.

† Gen. xii. 23.

‡ Gen. xviii. 18.

scheme being set aside by the transgression of our ancestor, God in his wisdom prepares a second, whereby the posterity of Adam should be fully recompensed in another world, for what they were made liable to in this through his crime.

Thus much for the Fall. As to what followed, from Adam down to Noah, the Mosaic accounts are extremely short: yet, I think, it may be collected from them, that the posterity of Cain, or led by his example, or rather from the natural imbecillity of their minds, trod in his steps, and went mostly into evil courses; and that the first short-lived traces or revivings of goodness afterwards were seen among the descendants of Seth: "And to Seth, to him also there was born a son:—then began men to call upon the name of the Lord*."—Josephus, speaking of this second branch, declares, that they lived in innocence and virtue for seven generations; he declares this, but on what grounds I cannot conceive, if from conjecture merely, or some supposed tradition. Very often one may guess at his intentions, when he endeavours, frequently as he does, to supply either the deficiency of Moses's history, or to make amends in his own way for the conciseness of it: but why he supposes what I have now mentioned, or whether his reputation and abilities will warrant every thing of this kind, I am uncertain. Enoch, it is true, is said to have walked with God; and, for that reason, one may judge, this was not the case of many more; for had others done so as eminently, it would, it is likely, have been recorded of them: the mentioning of one man's virtues so particularly seems to imply, that virtue, in the same degree at least, was not very common. At the same time, from Lamech's prophecy of Noah, that he should comfort

* Gen. iv. 26.

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them "because of the curse;" we may suppose that there was in his days, among a few men, a sense of that misfortune, and confidence in God's mercies.

But whatever degree of goodness there might then have been, whatever respect to religion among particulars, it lasted not long. As soon as the world thickened and grew populous, even the posterity, the whole posterity of Seth, except Noah and his family, as well as that of Cain, plunged themselves in sin; and virtue and the fear of God were quickly and totally abandoned: "The earth" "was filled with violence, and all flesh had corrupted his way."

C H A P. II.

THE experience of two thousand years had now made known the frailty and insufficiency of human nature. Man's natural capacity or understanding did not in fact, through that time, lead him to virtue and happiness; wherefore it must be supposed, either that he had not made so good a use of his reason as he might, or else that reason was not then a due counterpoise to the force that weighed against it, and that the passions were too strong for it, and quenched its influence: which is not unlikely; for these were at first at their full growth, and could be urged to no higher pitch, while reason was feeble and in its childhood, and unfit therefore for a contest which it is scarce equal to in its maturest state. The weaker reason is, this is always true, the more wilful and irregular are the passions; and the less resistance they meet with, the greater is their perverseness and propensity to what is wrong; so that, whether reason in its first feeble exertions, and in this morning of human

human nature, had strength enough to check the inclination to evil, may be very difficult to be determined.

It is not indeed possible, after all our thought, to come at a full view of ourselves: this knowledge is well said to be too excellent for us: we cannot penetrate into the soul, and inspect it in all its powers, and see by what laws they act reciprocally upon each other. Such researches we may sometimes make in the several systems of matter, but cannot apply and carry them to our own spiritual frame and existence.

Nevertheless, here is my hold: since man's natural abilities and powers did not in fact, through the period spoken of, guide him to virtue and happiness; one may suspect that those powers may not be, in all possible situations and circumstances, quite adequate to that end, and particularly that they were not then so. Instruction, study, and leisure and materials for it, with many other advantages, are requisite to give reason strength and lustre; nor, under these or any advantages, nor with the help even of divine illuminations, does it always acquire the stability and perfection needful to bring men to holiness, and thereby to make them happy. I take it then that much was not to be hoped for from it, in its primitive rudeness and debility, with no aid of any kind.

The true nature and unity of God, his omnipresence and eternal existence, his constant providential care over his creation, and our continual dependance on him, are theories, not only sublime and great in themselves, but essential to the very being of virtue, which, without an acquaintance with them, has a very unsafe bottom: but, useful and necessary as these truths are, they could not, certainly, have, been known in the ages we are speaking of, neither through any faint glimmer-

ings of tradition, if there were such, nor through any force that reason could then exert; for, if they are discoverable at all by reason, which is not quite clear, yet are they not so, without a vast stretch of mind, in very long deductions, or in very long metaphysical arguments, which few even now are capable of entering into. And as to that capital grand point, the doctrine of a future state, of all others most productive of true goodness, there must have been also in these times an utter ignorance of it. The wisest and most learned of the Ethnic Philosophers, we know for certain, thought and reasoned very darkly and dubiously on this subject; whatever they hinted about it was plainly conjectural and imaginary, and what they rather hoped for, than could prove, or were convinced of. A great number of ages, besides, were lapsed, before any of them attained, however obscurely, to this notion, if they did indeed attain to it of themselves, and without any divine impulse or inspiration.

The several knowledges therefore, now specified, which are such incitements to virtue, and so great supports of it, must have been hidden from the first race of men: they were necessarily destitute of these aids in particular, besides the other disadvantages that attended them. I do not then wonder that they ran into so great and extensive a degeneracy; I wonder much more, that even one family remained free from it, and under the influences of religion and goodness. It was long after their days, and that through many successive lights and assistances, ere human reason came to be in any measure an uniform guide, and a monitor to be relied on. It is not so at this time, but to a very small number; consequently, in its origin and infancy, must have been far from being a competent rule, and such a one as was equal to men's wants, and perfective of their felicity.

To this cause, chiefly, ought we to impute the miseries of mankind in those times ; to this, the corruption that reigned so universally in them. Or, if this is not admitted, and it be still said, that it was in man's power to have lived up to the dictates of Religion and Morality, yet must it be owned, that it could not but be extremely difficult for him to do so. In fact, he did not. It pleased God, therefore, to make use of various methods and provisions, to assist him in the exercise of virtue, and to enable him to attain all the happiness destined for him in this state ; all which methods and provisions were, with infinite wisdom, suited to this great and good end. This is what I propose to explain fully, and hope to make appear in the subsequent chapters.

In the mean time, it may be objected, that if it was not in men's power, or not without great and almost insuperable difficulty, to live well and virtuously, that then they could not justly have been punished, nor ought God to have been angry with them. They were not in effect punished, if I may give it that name, otherwise than necessity and their own good required ; neither was God, that I can see, angry with them : it is true, he saw fit to cut off that generation, in the circumstances they were, by a deluge ; but his declarations hereon by no means imply anger ; on the contrary, they are full of regret and sorrow, and shew the deepest concern for such an extremity : “ And the Lord said, My Spirit shall not always strive with man, for that he also is flesh—and it repented the Lord that he had made man on the earth, and it grieved him at his heart.—And the Lord said, I will destroy man, whom I have created—for it repenteth me that I have made them *.” Again, “ And Noah builded an altar unto the Lord, and

* Gen. vi. 3, 6, 7.

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“ the Lord smelled a sweet savour ; and the Lord
 “ said in his heart, I will not curse the ground any
 “ more for man’s sake, for the imagination of
 “ man’s heart is evil from his youth ; neither will
 “ I again smite any more every thing living, as I
 “ have done *.” And more to the same effect.
 These are the words of love and pity, not expressions of vengeance and wrath.

Secondly, God did not punish men, or deal with them, otherwise than necessity and their own good required : for, after their degeneracy was grown to such an height and universality that no means of reformation were left, an all-good Creator could not suffer things to go on in that course ; and it was more merciful far to exterminate that race at once, than to let them live any longer, overwhelmed with sin and misery ; the consequence of which would only have been their perpetrating yet greater crimes, and leaving behind them a posterity wretcheder than themselves.

CH A P. III.

THE deluge is poured down.—And now the great plan, for man’s redemption and happiness, is going into execution ; the point still in the eye of Providence, and to which all his dispensations are uniformly directed. For the accomplishing of this, and to the end that God’s promise, “ to drown the world no more,” might stand inviolable, two things were, chiefly and indispensably, of importance.

It was requisite to prevent the same degeneracy from prevailing at any time after the flood, that had prevailed before it.

It was also requisite to keep the knowledge of

* Gen. viii. 20, 21.

One God, Maker of heaven and earth, from being quite lost and sunk in idolatry.

First, It was necessary to provide against a total loss of virtue and goodness a second time : for, if that had happened again, the same remedy would have been required again : another universal corruption must have produced another universal deluge ; no reformation, in that state, being to be hoped for, or effected. In such a degeneracy, those methods of reforming, which in other circumstances might take place, either cease, or are made useless : the encouragements of praise and reward are wholly at an end ; persuasion and instruction, and the force and effects of example, subsist no longer ; neither would divine judgments themselves, probably, be of any efficacy in this state. When men are thoroughly hardened and confirmed in sin, these do but harden them the more ; partially inflicted, they are not minded ; if more general, provoke only despair and defiance : wickedness, then, is made education ; steeled by habit and countenance, it will not bend, nor alter ; the passions and tempers of men are crooked, and turned the wrong way ; while no good any more incites their hope, nor evil their fear : there is not room, in such a situation, even for the influences of “ God’s grace and spirit,” which are supposed to come only in aid of men’s own endeavours : *these* may rekindle the sparks of dying religion, but never create virtue and goodness where they are not, and where the seeds of them are quite perished, and vice and wickedness have taken root in their stead ; as the beams of the sun and moon, and the dews and zephyrs, call lilies up in gardens, but cannot raise them in the desert, nor spread them upon barren rocks.

If things then had come again to the same rate of iniquity, as men could not have been reformed,
nothing

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nothing could have been done effectually for their welfare; for, if men cannot be made good and virtuous, they cannot be made happy: God's promise, "to drown the world no more," had better not have been made; for it would have been better, in that supposition, for mankind to be cut off, than not.

Secondly, It was necessary to keep the knowledge of the One God, Maker of heaven and earth, from being lost; as instantly lost it would have been, without the divine care and interposition: for, in those days of ignorance, men ran hastily and headlong into idolatry; they ran into it, as it were, by instinct; all they could conceive, or rather surmise, was, that there was something somewhere, existences of some kind or other, more powerful and perfect than they, and that they were dependent on, and subject to, some such beings, invisible to them. Their impotent and helpless estate, the many dangers and wants they were involved in, their inability to relieve the one, or guard sufficiently against the other, easily led them to imagine this; to hope, that some of these beings were inclined to do them good; and to fear, that others would hurt them: those they sought to for protection; these they endeavoured to appease with sacrifices: and this pristine timidity, and feebleness in men's spirits, it was, that gave rise to the several religions that obtained, in all times, through the heathen world: their original impressions and traditions concerning God and his Unity, whatever they were, were soon erased out of their minds, and they soon forgot, as it was natural, what they did not understand: then, the more gods they had, the safer they fondly imagined they should be, and that, by preferring one sett of gods to another, they should engage them the more strongly in their favour. This error
grew

grew up out of their simplicity, as plants grow out of the earth; fear, ignorance, and example, drove them almost irresistibly into it, and it became second nature.

Idolatry, then, must of course, without the Divine interposition, soon have become universal; which had it once been, it must always have continued so: if no one nation had had the knowledge of God, all others would have remained without it. It was (for I may be allowed to suppose the Jewish records, in this respect at least, true) amazingly difficult to preserve this knowledge among one nation only; and being preserved among them, it was a business of long time and preparation to convey it, by their hands, to the rest of the world: if then it was so hard a matter to bring and to keep mankind to the true worship and belief of one God, *even this way*, how could they have been brought to it by any other? how could all men have come by the knowledge of God, which it was almost impossible to preserve among a few, and which the rest came so hardly by, while partially preserved, if it had been once universally lost? Could human reason have recovered it? Very probably, not: the true knowledge of God could not have been had but from God himself.

We are apt to think we clearly see these truths, and that we can as clearly prove them, now that they have been revealed to us: but how, let me ask, do we prove them?—All metaphysical reasonings, or arguments, as we term them, *à priori*, are of such a nature, that many, even wise men, have thought them not much to be relied on; they are, in fact, often precarious and deceitful, and, at best, within the apprehension of but a few men. As to reasonings *à posteriori*, such as are taken

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taken from the frame and order of the universe ; these are indeed thought to rise to a real certainty, or very near it, of the being of a God, the cause of all things : but even here our understanding is soon lost and bewildered. Whence is that cause, and how is he the First Cause ? What is eternity, what necessity of existence ! existence uncaused, and without beginning, and without end ! What is creation, or causing to be that which was not ?

Say, notwithstanding, that we do prove by these last-mentioned reasonings the being of God ; yet do we not certainly prove, by them alone, all his attributes : we may perhaps conclude from such arguments the existence of a Creator, but can go very little further ; can neither deduce thence his Unity, nor his providence and government of his creation : there may be other Creators, other eternal intelligent agents ; or this system, to which we belong, may have been so contrived, as not to need God's care and superintendency *. The proofs then of this sort, prove what they can, are only very fair presumptions or probabilities, within a small matter indeed of certainty, but not strictly and absolutely demonstrative : Atheism has no regular fixed scheme to rest on ; no hypothesis, that is not exposed to endless inconveniencies : on the contrary, the supposition of a God, or First Cause, is a more specious and consistent philosophy, with much juster pretensions to truth, and accompanied with less and fewer difficulties.

However, to avoid debate, we will suppose that reason, without revelation, could in time have attained to the knowledge of the true God : be it so ; yet the world might have grown old, and unnumbered ages have passed, ere one great Genius had climbed this summit of truth, and many

* ——— “ Divûm natura, necesse est,

“ Immortali a vo summâ cum pace fruatur.”

more,

more, ere he could have carried others thither. It is certain, that only the greatest of the Ethnic Philosophers, either before the Christian æra, or long after, had any tolerably just conceptions, if even *they* had such, of the Unity * of the Supreme Being; the bulk of the world had them not. Be it then admitted, that the Philosophers had, or might have had, such conceptions; yet how could they have brought mankind into their sentiments? could their lessons, with no authority but their own, have grappled with, and got the better of, reigning bigotry and superstition? Was a probable notion enough to overturn established and deep-rooted falsehood? or could a refined speculative truth, far above common understandings, incapable perhaps of strict proof, at least of such as the generality could apprehend, have made its way through all opposition, and borne down pride, self-interest, folly, and the most stubborn prejudices? It will not be said, it could. Well then; admit even further, that these Philosophers had, like the Apostles, been invested with the power of working wonders, for the confirmation of what they taught: yet still, the conviction, to have been wrought on men's minds, would have relied only on certain temporary occasional miracles, whose impression would soon have been over: the evidence of former miracles, and of prophecies, and their completion, the testimony of a nation that had known God from the beginning, the chain of his dealings and retributions with that nation, and the character of a Messiah, with the several astonishing and glorious circumstances belonging to it, and that great living wonder and prediction in one, the dispersion and present estate of the Jews; all this further evidence, which it

* "I owe," said even Socrates, when he was dying, "a cock to Æsculapius; see you pay it."

pleased

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pleased God to give mankind of his being and providence, would still have been wanting: all this put together was but barely sufficient to lead them into this belief and sense of things; less therefore, or the least part of it, probably, would not have been so.

Far be it from me confidently to assert, that God could have found no other method for accomplishing his designs, than that one he made use of. Yet, when, in our best judgement, we cannot see how those designs could have been brought about by any other, and when the one made use of obtained its end in the amplest and most perfect manner, we may reasonably believe, and take for granted, that no other was to be found, or, which is the same thing, none so wise, and well suited to all the purposes intended.

Since, then, the knowledge of God, without his especial care, would, it is likely, have been early lost; and, if it had been once lost, could not, as far as we can see, have been recovered again; it was most necessary to make the surest provisions in this case, as it was alike necessary to prevent a second universal corruption.

Had not both these particulars been taken care of and ensured, there would have been no room or possibility, in appearance, for bringing men finally to happiness: happiness, present or future, can flow only from virtue, and the knowledge of God; had virtue been once utterly extinguished, men would have been incapable of the knowledge of God, or any other to any good purpose, as without that knowledge they would have been incapable of pure and perfect virtue, which consists in the love of, and in trust in God, and an endeavour to be like him.

In order to prevent a second universal corruption, God saw it requisite, among other things, to
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operate powerfully by his holy Grace and Spirit, at certain times, and in distinction of certain men, for the benefit and instruction of others.

And, in order to keep the knowledge of himself from being lost, he saw it alike requisite to appropriate, and separate from the rest of the world, a particular people; to reign over them personally, if I may so say; and by grace and terror, and by all motives of Omnipotence, even violence and compulsion, to bind upon them the belief and worship of the true God, and keep them from falling into the worship of false gods; that through their means, and by this channel, he might communicate to all mankind the knowledge of his Being and Attributes, as soon as they should be fit for it, and in a condition to make the right use of it.

CHAP. IV.

LET us consider the first of these branches, viz. the preventing a second total loss of virtue and goodness.

While Noah and his immediate posterity remained, the memory of God's judgements, and the sense of their own deliverance and preservation, with his example and authority, withheld them a while from sin: but these inducements to virtue waxing weaker as mankind multiplied, and daily losing force, it was not long ere impiety and presumption got to a head again. They began, it is said, to build a city and a tower, that should reach unto heaven; a very unaccountable project, and which, if not manifest impiety, nor intended by them as such, was yet an act of madness and folly, approaching very near it, and which expressed that violent and wilful spirit, as shewed a

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tendency to every thing inordinate, and that they would thenceforth be restrained from nothing their imaginations led them to.

It was now, therefore, needful for God to interpose : and accordingly it pleased him, as the fittest means for remedying the mischiefs at hand, and in order to make way for farther applications of his wisdom, to scatter mankind abroad upon the face of the earth, and to divide them into several people and languages, who were before but one language and one people.

I own, it may be urged, and not without colour of truth, that the same thing would, in process, have happened of itself, through the nature and necessity of human affairs*. It may be so : but then this would have been a result of length of time, rising from causes, that must have ripened imperfectly and dilatorily into their effects ; and mankind, long before it had come to pass, would have lapsed again into their former licentiousness, which would have obliged again to the same extremities : so that here was a plain and peremptory necessity for God to do that directly, and by the instantaneous act of his will, which might possibly have produced itself in ages ; nor was the miracle the less on that account, any more than the reason for

* There was published, a few years ago, a posthumous work of some learned man, I think of Dr. Wotton ; in which it was shewn, with reference to the subject before us, that there are such specific innate characteristicks in some languages, distinguishing them from all others, that they could not possibly have been derived from any other. If this be so, as I judge it may, what is the inference ? Why, just nothing at all. This observation alone, if there be nothing else to be said, will not prove, nor even make it probable, that there was such a miraculous confusion of tongues as Moses gives an account of ; for languages, it is very possible, might have come by chance ; people might have made them themselves, by consenting to call things by this or that name or sound, as new or original names and sounds are daily made for things newly invented.

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it was to have been dispensed with : the benefit to accrue to mankind, by an immediate dispersion and confusion of tongues, could not have been accomplished by a slow and gradual one : such a one would have come too late, nor could the corruption to be guarded against have been prevented by it.

Nor is this argument at all supposititious or imaginary : the words themselves of Scripture, in which this matter is related, do plainly imply as much.

“ And the Lord said, behold, the people is one ; —and this they begin to do, and now nothing will be restrained from them,—let us go down, and there confound their language.”—The meaning of which is, the people are now united and live together ; and, from what they are already doing, it is evident, they are prepared to run into all manner of enormities : therefore, that they may not do so, I will this moment scatter them abroad. The reason, you see, that induced to the miracle, is given, before the miracle itself is mentioned ; signifying clearly, that it pleased God instantly to disperse men, and confound their tongues, as the best and fittest means to prevent the wickedness which they were going hastily into, in consequence of their keeping together in one body.

And that this was, in reality, the best and most effectual, if not the only method, his wisdom could have made use of for this end, will, I think, appear on a little consideration.—First then, by this expedient, wickedness and wicked projects were no longer to be contrived or carried on unanimously and universally ; for men, being thus thrown into thousands of little colonies, and divided by mountains, rivers, and seas, could no longer associate and act together : at the same time, the irregularities, which might have their

birth from a few of them, could not now be propagated to great numbers; for, every nation being unacquainted with the languages of the rest, vice was not to be transferred from one to another; nor could that which was the growth of some lands take root in more: by this means, the contagion of wickedness had bounds set to it, and evil example was confined, and could not stretch its influence beyond one country.

Add to this, that tokens of Divine wrath, leveled on one people for their sins, might thenceforth be a warning to others to avoid the like sins: and as contests for dominion, extent of territory, and the like, must of course, in this state of things, arise between different countries; so blessings being bestowed on one, and denied to another, and success and victory being given to the good, and withheld from the bad, this, one may judge, might very naturally lead men in time to think of their true interest, and create an emulation for virtue among them.

In effect, men were so circumstanced now, by being parceled out into several nations, that they might, whenever God pleased, be made checks reciprocally upon each other, and be in his hands, according to their respective virtues or demerits, the instruments of their own reward or chastisement: a wicked state, or community, being brought low, one more worthy could be exalted in the room of it; this people growing dissolute and abandoned, another, less debauched, may be made lords and masters over them.

On this footing, it was morally impossible that an universal degeneracy should ever take place again, or that wickedness, let it prevail as it could in some parts, should prevail a like in all.—And as to partial immorality, whatever there might be of it in particular nations or societies, it could be of no very
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ill consequence, there being always room in this circumstance to check and restrain it in such manner or degree as might be required. Thus things were brought to a security, and men's welfare placed on a true basis for the future, through God's wisdom in timely dispersing them, and changing their one language into many.

There is nothing in all the Sacred Writings, that has been so much the mark of ridicule, or lain more open to vulgar exception, than the affair now spoken of; wherefore I was the more desirous to rescue it, as well from irrational constructions, as from censures of levity: but still I will be so candid as not to suppress any thing I know of, that can be said fairly against it. It may be said, I guess, that the dispersion of men at this juncture, and the quashing of their mad counsels, might have been brought about, not only naturally and without a miracle, but directly and at once: I own it. A storm, for example, a very high and furious storm, might have scattered and driven them abroad immediately: this is possible; but then, whatever this storm was, supposing it only to be natural, it could not have dispersed them to so great a distance, nor kept them asunder so long, but that they might easily have come together again after it was over. The confounding therefore of their speech, it is highly credible, was the only measure that could have dispersed and divided them effectually, as well as instantly, and so as to answer fully the views of Providence.

This story of Babel then is not, after all, so strange a one, as some grave persons have seemed to think; is not likely to have been the invention of Moses, being at a loss to account for the variety of languages and nations; but, most probably, was set down by him under the impulse and conduct of that inspiring power, which made him a man so "mighty in thought and in act."

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To dismiss this topic, it was with mankind originally, while remaining in one body, as it is with a great popular tumult or insurrection: the multitude, in this bad collective capacity, ran headily into mischief; but when once means are found to disunite and disperse them, their tempers and inclinations soon change; they then keep close to their separate districts, and follow their callings in quiet.

This dispersion of men was one proper and adequate means to keep them from falling again into an irremediable state of vice and iniquity.

Over and above this, it pleased God, at different times, to send into the world divers excellent persons, for the edification of human nature, and remarkably to illuminate and pour his grace and favour upon them for this end. These were the Heroes whom the great Writers of antiquity, in their fables and allegories, make mention of*; who broke the barriers of the prince of darkness, and weakened his empire, and therefore were declared to be descended from gods; that is, they were enlightened by the God of gods, and through his especial favour cleared the mists from men's eyes, and shewed them the paths to truth and virtue.

It will, I foresee, be objected here, that this is merely an assertion, a thing not to be proved; that there is no need to suppose that these great men had any light or guide but nature and reason. I own, we have no records, sacred or other, or any positive proof for support of this notion with respect to some of those great men: let it then be allowed to be only a supposition; yet it is a rational one, and has probability on its side: for is

* ——— “*Pauci, quos æquus amavit*
“*Jupiter, aut ardens evexit ad æthera virtus,*
“*Diis geniti, potuere.*”

it to be conceived, unless we admit supernatural assistance, that persons should rise, in the most barbarous and illiterate times, equal, for wisdom and abilities, to any that have been known in the most learned? that, in this or that country, should stand forth, of a sudden, a great Moralist or Philosopher, while all around him was darkness and savageness? Can one conceive that, once in an age, such a one should shoot up, like an aloe among weeds and briars; and that he should thus get the start of his species, and tour so prodigiously above them, on his own strength only? Could nature, or accident, create so vast a disparity? could it come merely from different organizations of sense and feature? or was it the product of education, while as yet the arts of education were scarcely thought of? This is not over-likely.

That these favoured persons, therefore, were blest with heavenly illuminations, in some mode or measure or other, is a notion very reasonable in itself, and perfectly agreeable likewise to our justest ideas of an all-good Being, provident to bring his creation regularly and gradually to all the excellence it could rise to.

There are, I know, who have strong prejudices to opinions of this sort; yet certainly such opinions are of very natural origin, and what plain and common minds can scarcely help falling into: the best and wisest, moreover, of the moderns have espoused this way of reasoning, as numbers of the ancients did before them, some of whom, I believe indeed unjustifiably, yet carried it so far, as even to think there never was a truly great man, or person endued with a surprizing genius in any way, but who owed it to some divine inspiration, and was raised up by God for some extraordinary purpose of good to mankind.

Early, and at the head of those who appeared

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in this high and sacred character, were Abraham, Lot, Melchizedec, Job, at least the Writer of the book of Job, and others probably, whose names we have not heard of. Abraham and his son Isaac travelled and sojourned in many lands, where kings were reprov'd for their sakes, and, by their fortunes, and the blessings attending them, wrought up to the fear of God. After them rose Hermes, Zoroaster, Orpheus, Pythagoras, Numa, Cyrus, and the several great Poets, Law-givers, and Philosophers, among the Greeks and Romans.

Thus no possibility, it seems, was left of another universal corruption : meantime, virtue and moral knowledge imperceptibly advanced and gained strength, till, one nation copying from another, and succeeding times improving on those past, men became at length capable of apprehending the holy truths of God and his religion.

C H A P. V.

THE second thing, essential in the Scheme of Providence, was the keeping the knowledge of "the only true God" from being wholly lost. This could not probably have been so well done, as by separating from the rest of the world a particular people, and training them gradually in that knowledge : for men's propensity to pluralities of gods was so natural and predominant, that they ran into it at once and alike ; it was the sole habit, or characteristick, in which one nation did not differ from another : so that, if some *one* had not been selected from the rest, and kept from mingling with them, and imitating their superstitions and follies, which they would have done had they mingled with them, the knowledge of God could not have been preserved : contagions cannot be escaped but by flying from the infected.

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It being necessary, therefore, that a particular people should be set apart, and divided from all others; let us go succinctly over, and just mark, the several steps which it pleased God to take in order to it, in order both to set one nation thus apart from the rest, as his peculiar people, and, when that was done, to confirm and maintain his true worship and belief among them.

It was not long after the Deluge ere men's minds were clouded and darkened, and their original apprehensions and ideas of God almost quite extinguished: idolatry, like a second deluge, had poured itself through the lands; it had got footing even among the elder branch of Shem, and that, while Noah himself was still living, and they had his example and authority before their eyes.—In this conjuncture, the time precisely that such a step was required, Abraham is called, a man of virtuous and good dispositions, and of the tenth generation, or thereabouts, from Noah: he is sent forth, with all his substance, from his own country to another: God promises him an offspring, by his wife Sarah, in their old age, and to make a great nation of him; promises also the land of Canaan to his posterity; and declares, that “in his seed all the families of the earth should be blessed;” and goes along with him, and is every where “his rock and tower of defence.” What could be more engaging and endearing than these several circumstances? What more proper to excite in a man affection, duty, and confidence, towards God? Moreover, the going down of his descendants into Egypt, their sufferings and bondage there, and their deliverance from it, and return to Canaan, after four hundred years, are severally predicted; in consequence of which promises and predictions, Isaac, first, is born; Abraham's faith and obedience, soon after, are exemplarily

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plarily proved, and strengthened, and rewarded; the same promises are then repeated to Isaac; after him, to Jacob; and the heavenly correspondence is kept open with all three during their respective lives; God converses with them face to face, and as friend with friend: so much was required to establish even *them* in the knowledge and fear of their Maker.

In the decline of Jacob's life, his darling son Joseph is sold by his brethren to the Egyptians; a famine ensues in Canaan, and those brethren are forced to go after him to buy food; by this means they come, as was foretold, to reside in Goshen, and grow into a numerous and great people.

Thus, from a man and woman, childless, and far stricken in years, a nation is raised; that nation, as it was begun, is propagated, and preserved by miracles; the main things to befall them, from their beginning to the days of Moses, are foretold, before they began; they are still kept apart, and distinct from all other nations, in which view a particular rite had been early instituted, and signal mercies and marks of divine favour incessantly accompany them. Even when they are fallen into slavery, God is still with them; the more they are oppressed, the more they increase and flourish; their strength, beauty, and numbers, rise with the cruelty of their oppressors; and all the while they have this comfort and support, the promise of heaven, in his set time, to visit and deliver them: all which visible tokens and demonstrations, continued through ages, of the care and love of God towards them, could not but awake in them awful sentiments of that God, and belief and trust in him, as a Being superior to all others.

Let us review this matter once more. Sarah, kept barren to old age for the purposes of Providence, in her old age, as was promised, brings forth

forth a son; this confirms Abraham's faith in God: that son, on the point of bleeding, is rescued at the altar; this confirms his faith yet more: the lives of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, are diversified, and mixed with distress and danger, by which the power and goodness of God do more abundantly appear, and they have more and more reason to own him, and to rely on his favour and protection: on the same account, and with the same scope, is Joseph sold into Egypt; hence his brethren and family settle there, and after his death become oppressed and afflicted; their settlement in this country was one great deliverance; their affliction in it was in order to a greater; the one tending to inspire gratitude to God, the other to keep up a dependance on him; for, had they enjoyed an unaltered prosperity, they would soon have forgot him: afflicted therefore became they, and oppressed, that they might look up to the God of their fathers for their deliverer: their sojourning in Egypt was of so long continuance, that they might be numerous enough to possess and fill the land that was destined to them: their bondage and oppression was so heavy and lasting, to the end their deliverance, when wrought, might strike keener and more durable impressions on them; likewise, that the deep and affecting remembrance of their having been bondmen themselves, and tasted so much of its bitterness, might make them ever after merciful and kind to others in that circumstance: besides this, the iniquity of the Canaanites, as is said, was not yet full; and, had those nations been extirpated before it was so, their punishment would not have been proportioned to their guilt; God in that case must have departed from the reason and measure of his justice: the same may be said with respect to the Egyptians, and the judgements at last brought up-
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on them: neither was their iniquity yet full. So much depended on the treatment of the Israelites in Egypt, and on their continuance there so long.

In the mean time, all possible provisions had been made by God, to keep them from mingling with that nation, and to guard them from the idolatry of it: they lived in a particular province, or district, by themselves; their very occupation, that of shepherds, was an abomination to the Egyptians, who thought it unlawful even to eat or drink with an Hebrew; so that the Hebrews could have very little opportunity of society or commerce with them: then, the greater the tyranny they endured, and the more they were busied in the work of it, the less it was in their power to look into the customs and manners of their tyrants; besides that, their very resentment, and hatred of such task-masters, could not but give them the strongest aversion to all their ways, so far as they might haply be acquainted with them.

Here, we see, is a series of wonders, which verify the predictions that went before them; a chain of great events, springing from one another, and drawn out through four or more centuries; all tending, separately and together, to attach the seed of Abraham to *God*, and to prepare their way for being his chosen people, and which open to us in one view whatever there can be of beauty, harmony, and grandeur, in moral distributions.

In truth, the more a thinking man revolves in his mind this train of affairs, and sees how one nation are led, step by step, to a sense of the pre-eminence and sovereignty of the true *God*, in order to be set apart for his service, and to be, as it were, the repository of his sacred laws and religion, till all mankind were fit for the reception of them; the more he will confess and admire the signatures of
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of wisdom and goodness, that appear through the whole œconomy, and in every part of it.

Now, as nothing more could, in appearance, have been done for this end; so nothing less, it is probable, would have been sufficient. The rudeness of human reason, in those days, was such, that to conceive rightly of the Supreme BEING was as much beyond its reach, as it was to explain or amend his works; the greatest force of mind, under the sublimest improvements, seems not at that time, or much later, to have been able to carry men such a length: the furthest they could go, the most they could be brought to, in numberless ages, was to conceive of some particular *God*, as greater than all others: consequently, it became the peculiar care of Providence to bring some part of men, even into this imperfect notion; they seem not to have been able to reason themselves into it; they could not see it by their own reflection; therefore the only way to convince them of it was by supernatural effects, and extraordinary interpositions of Almighty Power; which interpositions could not be too frequent, or too often repeated, to counter-balance their ignorance, and proneness to idolatry, and to induce them to worship one *God* alone: such manifestations were the only lights, by which they could see *God*; and, if those lights had disappeared, they would have been in the dark again; they but half saw him through this telescope, so could not have seen him at all, had it been withdrawn. “If *God*,” says Jacob, that Jacob who, like his grandfather Abraham, and his father Isaac, had conversed with his Maker, and beheld him in vision, “If *God* will be with me, “and will keep me in this way that I go, and will “give me food to eat, and raiment to put on, so “that I come again to my father’s house in peace, “then shall the *Lord* be my *God*,” that is, in this case,

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case, he would serve the *Lord*, rather than any other *God*.

All this preparation, then, it seems plain, was required, only to bring one people in any degree to the knowledge and worship of *God*: much more was required to keep them to, and confirm them in, that worship: what has been recited served no further than to lead to this point, and make, as it were, the openings of it; still greater things were needful for securing it.

It is exceedingly difficult to carry rude nature contrary to its humour and propensity, and to give it a happier bent than what it took from its first fears, ignorance, or misapprehensions: let what can, be done, it will still be apt to slide back into its proper error; like a bowl, which, while the force first given it continues, rolls even to the goal; but, when that is spent, curves and declines again with its own bias.

And thus it was with the unhappy Israelites, whose deliverance from their Egyptian thralldom, with all that attended and followed from it, we now come to consider.

C H A P. VI.

REMARKABLE and surprizing have been the fortunes and story of many countries and kingdoms of the earth; but none have had their chronicles so filled with wonder, or could boast such marks and designations of *God's* care and providence, as the Jews: begun and raised up by Divine Power; separated from all mankind, to be one day the blessing of all mankind; driven from their country when desolate and unfruitful, to come back to it when flowing with milk and honey; preserved from famine while only a family, to be rescued

rescued from slavery when a nation; from a single family and a small number, in a surprizingly short time increased to a great people, and, after being an afflicted, persecuted people, delivered with a high hand, and made victorious over their enemies.

They had lived happily in Egypt for one generation, and through the lives of the founders of their tribes: at length, a prince succeeding, who was a stranger to their fathers, their sufferings and oppression began, increasing gradually as they increased, and growing sorer and more grievous as they grew more potent and populous: at last, their cry cometh up to heaven, and their deliverer is sent them: and, as Joseph had been greatly rescued and exalted, in order to the bringing them into this country; so Moses was no less eminently preserved and distinguished, for the carrying them out of it; that thus this whole dispensation might visibly be the finger of God, and that the tokens and footsteps of his providence might be seen more deeply engraved throughout it.

And now the viol of wrath is poured forth.—Moses stretched forth his wand.—The heart of Pharaoh is hardened.—Not hardened, that he might be punished for what was wrought upon him by divine impression, and which he could not help: herein was no crime: the guilt of Egypt, both prince and people, was their inexorable cruelty to the Hebrews, who had in nothing deserved such treatment from them, and to whose ancestors they had been abundantly indebted: this was a guilt, needed no aggravation: Pharaoh's heart, then, was hardened, not to add to his crime, but that there might be the more scope for the hand of God to move in, and that his punishment, as well as God's power, might be the more conspicuous, by being seen in greater diversity: had he not
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been hardened, he could not possibly have continued so obstinate in refusing to let the Israelites go; and if he had not stood in that obstinacy, there would not have been the opportunity and the reasons for multiplying *God's* wonders in Egypt; those wonders, which were to convince the Jews in particular, that the *Lord* Jehovah was high above all gods, and which were to be declared by them to their children's children, and to be the ground-work and support of the great system that followed.

With this intent Pharaoh's heart was hardened: and to this intent also the magicians were permitted to do some of the same things which Moses did: I say, permitted: for, however there will always be, in ignorant times and nations, forcerers, or persons assuming that name and character, yet it is certain there is not, nor can be, a real art-magic; there can be no natural power in man to do supernatural things, none by himself, none in concert with other agents: all suppositions of this kind are senseless.

The truth is, *God* at this time suffered enchantments, let me call them such, whether by the ministry of spirits commissioned to this end, or by powers immediately communicated to the enchanters themselves, to take place in a certain degree, as the fittest means, the more thoroughly to harden Pharaoh, and that it might be seen finally, that the imagined arts of forcerers and invisible spirits were uncertain and confined, and no stress to be laid on them; that those forcerers, and those spirits, good or evil, no matter which way you understand it, had no power, in effect, but from *God*; none, but what he gave them leave to exert, and which he could limit and restrain at pleasure; and that all impostors of this kind were, in his hands, alike with the rest of his creation, whenever
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he saw good instruments for executing his will, and fulfilling the ends of his government.

In other words, the power given to the magicians was given, partly, to expose the vanity and impiety of all who placed confidence in any help, or had any dependence, except in *God* only; to shew, that such hopes and dependencies would always deceive and forsake those who trusted to them; that there was no intrinsic power or efficacy in magic; and that whatever was done under that name and pretence was wholly through *God's* permission, and subject to his controul.

Thus it is said in Deuteronomy, that, "if a false prophet foretold any thing, and the thing foretold should come to pass, with design to tempt them to go after other gods, they were yet not to believe him, nor to worship other gods, for *God* permitted this only to prove them."

Had the magicians had any ability independently of *God*, whether inherent in themselves, or in virtue of infernal or other assistance, to do super-natural things, they might as well have followed Moses through all his miracles, as through a few of them; might as well have called up lice, as frogs; as well have changed day to night, as water to blood: but they had not, nor possibly could have, any such power: it is contrary to all sense, contrary to all our ideas of *God*, to suppose, that any being, except himself, can create and give life (this were supposing other gods), or that any spirits, good or evil, can do acts contrary to nature, and alter the stable and eternal laws of it; or, which is more absurd, that they can empower men to do such acts: the miracles of the magicians, then, were as truly miracles, and virtually as much the work of *God*, as those of Moses; they were as truly done through his almighty will and power, and could

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be done by no other: the giving life and being to a fly, or worm, or any insect, is as great an act as to give it to an elephant or a lion; the making a lesser serpent, as much a miracle as to make a greater, or to tell the tempest where it shall ravage, and where not. All such acts imply equal power, and can come, directly or indirectly, from Him alone in whom is all power: the forcerers did some of these acts, and could not do the rest; this was demonstration, that it was not by their own power, they did them: so that, by this procedure, while the heart of Pharaoh, as I have said, was more thoroughly hardened, and occasion thence given for multiplying of *God's* wonders, the fallacy and presumption also of all supposed conjurations and magical arts was, in great measure, detected and disarmed.

Upon the whole, these methods, which it pleased *God* to take for vindicating his name and pre-eminence, were the fittest and rightest, in all respects, that could be taken in those ages and circumstances of the world: men then, seemingly, were quite incapable of understanding the Unity of the Divine Nature, or of being reasoned even into the faintest notions concerning it; their fears and weakness, on the contrary, led them into all manner of follies and superstitions, as witchcraft, auguries, incantation, idol-worship, and the like: the permitting, therefore, certain wonders, supposed to be done by different agents than *God*, and the doing others, seemingly greater and more marvellous, and which such agents were not permitted to do, these were the only proper proofs to men, at that time, of *God's* supreme authority and omnipotence: nor do we see his wisdom perhaps more clearly in aught, than in the perfect suiting and adapting in this wise his several operations to the nature and temper of the respective times and occasions wherein they were manifested.

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And hence it is, we so frequently meet with in holy writ expressions of this kind: "Who is like unto our God? which of all the gods can be compared unto him? He is high above all gods—the God that alone doth wondrous things—the God of Abraham and Isaac—" with many others of the like import, and which were modelled to the unripened apprehensions of men in those days, when speculative truth and reasoning were out of their reach, and they were to be kept steadfast with *God*, as by such applications which might most easily affect them, so by those forms of speech that lay most naturally to their understandings.

"The God of Abraham!" And was he not as truly the *God* of his whole creation, and of all lands and people, as of Abraham and his seed?—"Who is so great a God as our God!" Was there really, then, any other god? No; but these phrases, as I said, were used in compliance with their weakness, and signified to them, what only they could be yet made to comprehend, that the *Lord* was supreme over all, and had no rival, or competitor, for power and dominion, and consequently that it was in vain to put trust in any beside.

In this sense and construction then in which I have explained it, and I am apt to think in no other, is to be understood the affair of the Egyptian forcerers. In the same sense I understand that other fact of the witch of Endor: she had no ability of her own, or through intercourse with any spirits, to call up the ghost of Samuel; but it pleased God to suffer it to be done then in views of his providence. No being could have enabled her to do that, or any other such thing, except God: no demon, or familiar, neither good nor evil spirit, has, it is probable, any power to impede or assist men in their actions, to do them

good, or do them hurt, unless *God* directly enables and commissions them to do so: and in this way likewise, I take it, we ought to interpret what is related, in the Gospels, of persons possessed and tormented by devils; which persons, if I am in the right in this notion, were really possessed by devils, and were not madmen only, or lunatics, as is more commonly believed.

Thus much for those particulars which preceded the Israelites going out of Egypt, and which, by various appeals to their senses, and by the evidence of their eyes, were to convince them, that their *God* was greater than all other gods; for they could not then (which is what I have more than once observed, yet will it be useful to explain it a little further) enter into the abstract idea of one *God*, or Being, Author of all beings, nor deduce his Existence and Unity from his regular creation; but, with the rest of mankind, ignorantly believed that there were great numbers of celestial existences, like him, and that, as to private persons and families were given their Lares, or household divinities, so every country and people had their respective national god or gods.

It is recorded of those nations who, after the captivity, were planted in the cities of Samaria, “that they knew not the manner of the god of the country; and that, afterwards being taught his worship, they worshiped him, yet served their own country-gods at the same time;” so universally fixed in men’s minds was this belief till the days of Christianity: it seems, indeed, to have been of the proper and genuine growth of human nature, and so much so, that it could never yet be wholly extinguished, nor is even to this day, many Christians themselves having in effect revived, or rather substituted in its room, something very like it, by allotting to different kingdoms

doms guardian saints, or patrons, and paying homage and worship to them as such.

It is most true, and would have been very probable though there had been no grounds for it in Scripture, that *God* has, through all ages, destined angels, or immortal spirits, to preside not only over states and empires, but to be protectors of particular men and houses. This were a probable opinion, though not warranted by holy writ; for what with more reason can we suppose, than that it makes great part of the happiness of angels to perform the duties and functions assigned them by *God*? and what more glorious, or useful function, can the most exalted creature have, than to watch for the safety and welfare of his fellow-creatures, and to be busied in procuring their good, and in averting evil from them?

Such probably always was, and will be, in part, the employment of beatified spirits: but since men, in their pristine ignorance, mistook them for, and adored them as independent deities, not subservient to, or acting by, the ordinances of their common Father and Maker, it was most fitting for *God*, when he selected a particular nation, in order to be their *God* in a more eminent manner, to let them see, what only they were capable of seeing, that he was far above all such supposed gods in power, and that no other could do the things which he did.

These were the arguments best suited to their humble capacity, and the wisest way in which their Maker could treat them, until such time as they should be able to know and recognize him by truer mediums.

Let it be observed further, in regard to the miracles which *God* wrought in Egypt, that, to the end the views of his providence, here mentioned, might be fully answered by them, they were of such a sort as must be known to come

from *God* only, and as must be necessarily seen and owned for his immediate real work, the work of a Being superior to all possible powers of man, and could not be mistaken for such, nor could be in any manner deceptions, nor the result of any possible human causes, or merely natural accidents.—Swarms, for example, of noxious insects might, from natural causes, happen to cover a country; but would be of their ordinary kind and quality, and would not destroy one field, while they spared another.—Tempests of hail, fire, and thunder, might lay waste a fruitful land; but could not make distinction between this and that part of it, nor between the flocks and herds of different persons.—From disorders in the elements, as might then have been imagined, or from irregular motions of planets, a darkness might have prevailed; but then that darkness would have been like common night, not gross and dense so as to be felt, and would have been but of short duration.—Pestilence, or the arrow that flieth unseen, may sweep away great multitudes; but when it does so, it always does it promiscuously and indifferently; it cannot single out one, and no more, from every house and family, and that the first-born; it cannot, in the desolation it makes, strike only the original inhabitants, while it passes over the stranger nation that sojourns with them.

And as those miracles were suited to the general purpose of *God's* providence, in asserting his supreme power and sovereignty; so his wisdom ordered it, in respect to some of them, that they were, in particular, expressive of the measures of divine justice and retribution, while they were fitted also for further ends and uses: thus, the Egyptians having cruelly endeavoured to destroy all the male Hebrew children, their own first-born, by just retaliation, were cut off; and this great event was, besides, the noblest basis imaginable for

a ritual religion, such being then necessary, and the most sacred and solemn thing, a *commemorative* festival, or day of *thanksgiving*, could be grounded on. Again, the Egyptians had despoiled the poor Israelites of the fruits of their labour and industry, bowing them down to every yoke and servitude; the riches, therefore, and spoil of Egypt, were given them, in recompence for their long hardships, and those riches served, afterwards, for materials to build the ark of the testimony with.

C H A P. VII.

I HAVE shewn the necessity there was of keeping the knowledge of the true God from being wholly lost and sunk in idolatry; and that there was no way so probable of doing this, as by separating a particular people from the rest of the world: the several steps also, which it pleased God to take thus far (that is, from the calling of Abraham to the going of the Jews out of Egypt) for supporting, and making good, this branch of his system, have been produced and explained; and it must, I think, appear to an impartial reader, that the whole procedure was wise, regular, and perfect, such in every part and circumstance of it as the nature and reason of things demanded, and what only could have been adequate to the end proposed.

Let us now proceed to consider the sequel, and what was further required for preserving God's true worship and belief among the Jewish nation; for much more was still required as to this great point: so very feeble were their understandings, whatever was past, would have lost its force, but for what came after; and former miracles have soon been forgot by them, if they had not been

succeeded by new ones :—nor ought we to think, which has been frequently done, of such a forgetfulness as an infirmity peculiar to this people only ; any other people, as far as I can see, the state of human nature then being considered, must have shared, more or less, of the same frailty, and very probably would have acted, in some degree, as they did.

God, therefore, foreseeing what their weakness would still lead them to, notwithstanding the mighty things he had done in Egypt, continues to work his wonders among them. For this, he leads them, in that memorable march, with pillars of cloud and fire ; divides the great deep, and they take their way through it, under convoy of angels : for this, the fountains of bitterness are made sweet.—They eat also of the bread of heaven, and drink of rivers gushing from adamant : thus, “ he bore them on eagle’s wings, and brought “ them unto himself,” even to his holy mount, Horeb, at what time he came down to them in the cloud, and they saw the glory of God, and heard his voice *.

And here it pleased him to establish his covenant with them, and to give them a system of laws and statutes, such as no other nation had, and which were, not only most excellent in themselves, but were in all respects likewise fitted to the temper and wants of that people, in that age, as well as to the future intents and purposes of Providence.—The moral part of these laws contained whatever was just and righteous ; the ceremonial part had every thing that was pompous and refulgent ; the former inspired probity

* The Jewish historian calls it—“ his immortal voice”—which, in my judgement, is a poor and low way of speaking : *Dii immortales* was language right enough for the mouth of a Pagan ; but that epithet, applied to the one only true God, seems very contemptible.

and goodness; the latter, awful and grand conceptions of God: the one purified the heart; the other entertained the senses: this was the essence of their religion; that the pride and nobility of it: however, the latter was instituted, not for its own sake so much, as for the sake of the former; the ritual law was chiefly for an inducement to beget obedience to the moral, and as the means to guide them to virtue and holiness, and unite them to God.

Nor could such inducements, and such means, possibly have been dispensed with at that time: the path of virtue would have looked too rugged and thorny, had it not been chequered with such roses, and if there had not been enameled on it wherewith to please the eye, or amuse the passions: the way, at first, to make religion appear lovely to them, was to give it a face of gaiety and pleasure; and the way to make the true God more desirable in their eyes than false gods, was to cloath his worship with lustre and magnificence, and to add to it all the spirit and delight that could be superinduced from external things. Hence the inexpressible riches, and glory, of the tabernacle! the resplendent priesthood! the trumpets in the new-moon! the costly unguents, and the like! all these things, interwoven with, and being, as it were, the garment of moral goodness, served, at the beginning, to recommend it to them, and to remind them continually of it.

And further, that religion and virtue might be yet more essentially their care, and that they might not be distracted by attention to different things at once, their civil and religious polity, their government and worship, judicial and sacred affairs, were made one, and blended each in the other: what was an act of religion, was at the same time an act of state.

Thus

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Thus the service of God became, in effect, their whole and only concern and occupation, at the same time that it was so modeled as to be a kind of perpetual festival or holy-day, making that their constant recreation which was their duty.

They could not be brought to the esteem and practice of what they did not understand, without being allured to it by something which they did understand: external and sensible things lay within their reach and comprehension; but to perceive the reasonableness of moral action, and the natural sanctions of virtue, was above it: and on this account it was, that their law was not only a mixture of morality and ceremony, but that the moral, as well as the ceremonial part of it, was enjoined merely in virtue of the divine authority, and made binding only as it was the command of God: the reason to excite them to virtue, which they could, then, best understand, was its being commanded by God; as its being mixed with such rites as were pleasing to sense, was what would make them best relish it. The lures, which fail not to catch human nature, are outward shew and ostentation; and we see, in fact, at this day, that people every where pursue this gawdiness of religion, and are always most fond of the tire and drapery of it; whence even wise and good men have sometimes thought, that it is expedient still to indulge these things, in some degree, to the vulgar, in order to keep up a sense of God and duty in their mind. It need not then be said, of what absolute necessity such matters were in the early times we have been speaking of.

In this manner were the ritual and moral œconomy directed to their respective separate ends and uses, while both the one and the other had the same final view, which was to attach and unite this nation (the Jews) to God, by giving them

just ideas of his adorable Being and Attributes : his power and greatness they saw in the Regale of his worship and habitation ; his wisdom and moral perfections they would, in time, learn from the perfect reasonableness and goodness of his moral laws : the parade and brilliancy of their religion, which shewed the Creator in such august lights, made his commands respectable ; as the wisdom and goodness of those commands would, by degrees, make them amiable : so that the whole tended, and conspired together, to make good, as far as could be done by this particular means, the second general branch of the divine system, which was the “ preserving the knowledge and worship “ of the true God among men.”

What I have here observed, in respect of the Mosaic rites, relates chiefly to such of them as were formed for grandeur and decoration.—As to the rest, some of these might, probably, regard purity and cleanliness, or the particular habits and complections of the Jews, or the nature of the climate and country they were to settle in.

To proceed then, it pleased God, at Mount Horeb, to divide the Hebrew nation from all others, and to sign and seal, if I may so say, his covenant with them : Here he adopted and sanctified them ; here chose them for his peculiar people : he chose them, it is true, with eminent distinction ; but that distinction was not such as implied less love for, or regard to, the rest of his creation : this, I know, has been frequently objected, and this is what they themselves were sometimes so weak as to imagine ; but nothing ever was more without grounds : the choice, it pleased God to make of them, was with view to the general good, no less than theirs : instead of being partial favour to one nation, it was, in reality, grace and mercy to all mankind : in other words,

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words, the distinction and honour, shewn the Hebrews, was at the same time kindness and compassion to the whole world.

The all-wise and good Being, whose eye penetrates that nature he is the fountain of, saw, how hard it would be to keep in a true sense of his sovereignty, and of the unity of his God-head, this, or any nation : he saw, that the utmost exertions of power, even the whole artillery of his wrath and terrors, would be scarcely enough to prevent their falling wholly into idolatry : he, therefore, selected one people, to the end those judgements and severities, without which idolatry could not be prevented, might be confined to one people : all other nations, all the Ethnic world, were sure at last to reap the benefit of this dispensation, unconcerned in the fate of those to whom it was given, and without sharing in any of its possible miseries and misfortunes : the fruit and glory of it was to the Gentiles ; the danger to the Jews : Jews and Gentiles were alike to be blessed in the seed of Abraham, while the former only were liable to the extremities entailed on them if they forsook God.

The favour then shewn them, so far from being partial or unjust, in regard to other nations, was more properly, in this one respect, favour to those nations, than to themselves ; if mercy “embraced” them on every side,” or if judgements were inflicted on them, it was still for the sake and good of the common creation : the whole world, in the fulness of time, that world, as has been said, that could in no wise be involved in their particular calamities and distresses, were yet certain to enjoy the advantage accruing from them, the advantage of being brought quietly and safely, as soon as it could be, to the knowledge of the true God, and of the way to eternal life.

The

The truth therefore is, this one people were no other than instruments in the hands of God, for procuring finally the happiness of all the rest : all the " families of the earth " were to be called through them, and it did not affect mankind in general, whether, by walking duly in God's ordinances, they were crowned with the most signal blessings, or whether by departing from them, as it happened, they drew on themselves as signal curses : in either case, the Gentile estates were safe, and alike assured of God's determined favour towards them ; in either case, likewise, the Jews were to be the means for bringing this about, if distinguished with rewards, or if devoted to wrath.

In the mean time, it was the most ardent desire of their heavenly Father, that they should deserve the one, and avoid the other ; and to the end they might do so, no methods were left untried, no motives unoffered : forgiveness, long-suffering, and persuasion, were all exercised in this gracious view, alternate mercies also and rigours, the severest threatenings, and the most tender endearments. But, in all events, whatever they suffered for it, how keen and sore soever their afflictions might be, it was absolutely necessary, that the knowledge and worship of the " one God, Maker of heaven " and earth," should be preserved among them : the success of all, the sum and completion of things, depended on this ; it was to be effected at all expence, and through all difficulties : and this alone was the true reason, this and no other, as I hope, will fully appear, that the second commandment was conceived and expressed in the terms in which we read it.

C H A P. VIII.

“THOU shalt not make unto thee any graven
 “image—thou shalt not bow down thyself to
 “them, nor serve them: for I, the Lord thy God,
 “am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities of the
 “fathers upon the children, unto the third and
 “fourth generation of them that hate me, and
 “shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love
 “me.”—There is perhaps nothing, in all the Sa-
 cred Writings, that has, with so much reason,
 perplexed and disturbed the thoughts of learned
 and good men as the commandment here recited;
 nothing, which the assertors of religion could
 more hardly defend, or the opposers of it more
 speciously object; and it must be owned, if other
 exceptions, that have been made to revelation, had
 as fair a colour, it would be no wonder, if the
 “horn of infidelity” was exalted.—This matter
 then deserves a very serious consideration.

To punish the innocent for the faults of the
 guilty, and to reward the guilty for the good
 deeds of the innocent; to love men for merits,
 and hate them for demerits, not theirs; to shew
 them favour for virtues they did not practise, and
 afflict them for crimes they did not commit: this
 is what at first sight flies in the face of reason; it
 thwarts and confounds all our ideas of justice and
 goodness, and is contrary to our clearest concep-
 tions of the nature and attributes of God: we
 should call any man most unjust and cruel, that
 acted on these principles: and shall we affirm of
 an all-wise and good God, that he does so? Far
 be it from us to assert this: God can no more
 depart from the rectitude or moral necessity of his
 nature, than he can cease to be; can no more do
 what is unequitable, than the doing of it would
 make

make it equitable : the word God is only a name for infinite wisdom and goodness ; and to say, that infinite wisdom and goodness is governed by principles not wise nor good, is infinite contradiction : so that, though the goodness of a maxim or action will not prove alone that it comes from God, yet its badness will always prove that it does not come from him, and though a principle or action is not made just because it is from him, yet its being unjust absolutely shews it is not from him.

It is then undeniably certain, that the second commandment is not to be understood, as it commonly has been, in a general and indefinite sense, and as the uniform law and measure by which God acts : under this interpretation, we cannot possibly make it consist with his justice and goodness : it is therefore to be understood in a limited sense, and as confined to one particular case, that is, as regarding alone the sin of idolatry, and this only with respect to the Jews, and not as a rule which God invariably and universally prescribes himself : and that it was originally intended to be understood so, is plain from hence, that these words, “ for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquities,” &c. are annexed to this commandment only, and not to any of the rest : it is not said, “ Thou shalt not kill, for I the Lord thy God”—It is not said, “ Thou shalt not steal, thou shalt not commit adultery, for I the Lord thy God”—No ; this threatening is limited to this one circumstance, and can be extended to no other : the reason given, “ that the Lord is a jealous God,” specifically applies it to the single crime of idolatry, and would be no reason at all in respect of any other crime : “ Thou shalt not worship graven images, for I am a GOD jealous of my glory, who will not suffer it to be given to another, and in this case I will visit the sins of the fathers on the children.”

Nor

Nor does it appear, that God did ever make this visitation in other cases; the contrary is evident in many instances; thus, after having declared, as we find, Deuteronomy the 1st, that not one of that evil generation, that is, of the wicked and rebellious Israelites then living, should go over to Canaan, except Caleb and Joshua, it is added, “more-
 “over, your little ones, which, ye said, should be
 “a prey, and your children, which in that day
 “had no knowledge between good and evil, they
 “shall go in thither; and unto them will I give
 “it, and they shall possess it.” The threatening then in this commandment, it is plain, was far from being a constant law and measure of action to the divine Wisdom.

Let it be so, it will be said, this does not mend the matter: it is alike unjust to punish the innocent on account of the guilty, whether it be for the sin of idolatry, or any other, whether for one or more sins, the injustice is still the same: that which is unjust or unreasonable in general, is so in particular. But this assertion is not true: circumstances give things another nature and essence: particular times and occasions, expediency or necessity, alter the reason of action, and the standard of right and wrong: it is unreasonable to take another man’s sword or weapon from him, but not, if I am sure he intends to kill himself with it; it is unreasonable to assault or hurt other men, but not when we do it in our own defence, or that of our country: thus the same action, which would be ordinarily unjust, may not be so in every circumstance and situation, and most of all, if public good requires it, and cannot be otherwise secured.

Of this nature is the case before us: God saw the absolute necessity there was of preserving his true worship and belief among one people: he saw also, how difficult it would be to put this
 point

point out of danger, and that all that could be done towards it would be but barely enough: to the several methods, therefore, already mentioned, which his wisdom made use of to keep the Jews from falling into idolatry, he added this seemingly severe declaration, that, if they did do so, they should not only be punished for it in their own persons, but in the persons of their descendants for four generations.

And this was one of the most forcible and powerful motives to engage them to their Maker, that could have been propounded: for, of all the instincts and affections born with us, none is so strong as that of love to our offspring; which love grows still stronger the lower it descends: men will sometimes fear for their posterity, who will not fear for themselves; they will avoid crimes for their sakes, which they would not avoid for their own, as they will likewise exert acts of valour, and meet dangers, on this account, which they would not do, if their personal proper good were only interested: the bowels that are hardened for themselves will often yearn for their babes; and, in truth, it must be an uncommon damp and draw-back on the spirit of a wicked man, meditating guilt, when he sees, and is conscious, that that guilt will entail misery on his children's children.

Let it be observed likewise here, that the denunciation, now spoken of, is not given at large and indefinitely; not extended to the whole posterity of the guilty; but limited to the third and fourth generation: there it stops; and the reason is, that this instinct of love for our offspring keeps its warmth and vigour till about that time; after which it dies away, and quite ceases to operate; as, in the animal world also, the said instinct has its term prescribed it to work in, and never goes

beyond it. Suppose it were certain that England a thousand years hence, should be conquered, and all the inhabitants cut off; who would give himself any concern about this? Or, if any one did, what langour, how little pathos, would that concern have! Men would consider it just as they do the day of judgement: but, if this fate were to befall them in their children's or grandchildren's days, faintings and tremblings would be in every heart; their souls would consume within them for sorrow. Thus wisely and perfectly does God always adapt the means of things to their end; it being needful to denounce a judgement that was to act upon a natural passion or instinct, the judgement is made to be in force as long as the passion it related to subsisted, and to expire with it. A longer continuance would have been of no use, and to no purpose.

The threatening, therefore, to punish the Jews thus far in their posterity, if they forsook God, was one of the most likely ways to keep them faithful to him: it was an argument to human nature; an application that touches it to the quick, and, as such, could not sure be omitted by heavenly wisdom, in a concernment on which so much depended: all other methods for weaning and keeping this people from idolatry, scarce, but scarce, and in a long time, had their effect, though strengthened by this; and so very probably would have failed without it.

Here, then, seems to have been a reason, by no means to be dispensed with, for God, in one particular instance, to take, or to threaten to take, measures which would not, in general, consist with justice, according to our best ideas of it.

We even find, that human law-givers, and human laws, do the same thing, though not through the same or an equal necessity; as in cases of high treason,

treason, and some others, where the penalties adjudged to the traitor devolve to his innocent posterity; and this not only to the third and fourth, but to all generations; and the reason is, that it is judged the peace of society, and safety of government, could not stand without such severity: nor was this ever thought unjust by any one; and if this way of acting was not unjust when exercised for the sake of one community, much less could it be so when exercised for the sake of the whole world: if it is not unjust in man, where the reasons of it are confined; much less was it so in *God*, where the reasons were so much larger and more extensive, and in consequence the necessity so much stronger.

But, further, there is a great and wide difference between this proceeding in man, and in *God*: when man involves the guiltless in the fate of the guilty, he can make them no amends for it hereafter; those fortunes and privileges, the loss of which they lament while living, cannot be restored to them after their death: it is otherwise with *God*: he, who has the care of our being through all eternity, can recompense the innocent in what manner, and in what worlds, and as bounteously, as he pleases, for any temporary hardships which the reasons of his government may have obliged him to lay upon them.

Moreover, the rigour of this sentence, "of visiting the sins of the fathers on the children," will appear still less, if it be considered, that the visitation denounced was national: let national calamities be ever so severe, and however every one must share more or less in them, yet virtuous and innocent men, while they are afflicted as members of the whole, may be regarded and protected as individuals: *God* still has it in his power to do them good in their separate capacities, and the

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blessings of life, and health, and contentment, are still open, and in his hands: amidst the greatest public distresses, he may dispense these private favours.

Lastly, let it not be forgot, that as this sentence was not of a general purport, but particular to one crime; so neither was it to be permanent, or to last any longer than the necessity lasted which occasioned it. Accordingly, when the danger the Jews were in, of lapsing into idolatry, was become less, and when there was no further likelihood of the knowledge and worship of *God* being wholly lost among them, we then find it pleased *God* to abrogate and repeal this decree of the second commandment, and to declare by his prophets, with respect to the sin of idolatry, that the son should no longer bear the iniquities of the father, but that every man should be rewarded for his own virtue, and punished for his own transgression.

Let us now take a short view of the whole decalogue: for this will yet more evidently shew with what precision and accuracy this threatening, “ of visiting the sins of the fathers on the children,” is confined to the case alone of idolatry.

The five last of the commandments, “ Thou shalt not kill,” &c. have no particular condition, no promise or threatening, attached to them: being altogether of a moral nature, they did not need any: perjury, robbery, murder, and the like, are self-evident crimes, which fly in the face, and stare in the conscience, of all who commit them; men, in their rudest estate, could not but see the heinousness of them: the prohibition of these, consequently, wanted no distinct consideration to enforce it.—*God's* bare injunction, here, was enough.

The first commandment, “ Thou shalt have no other God before me,” is of a different sort, and may

may be said to be a positive law thus far, as it does not expressly and immediately imply, that there is but one *God*, but only, that the *Lord* was the *God* whom they ought to serve: to give this commandment weight, and urge it home, a motive was added to it, most fit at that time to influence them. "I am the Lord thy God; which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage; therefore, thou shalt have no other God before me."

The third, "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain," has no relation, I think, any more to ordinary, than judicial swearing: only, it having pleased *God* to reveal to this people his great adorable name, he here forbade the making use of that name rashly and in common, lest, by familiarizing themselves to it, they might lose of the respect and veneration due to him: this too is, partly, a positive law; what, no doubt, a Creator might reasonably require of his creature; in regard also of the Supreme Majesty of heaven, in some sense, a moral duty; yet the reasonableness, and morality of it, being such, as would not instantly, and of itself, appear to them, *God* thought fit to press obedience to it, by declaring, "he would not hold him guiltless, that should take his name in vain." This commandment likewise had a view remotely, though not so direct as the second, to guard them from idolatry; in as much as nothing could more tend to give them high and awful sentiments of *God*, than the making his name so sacred and inviolable, that it should not be even lawful to pronounce it.

As to the fifth, "Honour thy father and thy mother;" it is certain, that obedience to our parents, and the shewing them all manner of respect and kindness, is a duty no less plain, than amiable: however, as the practice of it, when it

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is practised, does not so much result from affection of nature, as from reason, interest, shame, and other causes; since too the wickedness, and immorality of the contrary, is not so shocking at first sight, as some other wickednesses, or is such at least as may more easily be dissembled or excused; and as *God* knew, how apt men would be, though plausibly honest in other things, to offend against and evade this duty, his wisdom saw good eminently to encourage the observance of it, by promising to reward such observance with the most desired of all blessings—"That thy days may be long in the land."

The fourth commandment, "Remember the Sabbath-day to keep it holy," being a positive ordinance, has also its particular reason assigned for it. "For in six days the Lord made heaven and earth—and rested the seventh day; wherefore the Lord blessed the seventh day, and sanctified it." The example of *God* himself is, here, urged to recommend and to endear his law; a law so gracious, that, in virtue of it, we not only enjoy a respite from toil, and care, once in seven days, but mingle with that enjoyment gratitude to our Maker, while we act in honour and imitation of him. This, surely, was the wisest and most indulgent institution that could be contrived for man, and has all the marks of love and goodness on it, that can flow from *God*.

Thus these several commandments, whether absolutely positive, or otherwise, have, each of them, their respective conditions, or motives, to enforce them, as the nature and reason of the thing required, and agreeable to the necessity there was for it.

In view to the second, this necessity was greater, and it was more important to provide for the observance of it, than of any other; accordingly the motive to it was stronger than to any other: here, the

the chief danger lay; here, the guard ought chiefly to be: idolatry was the sin which human nature, at that time, was most prone to, and which it most behoved *God* to secure his people against; wherefore, in this case, he calls up all their fears, awakes all their passions, declares, he is a *God*, jealous of his glory, and that, if they robbed him of it, by worshiping idols and false gods, he would visit that their iniquity from father to son.

Now, the motive or reason, annexed to one command, can no more be extended and applied to all, than the motives or reasons annexed respectively to all can be alike applied to one: the reason for instituting the Sabbath can possibly affect nothing but the Sabbath, and *God's* punishing men, through a jealousy of his glory, can relate to nothing but crimes that deprive him of his glory: to steal, to kill, to forswear one's self, does not, strictly, invade *God's* rights, or take his honour from him: this only is to be done by the adoration of images, or any created beings.

What has been said is sufficient to shew, that the threatening of the second commandment concerned only the crime forbid by that commandment: for the rest, the general tenor of *God's* proceedings with the Jewish nation does, I think, put this quite out of doubt; there being no instance, as I remember, of any great and durable judgement befalling them, or of any public calamity, that lasted through generations, but what was brought on them purely on account of their idolatry.

C H A P. IX.

WE have now considered and vindicated the justice and goodness of *God* in that particular wherein they seem most liable to be impeached:

the stress of his care, and wisdom, lay to guard the Jews from idolatry; and in that sense and view only, it is now plain, is to be understood the denunciation in the commandment we have been speaking of.

In the same view, it pleased *God* to continue his wonders long after among this people: hence, the miracle of the Red-sea, repeated at Jordan! the walls of Jericho thrown down! the courses of the planets altered! In this intent, likewise, he ordered them to cut off the seven nations, inhabitants of the promised land; a conduct, which, however dreadful it may at first seem, or in what moving colours soever one might paint it, yet had it not been held, that is, had the Jews mingled with those nations, it was more than probable, that they must have gone after their ways, and served their gods, whether one considers the instable state of men's understandings then, or the snares and bewitching persuasions of women, or the power and prevalency of custom and example. But though the Jews would not probably have been kept from idolatry, if the Canaanites had not been destroyed, and they had been planted promiscuously among them; yet this, I trust, would not alone have been a reason with a good *God* for exterminating so many nations, if it had not coincided with a much better and stronger reason; if those nations had not, in all things, acted in violation of the light of nature and conscience; if they had not enflamed the sin of idolatry, by adding to it barbarous and impious rites, dreadful to mention; if they had not divested themselves wholly of humanity, giving their children to the flames, and committing all those brutish, incestuous, and unnatural crimes, for which the land is said to have vomited them forth; if, in a word, the measure of their iniquity had not been full, till which
time

time it pleased *God* to defer bringing the Israelites into their country.

Not only the consideration, therefore, first mentioned, but justice might seem to require their extirpation; and not only justice in regard to them, but mercy in regard to states and kingdoms around them, liable to be corrupted by their ways, and to be led after their example.

It was right, then, in every view and respect, that these nations should be cut off: and as to the Israelites being made the instruments of it, this could have no tendency, that I see, but to give them the greater horror of those crimes which were thus chastised and avenged by their arm: they knew, they had the command of *God* for what they did; they knew, that these people had been arraigned and condemned at a tribunal which cannot err, nor pass an unjust verdict; and, as it was not unjust in *God* to command their destruction, neither was it cruel in his servants to execute that command, any more than it would be to root out out-laws and robbers by legal authority.

So far, in reality, was *God* from enjoining any thing to his people which might inspire them with furious and sanguinary habits and desires, that their whole institution breathed a quite different spirit: the genius of their laws was good-natured throughout; of which stamp more particularly were those relating to hired servants, to bondmen, to strangers, to tributary cities and people, to the poor, to their cattle: in all these instances is seen an abundant goodness and humanity, which, in some others, is carried to a yet delicater and more refined pitch: they were not allowed even to take the dam with the young bird, or to seeth the kid in its mother's milk.

Thus

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Thus was their polity, in many parts of it, calculated purely to excite in them kind and benevolent desires and affections.

That great traditionary law also, derived down from Noah, of abstaining from blood, was, in part, revived and enforced for the same good end, that is, in order to milden their spirits, and to make them humane, and tender of life : naturally, men recoil, and are shocked at the mere sight of blood, which tenderness of course would abate and wear off, if they were accustomed to eat it ; the eating that in animals, which is our own proper life, and the essence of it, looks like eating ourselves ; there is a particular sort of barbarity in it, and therefore it must tend to promote barbarous dispositions ; as it has been known, in fact, to do among some savage nations, who have practised it : we find too, that all fierce and noxious animals live on blood, while the harmless and innocent refrain wholly from it : so that there is, in truth, a connection in nature between not eating, and not shedding blood ; between not eating the blood of animals because it is their life, and not shedding the blood of man which is his life.

And accordingly these two commandments, in the law given to Noah, are, as it were, grafted into, and made a part of each other. “ But flesh, “ with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, “ shall you not eat ; and, surely, your blood of your “ lives will I require, &c.” viz. Ye are not to eat that which is the life in animals, that thereby ye may have the greater veneration for life itself, and for the life of man, which I have guaranteed, and made inviolate.

So careful was God, in forming his infant people, to tincture their minds early with mercy and gentleness, and to give them an aversion to every thing that had an appearance of cruelty.

C H A P.

CHAP. X.

HAVING, first, set forth and explained the necessity there was of preventing universal idolatry, and that this could not so well be done as by separating a particular people from the rest of mankind, which was the second branch in the providential system; we then proceeded to consider and vindicate the several steps, it pleased *God* to take (from the calling of Abraham to the going out of *Ægypt*), for thus bringing one people to himself, and keeping them from being idolatrous, like the other nations.

We have now also reviewed all the subsequent measures and precautions, it pleased him to use to the same end, and have shewn, in like manner, the perfect wisdom, goodness, and necessity of his various conduct herein, to the time of the extirpation of the Canaanites, and the settling of Israel in that country.

Let us, therefore, briefly examine what remains: these methods, and this conduct, had a due and proper effect, however not such as rendered further interpositions of the divine power needless; the danger of idolatry was not yet over, nor were the Jews yet brought to that thorough and unaltered faith and dependency on *God*, which was requisite to keep the knowledge of him from being lost: no sooner was the promise to Abraham fulfilled, than they start aside; possessed of the land of milk and honey, they forget him that brought them to it; in a word, they cease not to provoke *God* to jealousy, administering, continually, fresh occasions to his wrath, while they thence become fresh objects of his love and pity: they rebel, and are punished; repent, and are forgiven;
again

again rebelling, are again afflicted; again repenting, are restored anew to favour; their city and temple are laid in ruins; the same city and temple are rebuilt; the voice of gladness and triumph now, and now complaining and lamentation, are heard in their streets; one age sees them in captivity; in another, they worship on the Holy Hill: and this was the train and process of heaven's dealings with them for divers generations, and till, at length, time and affliction, their own and their fathers' sad experience, repeated calamities, repeated deliverances, had wrought them to such a sense of their past folly and perverseness, and so thoroughly convinced them of *God's* supreme power, as well as of his truth and faithfulness, that they were now in no future likelihood of departing from him, and of going after other gods.

But here another evil ensued: though they remained faithful to *God*, they yet perverted his wise and holy intentions in his law, being most diligent and punctual in, and laying all stress on the showy and less momentous parts of it, while they neglected the weighty and substantial: in vain were the admonitions of David and the prophets. And this, I fear, will be more or less the misfortune of mankind as long as the world lasts; for, by what genius and bent in nature I know not, or by what cast in its original mold, yet so it is, that men are always glad, if they can, to substitute something for virtue, which is not virtue, to call that religion, which is not of its kindred, and to sink the regards to real goodness, in the pursuit of its shadows and mimics: excuse them the exercise of humble, meek, and beneficent duties, disturb them not in the gratification of their pride and avarice, and they will be as full of zeal, as you desire, about forms, or about foolish or useless questions and opinions, whatever costs them
nothing,

nothing, and does not jar with their worldly and hypocritical views and dispositions.

This was too much the temper of the Jews, after they were weaned from idolatry: but this evil, in itself to be lamented, did not yet interfere with the main system of Providence, or lead to the defeating of it; it was enough, in respect of that, that they continued stedfast in the worship of the true *God*, without danger of warping from it: and in such a spirit they were, and this was the aspect of things among them, for some ages before Christianity, every year and day giving them juster notions of *God* and his attributes, and strengthening them in their devotion and adherence to him.

In the mean time, the Pagan nations had made great openings in wisdom and virtue: those arts, that began in Greece, were travelled into other lands: learning had got footing among the illiterate, and humanity and social affections among the barbarous; and many good and useful books were written in Ethics, and for the conduct of life: the light of nature was carried high, or rather the darkness of it was much enlightened: such was, at length, the state of the Gentiles, *God* having still been pleased, from time to time, to send among them persons, uncommonly endowed, for their instruction, and to fit them for the day when he should more explicitly reveal himself and his sacred will to them. In a word, what with time, and the transmigrating of knowledge from region to region, and the labours of poets and philosophers, men, at or about the classic æra, were come, in general, to have tolerably just ideas of virtue and moral truth, and so were in a condition to apprehend and embrace the higher and more important truths of *God*, and his providence, and a future state.

Besides

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Besides this, the world, after divers changes and revolutions, was, through *God's* all-ruling wisdom, thrown into that form and complection, that suited with the great alteration designed: the thousand petty states and tyrannies, whose passions and whose bigotry might have run counter to the schemes of Providence, were all swallowed up in one great power, to whom all appeals lay; and hence no material bar, or obstruction, to the intended settlement of things could arise but from that one quarter: many parts also of Europe, destined hereafter to be the chief seat or emporium of Christianity, and that had, till near this age, lain in utter savageness, were, in some measure, civilized; the arts and virtues of their conquerors were known to them, and they were growing to a capacity of receiving, at the stated time, the knowledge, ordained for them from the beginning: so that all things, and circumstances, conspired now with the views of heaven, and made this the fit juncture for *God* to reveal himself to the Gentiles, and to put an end to Idolatry through the earth.

At the same time, the Jews had had a just and sufficient period allowed them, not only to take firm rooting in *God's* faith and worship, but to prepare themselves also for the hour of salvation, and to know, when he should arrive, the sacred messenger, that was promised them, by the descriptions given of him, and the various warnings they had to expect him.

Now comes the grand catastrophe of the state of our world: the Jewish ceremonial law having been instituted merely as a means to keep them from falling into idolatry, all danger and apprehension whereof was now over, it was right and fitting, on all accounts, to set it aside; and, as the Pagans, on the other hand, were about the same
time

time capable, almost universally, of knowing *God*, it was alike fitting to communicate that knowledge to them, that is, to such a part of them, and by such degrees, as should seem meet to divine wisdom; and this, as I have said, was the situation, the most auspicious for it, both from the extent of the Roman empire, and that profound peace and tranquillity that then reigned through the earth: here, then, was the fullness of time! the season for *God* to fulfil his love to his creation: in other words, this was the precisely fit, and alone proper juncture for *Messiah* to come, when the Gentiles were in a condition to receive, by the Jews, the knowledge of *God*, and when the Jews were no longer liable to be corrupted to the idolatry of the Gentiles, when the ritual law was no further necessary, and when men's minds were ripe for a purer and better dispensation, and the circumstances of the world were such as to favour the success and progress of it.

In this very time *Messiah* came; nor could he have come so opportunely at any other: It would have been utterly inexpedient for him to have come sooner, for the reasons already laid down; and, if he had come later, thousands, who might have heard that inestimable tidings, would have died without the consolation of it: in the former supposition, his coming would have been ineffectual; in the latter, it had been equally well for all ages and periods to come, but not so for some that would have been past: I do not mention here the accomplishment of the prophecies, that pointed to the time of *Messiah's* appearing, and which caused so general an expectation of him at that time, because, if any other had been more proper, they might as well have been accommodated to it; but this being eminently the fittest and best time, for that reason they were calculated for it.

C H A P. XI.

IT is now manifest, that *God* did not act arbitrarily in his revelations, any more than he was partial and unjust in them: as to partiality and injustice, these, we have proved, cannot be imputed to his conduct, without grossly departing from the true purport and intent of it; particular distinctions were never dispensed by *God*, but for general good; and if he shewed love and favour to this man, or this nation, it was still for the sake of all men, and all nations: he always was, and necessarily is, the guardian and benefactor, alike, of his whole creation: having created all for happiness, he must be equally solicitous to procure it for all; and should a religion, claiming to come from heaven, imply the contrary, it could not, I think, be received as such by any reasonable man.

If I am asked, why it did not please *God*, to deal with all nations as he did with the Jews, it has been shewn already, that in some respects it would not have been for their good to be so dealt with; then say, all nations being treated like them, and *Messiah* promised as particularly to all; that some, or more, of them had, like the Jews, rejected him, and been parties to the usage, he met with; would this have been a desirable issue? Is it to be wished, that any one nation should be in the circumstances and condition, which they (the Jews) have been in since *Christ*, and in which, for aught we can see, they are like to continue? Lastly, supposing the world to last many thousand years longer, let me ask, what force will then remain to this question, why it pleased *God* for a *punctum*, or moment of time (for such it may be
com-

comparatively to the whole) to treat one nation differently from others, especially since they were thus treated, not merely for their own sakes, nor out of partial favour to them, but in order to bring about the welfare of all the rest, which probably could not so well have been done by any other method.

Now, as *God* was not unjust and partial in his revelations, so neither did he act arbitrarily in them, or give them at one time, rather than at another, by virtue merely of his sovereign will and pleasure: as often as he revealed himself, he did so, strictly and absolutely, for reasons of wisdom and goodness, and at such times only when it could be done with due effect for men's welfare, and by such means only as were best suited to procure that effect: the revelation to the Jews was begun to be given when the world began to be enough re-peopled; that to the Gentiles, when the Gentiles were in a right temper and condition to embrace it: the former could not have been dispensed more early, nor the latter more seasonably. As soon as the old dispensation could be superseded with safety, the new one took place, that new one, for whose sake alone the old was made, and which it was to prepare and make way for: the one could be safely repealed, and the other became practicable at one and the same time: nor this was continued, nor that deferred, any longer than it was right and fitting they should be: the same time, and preparation, which was required to fit the Gentiles for the knowledge of *God*, was required to preserve and fix that knowledge effectively among the Jews, through whom it was to be imparted to them.

That known and boasted objection, then, insisted on by Porphyry, so often revived by others, falls at length to the ground. It was right on all

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accounts, that Messiah should come so late ; that is, that he should come at the time he did, and no other : and as to “ whole nations perishing, and “ innumerable multitudes of men being lost, “ through ignorance of *God's* will, before his coming,” it might as well be said, that all have been lost and perished since his coming : what nations, what multitudes, have been thus lost ? and who have perished ? *God*, it is certain, provided, according to his great goodness, and as far as it could be done, for the welfare of men in all ages before Christianity : his eye was still upon his creation, to bless the good, and prosper their labour ; he trained mankind gradually, and by various means, to virtue and knowledge, so to qualify them, at last, for the highest and best knowledge, that of himself ; and in the mean time he poured his love and mercy on them in all shapes : in respect of a future state and being, if this be the thing, they, who were before Christianity, were in the same circumstance very near with ourselves ; it is true, they did not know clearly that state, and what related to it, as we do ; this was not, and could not be revealed to them, as it has been to us ; nevertheless, there being this future existence, and man's soul being naturally immortal, that existence, and that immortality, must belong as much to those who lived before Messiah, as to those who came after him ; consequently, the blessings and rewards of such a state are open alike to the one, as to the other : Christ did not make life and immortality ; he only brought them to light : he did not constitute, but only revealed these great and glorious truths to men ; truths, which he was commissioned to reveal to them, and which rendered their being, here, so much more happy and comfortable, than it could have been without such lights and discoveries. In a word, the condition

of mankind was bettered, and made more perfect, step by step, and as the reason and nature of things directed; and if they that were before Christ wanted the advantages they were not capable of, and that are derived to us, if they had not the same incentives to virtue and piety, nor the same hopes and promises to support and animate them; if they had less of happiness, as of knowledge, in this life, than we have; all just allowances, no doubt, are made them for it in the next, and all such retributions as are due to their state and situation.

There is, indeed, no nonsense in Scripture itself; but blockheads and enthusiasts (this truth cannot be dissembled) have grafted so plentifully of this stock upon it, that it is not always easy to separate what is such from what is not.

The scope and intendment of the whole scheme of Providence, was to bring human nature, by degrees, to all the beauty, holiness, and perfection, it could, in this state, admit of; and all the parts of this scheme, as, I hope, I have made appear, were wisely formed, and pursued, depending regularly on each other, and leading to the same great and good end: every measure was rightly timed, and necessary in itself, and adapted to occasions, and the respective circumstances and condition of mankind.

If it could be proved, as has been before hinted, that *God* had acted arbitrarily, and capriciously, in his dealings with men, and by no rule but pleasure; this were proving, that he acts without wisdom, or design, or goodness, and were, in effect, to cancel his attributes, and divest him of his nature: it is the same thing to deny *God's* existence, as to say, he does this, or that, merely because he wills it: he can do, nor will nothing, but because it is wise and good; and when you suppose him

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to do otherwise, you suppose him to cease to be what he is, that is, to be an infinitely wise and good Being.

It is true, we may not be able absolutely and in all cases to trace the reasons of the divine conduct, and to demonstrate the wisdom of it; but when, in its general process and tenor, we find all possible marks of excellency and perfection, we may reasonably conclude, that every particular is wise also, whether we immediately see the fitness of it, or no.

If you suppose any particular, or circumstance, as revealed from heaven, to be defective in wisdom or goodness, this, in truth, is supposing it not to be revealed; it is denying the revelation, because no such defects can possibly be in *God*: all the historical evidence in the world, and the strongest proofs of facts, from testimony, will prove nothing, if those facts are not worthy of the Being they presume to come from, and if they are not agreeable to his known immutable nature and attributes: we find, in his visible material world, the highest characteristics of wisdom and goodness; much more may we expect to find them in his moral dispensations; if the former are infinitely expressive of the perfections of their great Author, the latter certainly cannot fall short of them in that regard.

Secondly, it is no less weak and absurd to affirm, that we cannot decide, as not having competent talents for it, concerning the measures and proceedings of *God*: if so, we cannot be sure what are his proceedings, nor know if things really come from him or not. It is indeed finely and justly said in Scripture, that "his paths are unsearchable," and the like; that is, we cannot discover thoroughly all the secrets and properties of nature, nor investigate successfully all causes in their effects; yet do we clearly apprehend the
eternal

eternal differences of good and evil, and the grounds of moral truth and rectitude; we are fully acquainted with the high attributes of the Creator, and can distinguish what is, or is not, consentaneous thereto: it is again said, that "his thoughts are not as our thoughts," that is, the wisdom of *God* is as much greater than ours, as infinite is more than finite; yet have we capacity to adore and praise that wisdom, and to judge whether a revelation be worthy of it; if we had not, we should not be worthy of a revelation, nor fit subjects for one.

CHAP. XII.

I THINK it proper to consider a little further the aforementioned objection of Porphyry. I should be glad, if I could, to lay the axe to the root of this evil, which I imagine is built on a supposition, not only groundless in itself, but most unworthy of *God*; the supposition, that all, who lived before Christ, whether Jews or Gentiles, are perished, or in a state of damnation, by their being incapable, on that account, of any benefit from his merits.

In respect of Christ's merits, redemption, and satisfaction for sin; these are, in reality, a set of phrases, or notions, which have usurped a meaning that, I hope, does not belong to them, or which, at least, are not to be met with, that I know of, in the Gospel histories, and which our Saviour himself does not any where make use of nor allude to: it is true, the Apostles sometimes make mention of atonement and expiation; but these expressions, when used by them, are either a typical way of speaking and description, and in allusion to the rites of the Mosaic institution, or

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else are urged by them, in their reasonings and debates, with Jews, as fit arguments to them, and refer often to certain dark questions and opinions, which we cannot, perhaps, come to a very exact knowledge of.

The Apostles, no doubt, were persons highly favoured of *God*, and so far under the guidance of his divine Spirit, as was necessary to enable them to execute their great trust, which was, to inform mankind of the truth of those wondrous facts, the Resurrection and Ascension; in other words, to preach Christ, and him crucified: notwithstanding, they do not seem to insist on all they say, as absolutely inspired, and on some occasions they actually disclaim inspiration: their several discourses, and epistles, ought certainly to be held in the highest respect and veneration, and deserve men's most serious study and attention: but, when we are desirous to know the true intent and view of Christianity, and the real will and declarations of *God*, we ought, surely, to resort to the lessons of Christ himself: and yet the contrary method is almost always taken; men still seem to value more the dictates of his disciples, than those of our Saviour; and for one quotation, or proof, they fetch from these, we have a great many from St. Paul, and the rest: this is, in appearance, laying greater stress on those writings, which are often exceedingly obscure and intricate, for the reasons just mentioned, than on the clear distinct instructions of the Author of our faith: a great part of Christians even carry this mistake (for such, I think, I may call it) yet further; preferring, first, the discourses of the Apostles to those of their Master; then, the writings and opinions of the Fathers to those of the Apostles; and, lastly, the judgement and decisions of the modern church, to the decisions of both the other: thus, the lower they go, and the

the more distant from inspiration, the greater with them is the authority; which certainly cannot be a very right way of proceeding.

To return then, these notions of Christ's merits, satisfaction for sin, and the like, are not, as I said, to be found in the Evangelists: our Saviour nowhere describes himself in the lights and views which such phrases import: the commission, in truth, given by *God* to our glorious Lord, *Messiah*, was of a quite different nature: the intent of it was not, I humbly apprehend, to expiate past transgressions, so much as to provide against future ones; was not to satisfy for imaginary guilt, but to conduct men to real virtues; nor to cleanse them from the sins of others, but to assure them of pardon, on repentance for their own.

But, principally, and above all things, the drift of Christ's mission was, to bring mankind to a perfect knowledge of the true *God*, and of the absolute unity of his nature; this was his main scope: accordingly, it is always his care to guard against errors and misapprehensions in this grand point, and to prevent, if possibly it could be done, all confusion and perplexity of ideas about it; and hence it is, that we always find him speaking of himself in the meekest and most humble terms: he will not even permit them to call him "good," for that none, except *God*, could be said, properly and perfectly, to be so: at taking leave of his disciples, he tells them, "I go to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God;" and when he is questioned concerning the day of judgment, his answer is, "that of that day and hour no man knoweth; not even the angels, that are in heaven; no, not the Son himself, but his Father only."

For this reason likewise, I conceive, it is, that our Lord so frequently styles himself the Son of man; at the same time, he is, most properly and

in a superlative manner, the Son of *God*. "This
 "is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased;
 "this day I have begotten him:" that is, this is
 the sacred person, so eminently favoured and be-
 loved by me; and this day he enters on his sublime
 illustrious office of Christ Messiah, Lord and Judge
 of this world: this, I believe, is the true meaning
 of the words, and that any other will be found in-
 consistent: if we suppose them to relate to eternity,
 or to the time of the Virgin's conceiving by the Holy
 Ghost, both the one, and the other, implies a con-
 tradiction; but, if the passage be understood as I
 have explained it, it is, I will dare to say, the
 finest instance of figurative speech that can be
 conceived, and the most admirably expressive of,
 and suited to, the majesty of the thing it represents.

Thus is Christ the Son of God in a sense more
 excellent far, than any other of the angels of God,
 who are also often called in Scripture the sons of
 God. But for fear, lest men, from this great title, or
 through misguided zeal or gratitude, should ascribe
 too much to him, and so injure God, he chooses,
 on almost all occasions, to call himself the Son of
 man, as some of the prophets had done before.
 "And they shall see the Son of man coming in the
 "clouds with great power and glory." Here,
 you observe, he assumes this title in the most
 solemn and most august exertion of his character;
 and it is in truth, of all his styles, or appellations,
 the most splendid, as it signifies and delineates
 to us the nature and high quality of his amiable
 office and person.

All, or many of the angels of heaven have, it
 may be, in their proper degrees and subordina-
 tions, vice-royalties, or the care of particular em-
 pires, or worlds, committed to them: that of this
 globe was assigned to the Christ; wherefore, he is
 called emphatically the Son of man; called so, not
 merely

merely because he took human nature upon him, but as a peculiar distinction and honour, and to point him out, and exalt him, among the rest of the sons of God, who probably had particular titles also, taken from their respective charges, or governments: thus the angel, charged with the affairs of Persia, if I remember, is styled the prince of the kingdom of Persia.

This most blessed of all persons, the holy Jesus, may, I do acknowledge, be very justly said to have "taken away the sins of the world:" he was the light of the world, and *God's* instrument in bringing men to the practice of true religion and holiness: he may, in a very worthy acceptation, be termed "a Saviour and Redeemer," as having put men into the way of being reconciled to *God*, and not to have their sins imputed to them, and having so much bettered the condition of human life, by adding the highest privileges and comforts to it: so that these things may, under caution, be construed into some very good and pious meaning, though they cannot, I fear, be admitted, wholly and absolutely, in that meaning in which they have been commonly taken and understood.

However, that I may attack the objection before us in all its quarters, it shall be supposed, for once, that there are grounds in Scripture for this doctrine of merits and satisfaction, in the vulgar apprehension of it: admitting this, yet how is it to be inferred from it, that all are perished that were before Messiah? "Whoever believeth in me," it is said, "shall be saved; and whoever believeth not, shall be damned." This declaration, I am inclined to think, concerns chiefly, or only, those who were eye-witnesses of the works of Jesus and his Apostles; not all those, I hope, who came to the knowledge of them only by tradition, and who cannot be induced to think the relations we have
of

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of them authentic ; but most certainly not those who never heard, and have never had opportunity of hearing, of the name of Christ,

But be this as it will ; yet how, I say, is it to be inferred from hence, that all before our Saviour are lost ? Why thus, I presume : believing in Christ being the only thing that entitles men to salvation, they who lived before him, as they could not possibly believe on him, whom they knew not, so could not be sharers in his merits : now the contrary to all this I think most evident ; for, as no one can believe what he has never heard any mention of, the “not believing” in the text cannot be extended to any to whom Christ was never preached : it is not therefore fair to make such an inference as in the objection, from these words, since they are capable of a different meaning, and are only an abstract of Christ’s discourse to his Apostles, and, like all other passages in the Gospel, ought to be interpreted from the whole tenor of it. As the former part of the verse supposes Christ to be preached, and believed and obeyed, and tells the consequence of such belief and obedience ; so the latter part supposes Christ to be preached, and not believed, or rejected, and the consequence of that in like manner. What relation has this to nations, or people, that lived before Christ was born ? or why must an absurd sense be put upon words, that are capable of a good one, unless it be to make the Scriptures appear ridiculous ?

What would a sensible Chinese, or other Pagan, say, if he were told, that *God*, the all-good and righteous *God*, had damned, had consigned to eternal misery, unnumbered nations and empires, millions on millions of men, for the transgression of another, and for crimes which, through the necessary corruption of their nature, they could not avoid ; that he had damned the whole race of

mankind,

mankind, for the first four thousand years of the world, only because they were so unfortunate as to be born within that period! It is not, I presume, the determined opinion of thinking Christians, that all, who lived before Christ, are perished; but it is a moot or doubtful point with some of the weaker part of them, who seem only to wish kindly, and to speak good-naturedly in the affair; their real judgement, their fears at least, are on the side of damnation: if it were not so, how came it, that a true answer has not been commonly given to this objection, this demand of Porphyry, “for what reason a merciful *God* could for so many ages, from Adam to Moses, and from Moses to Christ, suffer whole nations to perish, through ignorance of his will and law; and why it was necessary for Christ to come so late, and not before an innumerable multitude of men had been lost?” I am surprised, that it has not been constantly, throughout so many centuries, replied to him, that the fact, or notion, on which his objection is grounded, has no foundation in our religion.

The sufferings, and passion of Christ, and his propitiation for sin, and his being a sacrifice, acceptable to *God*, are plainly allusions to the effects which sacrifices had in the Jewish law; not to every effect, but to some particular and eminent ones; and, as those, who did eat at *God's* table, that is, partook of his sacrifices, were deemed friends of *God*; so because we are reconciled to *God*, or made friends to him, by the death of Christ, he is looked upon as a sacrifice: but whatever is intended by such figurative expressions, one thing is certain, that it is no where suggested, that the good and faithful endeavours of those, who lived before Christ, were unacceptable to *God*, because they knew nothing of Christ.

To

To conclude : I hope, I shall not be thought to have had any design, in what has been said, to derogate from the character or person of our blessed Saviour : all I contend for, and thus much surely should be granted, is, that such notions, as manifestly impugn the justice and goodness of God, however they may have got admittance into some weak men's heads, or may be countenanced from mistaken and misunderstood passages of the sacred writings, yet if they are not plainly found there, and this agreeably to the whole tenor of the Scriptures, they ought to be disowned and discarded. Deism, I am satisfied, will not fare the better for this, nor Christianity the worse.

CONCLUSION.

SO far as I have gone, namely, to the birth of Messiah, the wisdom and goodness of *God* appear, as I conceive, unexceptionable in the main of things : and I am willing to hope, that some of those, who interest themselves against revealed religion, will be induced to consider candidly what has been advanced : I need not say, I mean here only the rational and virtuous part of Deists ; those of them, that are known for learning, ability, and moderation ; for such, it is certain, there have been, and are, let little wits compliment them ever so much with their own title, or great casuists dispose of them ever so unfortunately.

I take this opportunity also to congratulate these gentlemen on the good effects of their endeavours, no doubt undesigned by them, and to return them my most humble thanks for the service which, I think, they have done to the cause of *God*, and Christianity : there is nothing, I am persuaded, which so much aids and promotes the interests of true religion, as a free and unreserved enquiry into it ; it is this which opens the foundations of truth, and shews their depth and strength : when men of learning distrust and dispute the grounds of religion, men of learning

likewise assert and vindicate it: thus, wit and genius are put to a stretch, and have a new edge given them; and hence labours are produced, that, without this spur, would not have seen the light; monuments of antiquity also that had been lost, and tracts of curious knowledge that were worn out, are by this means recovered; new veins of reasoning are often struck out, and solutions found for difficulties that would not else have been found, and divers matters cleared up and explained that, probably, otherwise would have remained in the dark.

Such service has, and, I hope, always will be done to revelation by a fair and candid opposition to it, for no other is justified by me; nor will any defences of it, I will dare say, avail much, but what are fair and candid also: men of sense and knowledge will not be blustered, and ill-treated, into a belief of what (though mistaken) they judge there is not sufficient evidence for; they will not be intimidated into conviction, nor yield assent to any syllogisms of that kind: to tell them of the great danger of infidelity, and the criminal, or damnable, nature of it, is only to furnish them with a new and better argument in its vindication, than they had, perhaps, before: for how, I would fain know, can infidelity be criminal? It may be unreasonable: it is so in my judgement, and in yours: but does it follow, that it must be so in the judgement of all men? must that, which appears unreasonable to me, necessarily appear so to every other person? are not the wisest men, in some things, liable to error? or will you pronounce a man guilty, for standing in a mistaken notion, when he thinks it is not a mistaken one? is it wicked to think, and examine, and to profess those opinions, that are the true result of such thinking? is it criminal to rest upon, and to be determined

determined by our best reason, and understanding? by this rule, it may be criminal to see, or hear, or taste, any thing: it is such foolish and absurd pretences as these that sometimes make men infidels, and oftener confirm them in being so: all, that a wise and good *God* can demand and expect from rational creatures, is to make the best and sincerest enquires, they are able, after truth, and to maintain and adhere to it, when they think they have found it; to desire, and to study, to know his will, and to obey what, after due search, they conclude to be such.

It is indeed ridiculous and stupid, in all views, to go about to frighten people into our own opinion: if they are wise men, they can only be reasoned into it; if they are fools, that trouble is not necessary: let things be proposed, and debated, with the temper and decency they ought to be; let no one assert what does not appear conclusive to himself, and one may reasonably hope that the controversy will issue well; it cannot be otherwise; for, if the deniers of revelation are in the right, they ought to prevail; if they are in the wrong, they cannot: it has been always understood, I take it, as promised to the church, "that the gates of hell shall never prevail against it;" what need then of the secular arm? what occasion for terrors of any sort? what even for the least degree of anger or resentment?

To return to what I was first saying, the knowing and serious part of unbelievers will, I am in hopes, regard with ingenuousness and good nature what has been said by me in these pages, or what shall be said, alike inoffensively, by any other: such men, I presume, are above taking unjust and unhandsome advantages; they will not desire to evade truth by sophistry; nor will they except to, and cavil at, little oversights and mistakes.—From these,

these, therefore, one may justly expect to have a fair hearing.

As to the rest, the rabble of Freethinkers, I pass them by with all the charity and contempt that can be in man's heart: it is, indeed, only for civility sake, that I have mentioned them at all; for, strictly speaking, they are not of this number, or party: they are libertines, fanatics, pedlars, any thing you please; but not, in propriety, Deists: they pass, I acknowledge, for such, and are greatly admired on that account; their want of faith, or seeming to want it, is their proper praise and recommendation; nor is there any kind of accomplishment, perhaps, in greater request at present, than this: it is made the mode and breeding of refined life, and is got even among that sex whom one can neither convince by reason, nor reprove without ill-manners: all ranks go into this affectation: a fine gentleman, to be thought such, must have a tincture of scepticism; fops are fond of it, as if it were a part of dress, and courtiers mistake it for the *Belles Lettres*: notwithstanding, this species of wits cannot, I think, with justice be marshaled among infidels: there goes sense, and pains, and learning, to the making what we truly call a Freethinker: what right have people to that name, who have neither sense, nor learning! such persons certainly ought to keep to the track, and to the community, they were brought up in; if their fathers were Churchmen, they ought to be Churchmen: if their fathers were Muggletonians, it behoves them also to be Muggletonians.

Believing, I will allow, is, very generally, an infirmity: it is the property of weak and ignorant minds, and what they take vast pleasure in: yet this is not irregular, not out of character; it is not unnatural, as it is to set up to be Deists without Deism, and Freethinkers without thought; a person may be excused who has no
reason

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reason of his faith, but it is utterly unfair in men to have no reason for their infidelity.

This is not, as I said, being in reality infidels; it is only seeming to be what they are not, and priding in imaginary wickedness made real in them, because they have no pretensions to it.

Let these persons glory in their crime and folly, for such it truly is in them; let them enjoy the vanity of infidelity, and the dear-bought applauses they may meet with from weak and wicked men. As I do not envy such philosophers, I have no intentions to disturb them: it is to men of virtue and knowledge only that I direct myself; and I shall be glad of the approbation of any such, whether they are found among the believing or infidel part of mankind. In the mean time, it will always be a satisfaction to me, to reflect, that I have contributed what was in my humble power to the support, or explanation, of truths (esteemed such by me), the right understanding of which I judge essential to men's welfare, and what it most of all things concerns them to be truly informed about.



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